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THE

INDIAN REBELLION:

ITS CAUSES AND RESULTS.

IN

A Series of Letters

FROM THE

REV. ALEXANDER DUFF, D.D., LL.D.

CALCUTTA.

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NOTE BY THE PUBLISHERS

OF THE LONDON EDITION.

THE following letters were addressed to the Rev. Dr. Tweedie, Convener of the Free Church of Scotland's Foreign Mission Committee, and, being printed from time to time as soon as each was received, they were not only perused by many readers, but a very general desire was expressed for their republication in a collective form. To that desire the writer having kindly assented, the series is now brought together continuous and entire.

In passing through the press, it was impossible to secure for the work the benefit of the author's revision; but even with the most fastidious critic it is scarcely anticipated that any apologies will be needful on that account; whilst the majority of readers will prefer these Calcutta despatches just as they arrived, tense with the emotions, and all aflame with the tidings of that terrible season. It was at first

believed by some that Dr. Duff had exaggerated the nature of the Indian crisis ; but each successive mail has only proved that he had sagaciously estimated aright both the depth and the diffusion of the revolt.

However rapidly the letters may have been written, there is nothing hasty or extempore in the views and opinions which they embody. These are the ripe result of thirty years. The statesman and the fair-minded Englishman will value them as the deliberate judgment of one who has possessed opportunities of observation almost unequalled ; and to the Christian reader they will carry peculiar weight, as the testimony of one who has made life-long sacrifices for the sake of the gospel in India, and who, in the hands of the Most High, has been the means of inaugurating a singularly promising and successful scheme for India's moral and spiritual elevation.

LETTER I.

CALCUTTA, 16th May, 1857.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—We are at this moment in a crisis of jeopardy, such as has not occurred since the awful catastrophe of the Black Hole of Calcutta.

So long as the spirit of disaffection in the native army, with its occasional outbreaks, was only circulated about in whispers, I felt it better not to allude to the subject; but now that it has broken forth into so many open manifestations of a daring character, I can scarcely remain silent.

Without dwelling at present on the providential view of the case, I shall only advert to a few of the facts.

At Barrackpore and Burhampore, about twelve and two hundred miles respectively north of Calcutta, the spirit of mutiny wildly exhibited itself. There have been one or two executions in consequence, while 1500 men have been disbanded with disgrace. These, however, as might have been expected, have betaken themselves to robbery and plunder; only this morning the news have reached that Raneegunge,

the important station of our farthest railway terminus, has been attacked and plundered by them. The universal feeling is, that such desperadoes have been far too leniently dealt with, and that such mistaken leniency now recoils upon us in plunder and bloodshed.

It is now certain that we narrowly escaped a general massacre in Calcutta itself. There was a deep laid plot or conspiracy—for which some have undergone the penalty of death—to seize on Fort-William and massacre all the Europeans. The night chosen for the desperate attempt was that on which the Maharajah of Gwalior, when here, had invited the whole European community to an exhibition of fireworks, across the river, at the Botanic Gardens. On that evening, however, as if by a gracious interposition of Providence, we were visited with a heavy storm of thunder, lightning, and rain, so that the grand entertainment of the Maharajah had to be postponed. The European officers, therefore, had not left the fort; and the object of the conspirators being thus defeated, was soon afterwards brought to light, to the horror of all, and the abounding thankfulness of such as acknowledge the loving kindness of the Lord.

In Oude, what threatened to be a formidable and disastrous mutiny, was lately put down only by the prompt, decisive, and energetic measures of the Chief Commissioner, Sir Henry

Lawrence, one of the bravest soldiers and most philanthropic gentlemen in India.

From all the chief stations in the North-West, intelligence of a mutinous spirit, manifesting itself in divers ways, has been dropping in upon us for several weeks past.

But at this moment all interest is absorbed by the two most prominent cases, at Meerut and Delhi. At the former place, a cavalry regiment openly mutinied. From seventy to eighty of the ringleaders were tried and sentenced to many years' imprisonment, with hard work in irons. But the whole station has been kept in a state of fearful anxiety and suspense; the bungalows, or houses, of Europeans being, in spite of every precaution, almost every night set on fire, and the European officers of the cavalry regiment being killed.

Moreover, two troops of the said regiment started off for Delhi, distant about forty-five miles. On their way they roused the whole populace by their machinations and lies, so that all order and law being in abeyance, that district is now a scene of indiscriminate plunder.

But what is most dismal of all, these mutinous troops, on reaching Delhi, in which were *three native* and *no European* regiments, were joined by all the native troops. The fort, in consequence, with its arsenal, ammunition and treasury, was seized, and is now in the hands of the

rebels. The whole European community, civil and military—men, women and children—have been cruelly massacred ! and, to crown all, the heir-apparent to the titular Emperor of Delhi, the lineal successor of the Great Mogul, has been proclaimed by the triumphant mutineers as Emperor of India ! Such an event—one half so disastrous—has not yet occurred in the history of British India. The great bulk of the population of Delhi is Mohammedan, notoriously fanatical, and notoriously hostile to our Government. Delhi has a great name all over India, as having been one of the greatest of the imperial cities of the Mogul sovereigns. At present I cannot dwell on the subject. It is only *this day* that the last and most fatal part of the intelligence has reached Calcutta. It looks like a summons to clothe ourselves in sackcloth. Some must mourn over friends already gone, and others over friends in imminent danger. — Our own beloved son is at Meerut. The Lord alone is our refuge and our strength.—Yours,

ALEXANDER DUFF.

LETTER II.

CALCUTTA, Forenoon, 18th May, 1857.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—As the departure of the steamer has been postponed till to-morrow morning, I am enabled to add a supplement to the letter of heavy tidings which I despatched on Saturday.

I am grieved to add that all the intelligence since received from the North-West has only tended to confirm the more material items. There is only *one* which I beg you to modify. On Saturday morning, the news which *Government* (not private parties) had received was, that *all* the Europeans at Delhi had been massacred. Since then, more recent tidings lead us so far to modify the *all*, and make it *nearly all;* not all absolutely. A *few* are now known to have escaped from the massacre—some *six* or *seven* in all. It is just possible that, amid the terrible confusion, a few more *may* yet cast up; though of this there is no sanguine expectation here. I fear, therefore, that I must report that "nearly all the Europeans at Delhi have been cruelly massacred."

That the mutineers are in possession of the

fort, the arsenal, magazine and treasury, with half a million sterling of rupees in it, that they have set up the heir-apparent of the titular Emperor of Delhi, the lineal successor of the Great Mogul, &c., &c., there can be no doubt at all. Such a blow to the prestige of British power and supremacy has not yet been struck in the whole history of British India. All Calcutta may be said to be in sackcloth. The three or four days' panic during the crisis of the Sikh war was nothing to this. *Nearly half* the native army is in a state of *secret* or *open mutiny*, and the *other half* known to be *disaffected*. But this is not all; the populace generally is known to be more or less disaffected. You see, then, how very serious is the crisis. Nothing, nothing but some gracious and signal interposition of the God of Providence seems competent now to save our empire in India. And if there be a general rising, as any day may be, the probability is, that not a European life will anywhere escape the universal and indiscriminate massacre. But my own hope is in the God of Providence. I have a secret, confident persuasion that, though this crisis has been permitted to humble and warn us, our work in India has not yet been accomplished; and that, until it be accomplished, our tenure of empire, however brittle, is secure.

Here it is seriously proposed, or suggested that all the Europeans in Calcutta should be

immediately constituted into a *local militia*, for the defence of life and property in Calcutta and neighborhood.

Already it is known that the Mohammedans have had several night meetings; and when the proclamation of the newly mutineer-installed Emperor of Delhi comes to be generally known, no one can calculate on the result. But, as I said, our trust is in the Lord. And never before did I realize as now the literality and sweetness of the Psalmist's assurance: "I laid me down and slept; I awaked: for the Lord sustained me. I will not be afraid of ten thousands of people, that have set themselves against me round about. Arise, O Lord; save me, O my God!" Our son, Alexander, poor fellow, is at Meerut—the very centre and focus of mutiny—and where already Europeans have been massacred, though no names have yet reached us. You may therefore imagine in what a horrible state of suspense and anxiety Mrs. Duff and myself now are. May the Lord have mercy on him and us!

Four, P.M.

P.S.—I have not closed this note till now, to see if anything decisive should transpire during the day. The flying rumors are endless, and horribly exaggerated, as I fondly hope.

But anything *really trustworthy* beyond what I have narrated I have not been able to learn.

Benares, where your son is, has as yet been free from actual mutiny; though, doubtless, disaffection is as rife there as elsewhere.

Humanly speaking, and under God, everything will depend on our Government being able promptly to re-take the fort of Delhi, and inflict summary chastisement on the mutineer-murderers there. The Governor of Agra is much trusted in, from his firmness and good sense; and he reports that Agra is safe. Oude, happily, is under Sir Henry Lawrence, the most prompt and energetic officer perhaps in the Company's service. He has already quashed mutiny there in a style which if our Government had only imitated months ago, there would have been an end of the whole matter now.

The Maharajah of Gwalior, who was lately in Calcutta, and there learnt our power, has at once placed his whole army at the disposal of our Government, and his troops are now on their march to Delhi. Pray for us, if haply we be in the land of the living when this reaches you.—I remain affectionately,

ALEXANDER DUFF.

LETTER III.

CALCUTTA, 3d June, 1857.

MY DEAR DR. TWEEDIE,—Since I last wrote, the European mind here has been occupied exclusively with the unprecedented mutinies in the native army, which have broken out so suddenly throughout the whole of Eastern and Northern India. At every military station, from Calcutta to Peshawur, through a distance of 1600 miles, a mutinous spirit has manifested itself—hitherto kept in check, in most places, by the extraordinary energy and wise precautions of the civil and military authorities; but in others, such as Meerut and Delhi, Ferozepore and Lucknow, breaking forth into a tempest of massacre and blood. The whole country, as you may well suppose, is in a state of the most dreadful insecurity and alarm, while almost all business has been at a stand-still. The fact of Delhi, the renowned capital of the Mogul empire, having now been, for upwards of three weeks, in the undisturbed possession of the murderous mutineers, has tended greatly to enhearten enemies, and paralyse the energies of friends.

On the other hand, it does seem a marvellous interposition of Providence, that the mutineers, amounting at the outset to about 6000 trained soldiers, should have remained at Delhi. Had they, after massacring all the Europeans on whom they could lay their hands, and plundering the city, only rushed on to Agra, as they did from Meerut, the native regiments there, who were ripe for revolt, would at once have joined them—the Europeans would have been massacred, and the city given up to pillage. Three thousand desperadoes let loose from jail, with thousands besides, would have swollen them into a great army. Had they then, flushed with booty, and reeking with blood, rushed onwards to the great cities of Cawnpore, Allahabad, and Benares, where there were no European soldiers, and where the native regiments were known to be mutinous to the very core, imagination sickens at the thought of the awful scenes of devastation, pollution, and murder which would everywhere mark their desolating course. The province of Oude would be sure to burst, volcano-like, into one wide and universal conflagration. The cities of Ghazipore and Patna, which — for years have been in a state of chronic rebellion, and others along the Ganges, would help to swell the insurgent army into one of absolutely resistless force. Nothing, nothing could then prevent its reaching Calcutta. And if it

did so, the few surviving Europeans who could betake themselves to the ships in the river, would be literally driven into the sea, leaving behind them a melancholy soil, strewn with the bones, and drenched with the blood of thousands of their slaughtered friends and countrymen! From such a fearful catastrophe, which might have easily been realized, the Lord has, in great mercy, for the present delivered us, by smiting the Meerut and Delhi murderers with infatuated blindness. Thus has he saved British India in a way that pours contempt on the boasted skill, foresight, and prowess of our statesmen and warriors, in such a way as to constrain all God-fearing people to exclaim, "It is the doing of the Lord, and wondrous in our eyes."

Still, the immediate danger is far from over. The accounts that come pouring in upon us from all stations throughout Eastern and Northern India are uniformly of the same tenor;—native regiments, or large portions of native regiments, showing a decidedly mutinous spirit, and quite a readiness for open revolt; and the handful of Europeans everywhere putting themselves in the best attitude of defence which their almost helpless and fearfully perilous position can admit of. The substance of the communications from all quarters might be compendiously summed up in words like these:

"We are seated on a mine, while the train that is to fire it is already burning."

Even here, in Calcutta, we had a week of indescribable anxiety, and, for a few days, of downright panic.

Now that the alarm has subsided, it is easy to see that, as usual in all such cases, there was much exaggeration. But to say, as some of the greatest alarmists now pretend to say, when all immediate fear of outbreak is over, that there never was any danger at all, is a violent leap to the other extreme, which is as untrue to the reality as the grossest exaggeration.

There were four native regiments at Barrackpore, Fort-William, and the esplanade in front of it, with another, newly arrived from Burmah, known to be "mutinous to the very core." A plan to burn the hospital at Barrackpore was simply defeated by a very heavy fall of rain; and if that attempt had proved successful, it was to be the signal for a general rise and massacre, which would have opened like wildfire into the very heart of Calcutta, where there were thousands eagerly ready for insurrection, and plunder, and bloodshed.

The position of affairs was grave enough to justify the Government in adopting every measure of precaution; and to the energetic mea-

sures thus adopted, we owe, under God, our deliverance from the fate of Meerut and Delhi.

The hundred and one rumors—rumors of secret night meetings of the Mohammedans—of fanatic devotees rousing the ignorant multitude to rise up and murder the enemies of their faith—of hundreds of disbanded sepoy mutineers in the native town panting for revenge—of thousands of desperadoes from the neighboring districts swarming in the bazaars thirsting for plunder—of numbers of the native police, weak, cowed, and disaffected—of suspicious-looking characters prowling about the houses of Europeans in the dark—of the insolence, and strange glances, and mysterious whisperings of native servants—of regiments on the plain detected in treasonable correspondence with those in the fort—of the personal danger of the Governor-General, and of the Government House being actually in possession of traitorous native guards—of intercepted letters, said to specify the plan to be adopted, and the very hour when all Europeans were to be swept away in a deluge of blood—these, and such like rumors, some more or less exaggerated, and some, it may be, wholly unfounded, but all in succession momentarily believed, tended to raise the public terror to fever heat.

Then, everywhere, the cessation of all business, and the planning of actual measures of

self-defence—the precipitate rush and demand for revolvers, bowie-knives, blunderbusses, bayonets, swords, and every other sort of deadly weapons — the meetings of British, French, American, and other residents, offering their services to Government as special constables or volunteers for patrolling the streets—the loud call to have all the British sailors in the river formed into a police corps—the numbers sitting up all night in their own houses, armed to the teeth, to repel the expected assault or perish in the attempt—the numbers more that abandoned their houses altogether, and congregated with others in central and more defensible posts, or actually crowded on board the ships and steamers in the river, seeking refuge from the nightly expected attack ; and all these preparations and precautionary doings, commingled with fresh reports of bodies of mutineer sepoys in full march, with abundant ammunition, on Calcutta, which must speedily fall, Delhi-like, into their hands—fresh reports of new massacres, characterized by the barbaric and horrible mutilation of men, women, and children—all, all indicated a scene of agitation, distress, alarm, and panic, such as could ordinarily be realized only amid the horrors of war, and such as no length of time can ever efface from our memories.

Now that all is over for the present, it is easy to smile ; but it is neither wise nor pious to pass

the whole off with a silly smile, or with the idle bravado and only half-believed assertion, that there never was any real ground for apprehending danger. The men—the stout-hearted British men—who actually went about from house to house, in generous kindness, as they believed, warning the inmates to be armed and ready for an immediate tremendous explosion, may now be more or less ashamed of their own extreme incredulity, or, Jonah-like, chagrined at the failure of their prognostications. But the true and moderate statement of the case is, that there was good and solid ground for apprehending a possible outbreak, and that the Lord was graciously pleased to avert it, through those very preparations to which men were instantly and simultaneously driven by the very greatness and exaggeration of the alarm.

And here I merely note the fact, to the praise and glory of God, that, though the mission-house be absolutely unprotected, in the very heart of the native city, far away from the European quarter, I never dreamt of leaving it; never thought of getting musket and sword, or any other weapon of defence; never spoke of apprehended danger before the servants; and never asked them to be careful in locking the doors and outer gate. I say this to the praise and glory of God, as it was He that preserved my partner and myself from all fear. "Unless the

Lord the city keep, the watchmen watch in vain," was everlastingly on our lips. We felt this as an absolute truth, and trusted in it. If the countless multitudes around us were permitted to rise up in hellish fury, what could all our bolts and bars, and weapons of defence avail us? Nothing, nothing; all would be as stubble before the consuming fire. On the other hand, we knew and believed that if our hour was not come, the Lord was mighty to restrain the ragings of the people, and cause their very wrath to praise Him. And so, during the day, we were enabled to go about our ordinary avocations without any alteration or change; and, in the evening, with simple absolute confidence in Jehovah, the Good Shepherd of Israel, to commit ourselves as usual to his guardian care—His gracious tuition and defence—saying, "I laid me down and slept; I awaked: for the Lord sustained me. I will not be afraid of ten thousands of people, that have set themselves against me round about. Arise, O Lord; save me, O my God. Surely it is in the midst of such danger and alarms that *trust* in Jehovah, as manifested in Christ, is *felt* to be an unspeakably rich and precious gift.

And it is not irrelevant to add, that besides our own individual position in the midst of these apprehended perils, we had special cause for personal anxiety. Some of those who had been

butchered in the North-West, or whose lives were in momentary jeopardy, were known and esteemed by us. And then our own eldest son was in Meerut on the evening of the awful slaughter there, and more than once escaped by a very miracle of Providence from the hands of the savage murderers. What a call for new songs of thanksgiving! But though he escaped on that awful night, his life, with the lives of others, still continued in imminent peril. And, through the stoppage of the *dak*, or post, between Agra and Meerut, we have received no tidings whatever, direct or indirect, from or of him since the 17th of last month. What can we do in such circumstances, except commend him and his imperilled associates to the tender mercies of a good and gracious Almighty God and Father in Christ Jesus?

But I shall not enlarge on the subject any further at present. Being in the midst of these scenes, and while impressions are fresh in the mind, I deemed it right briefly to depict our own experiences.

Our mission work in all its branches, alike in Calcutta and the country stations, continues to go on without any interruption, though there is a wild excitement abroad among all classes of natives, which tends mightily to distract and unsettle their minds.

I forget whether, by the former mail, I sent

you any notice of the *ostensible cause* of all this fearful and wide-spread outbreak of the spirit of mutiny. It is this: Our Government wished to introduce the improved Enfield rifle among the native troops. One of the ingredients in preparing the cartridge in England is *tallow*, which, of course, may be a mixture of *hog's fat* and *cow's fat*—the abominations of the Mussulmans and Hindus. Well, orders were given at *three* of our military stations to prepare cartridges according to the English prescription. The sepoys took the alarm. When this became known, orders were given to issue none of the greasy cartridges; and none were actually issued. But the alarm was raised that the Government intended, through these cartridges, to break the caste of the sepoys, and thereby forcibly convert them to Christianity. Hence all this terrible outcry. But the belief is, that some deep, designing men, taking advantage of the superstition of the sepoys, invented these falsehoods to lead them to rise and overthrow the Government.—Yours affectionately,

ALEXANDER DUFF.

LETTER IV.

CALCUTTA, 16th June, 1857.

MY DEAR DR. TWEEDIE,—Since I last wrote, things, instead of mending, have been getting worse and worse. Almost every day has been bringing us tidings from one quarter or another of fresh outbreaks, with their accompanying horrors and atrocities—incendiarism, pillage, brutal violence and savage massacre. The public journals will furnish you with abundant details of the most harrowing description, though many of the most loathsome and revolting kind have been purposely suppressed, to spare the agonized feelings of distant mourning friends. Really, if the demons of hell had been let loose, with no restraint on their Satanic fury, they could scarcely have exhibited villanies and cruelties more worthy of the tenants of Pandemonium.

The terrific outbreaks at Lucknow and Benares were put down by the almost superhuman energy of the handful of British officers and soldiers there, though not without the shedding of British blood. At other places where there were no British soldiers at all, the temporary triumph of the rebels has been complete. At

Allahabad only the fort has escaped, the native regiments having openly mutinied, killed nearly all their officers, and plundered or destroyed the whole property of the British residents. Being in military possession of the city, they have been indulging in excesses, the nature and extent of which cannot yet be fully known ; but some of the details authentically brought to light are truly heart-rending. One European family they caught, and, having stripped father, mother and children, they chopped off their toes and fingers, tied them to trees, and burned them alive! Their treatment of any European females that have fallen into their hands has been too horrible to be expressed by me. Truly God's judgments are awfully abroad in this land now. Oh, that its British inhabitants, at least, would "learn righteousness!"

In my last I stated the successive panics which had seized the Christian inhabitants of Calcutta, and how these had all subsided when I wrote. Since then Calcutta has been in a state of alarm far exceeding anything that had gone before. While the atrocities in the North-West were filling people's minds with horror, an alarm was raised last week, in consequence of fresh symptoms of disaffection and mutiny among the native soldiery in this neighborhood.

Our great infantry station, Barrackpore, lies about twelve miles to the north of Calcutta,

and on the same side of the river; our artillery station, Dum Dum, about four or five miles to the north-east. To the south is Fort-William, and beyond it the great Allepore jail, with its thousands of imprisoned desperadoes, guarded by a regiment of native militia. Not far from Allepore is Garden Reach, where the ex-King of Oude has been residing, with about a thousand armed retainers, the Mussulman population, generally armed also, breathing fanatical vengeance on the "infidels," and praying in their mosques for the success of the Delhi rebels. Calcutta, being guarded by native police only, in whom not a particle of confidence can any longer be reposed, seemed to be exposed on all sides to imminent perils, as most of the European soldiers had been sent to the North-West. In this extremity, and in the midst of indescribable panic and alarm, the Government began to enrol the European and East Indian residents as volunteers, to patrol the streets at night, &c., &c. Happily the 78th Highlanders arrived during the week, and their presence helped to act so far as a sedative. Still, while the city was filled with armed citizens, and surrounded on all sides with armed soldiers, all known to be disaffected to the very core, and waiting only for the signal to burst upon the European population in a tempest of massacre and blood, the feeling of

uneasiness and insecurity was intense. Many, unable to withstand the pressure any longer, went to pass the night in central places of rendezvous; numbers went into the fort; and numbers more actually went on board the ships and steamers in the river.

On Sabbath (14th) the feeling of anxiety rose to a perfect paroxysm. On Saturday night the Brigadier at Barrackpore sent an express to Government House to notify that, from certain information which he had obtained, there was to be a general rising of the sepoys on Sabbath. Accordingly, before the Sabbath dawned, all manner of vehicles were in requisition to convey all the available European forces to Barrackpore and Dum Dum. Those which had been sent to the north by railway on Saturday were re-called by a telegraphic message through the night. But the public generally had not any distinct intelligence as to the varied movements; and even if they had, there would be the uttermost uncertainty as to the result. Accordingly, throughout the whole Sabbath-day the wildest and most fearful rumors were circulating in rapid succession.

The great roads from Barrackpore and Dum Dum unite a little beyond Cornwallis Square, and then pass through it. If there were a rush of murderous ruffians from these military

stations, the European residents in that square would have to encounter the first burst of their diabolical fury. It so happened, therefore, that some kind friends, interested in our welfare, wrote to us at daybreak on Sabbath, pointing out the danger, and urging the necessity of our leaving the square. And before breakfast some friends called in person, to urge the propriety of this course. Still, I did not feel it to be my duty to yield to their expostulations. There were others in the square besides my partner and myself. Near us is the Central Female School of the Church of England, with several lady teachers, and some twenty or thirty boarders; the Christian converts' house, with upwards of a dozen inmates; our old mission home, with its present occupants of the Established Church; in another house an English clergyman, with some native Christians; and in another still, the Lady Superintendent of the Bethune Government School, and her assistants. If one must leave the square, all ought to do so; and I did not consider the alarming intelligence sufficiently substantiated to warrant me to propose to my neighbors a universal abandonment of the square. So I went on with all my ordinary Sabbath duties, altogether in the ordinary way.

Almost all the ministers in Calcutta had expostulatory letters sent them, dissuading them

from preaching in the forenoon, and protesting against their attempting to do so in the evening. And though, to their credit, no one, so far as I have heard, yielded to the pressure, the churches in the forenoon were half empty, and in the evening nearly empty altogether.

On Sunday, at five P.M., the authorities, backed by the presence of British troops, proceeded to *disarm* the sepoys at Barrackpore, Dum Dum, and elsewhere. Through God's great mercy, the attempt proved successful. This, however, was only known to a few connected with Government House and their friends, so that the panic throughout Sunday night rose to an inconceivable height. With the exception of another couple, Mrs. Duff and myself were the only British residents in Cornwallis Square on that night. Faith in Jehovah as our refuge and strength led us to cling to our post; and we laid us down to sleep as usual; and on Monday morning my remark was, "Well, I have not enjoyed such a soft, sweet, refreshing rest for weeks past." Oh, how our hearts rose in adoring gratitude to Him who is the Keeper of Israel, and who slumbers not nor sleeps! Then we soon learnt the glad tidings that all the armed sepoys had everywhere been successfully disarmed; and that, during the night, the ex-King of Oude, with his treasonable courtiers, were quietly arrested, and lodged as prisoners of state in Fort-William.

June 18.—From various parts of the country, tidings of fresh atrocities continue to reach us. Numbers of the mutineers who escaped, and of disbanded sepoys, are scouring the country in all directions, committing the most fearful ravages. The great highways are impassable except to British troops, more especially in the North-West. The telegraph lines have been broken down, and the very posts cut to pieces, in so many places, that all communication by that boasted instrument of modern civilization is at present at an end on this side of India. Almost all business is at a stand, communications with the interior, both by land and water, being so interrupted and insecure. The price of rice and other articles of food has risen enormously. At one time last week, Company's paper, or Government securities, fell to 40 per cent.! One feels as if amid the very throes of the dissolution of empire! And yet my own confidence that the Lord will mercifully interpose for our deliverance remains unshaken.

As regards Calcutta, after the imminent danger from which we escaped on Sabbath was known to be over, people's agitated minds enjoyed a temporary respite from alarm. On Tuesday, however, fresh discoveries began to be made, which clearly showed that if all went to sleep, it would be on the brink of a volcano ready for an eruption. The secret assemblages

of the Mohammedans in different parts of th city, often prolonged throughout the whol night, and the vast quantities of gunpowde and of arms of all descriptions sold to them a high prices in the bazaars, would alone b enough to re-awaken all our anxieties. And then, for months back, there has been a con stantly augmenting under-current of mysterious feeling and expectation connected with the 23d June next, the *centenary day* of the battle of Plassey, which first laid the foundation of our empire in India. This celebrated battle—and in its unparalleled consequences the most momentous, perhaps, in the annals of time—was fought on the 23d June, 1757. And the impression has long taken strange possession of the Indian mind—alike Hindu and Mohammedan—that the "Company's Raj," or empire, as they call it, was to last exactly *one hundred years;* in other words, that at the end of a hundred years from its commencement on the plains of Plassey, it was destined suddenly to terminate in a terrible overthrow. And in the minds of an ignorant, superstitious, fanatical people, a strong impression of this sort at last assumes the form of an absolute, undoubted certainty; and there can be no doubt whatever that a firm belief in the doomed downfall of the British power about this time has given a sharper edge to the murderous determination of the sepoy mutineers,

while it helps to account for the all but universality of their desperate designs.

The fall of Delhi—the once proud metropolis of the Indian Mohammedan empire, where literally, in the language of Milton,

> "The gorgeous East, with richest hand,
> Shower'd on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,"—

the fall of such a city into the hands of the mutineers was a sad blow to the prestige of British supremacy. Benares, the sacred metropolis of Hinduism, was within a hair-breadth of falling into their power; indeed, its escape seemed like a miraculous interposition of Providence. An intelligent writer in that city, in a letter dated the 14th inst., says: "The more I look on the past, the more I wonder at our preservation. Had any mistake occurred—had a gun missed fire, or had the villains done anything but what they did—we should all have been cut to a man, and the whole city would have fallen into their hands." And when we think that all the British were saved from a cruel death, and the city from destruction, by the sudden and opportune arrival of a small company of only 180 British soldiers, with a commander animated by the spirit and energy of a Clive, the deliverance does seem markedly to be the doing of the Lord, and marvellous in our eyes. I know nothing comparable to it, except

some of the miraculous deliverances recorded in the Old Testament history. Still, in the estimation of the natives, the all but desperate state of our affairs at Benares has given a shock to their confidence in the stability of British power next to that of the fall of Delhi.

But, as the most conspicuous symbol of the rise, progress, and supremacy of British power, the eyes of all natives have at all times been turned towards Calcutta. Delhi was the capital of Mohammedanism — Benares, of Hinduism; but Calcutta is preëminently the capital of the British. Originally a small, insignificant fishing village, it was little else than an assemblage of mud huts, the abodes of the native servants of the East India Company's Factory, when the battle of Plassey was fought, only a hundred years ago! It is therefore absolutely the growth of British power and commercial industry. In fact, by all learned and intelligent natives, it has all along been regarded as a purely British city, in the sense in which they regard Delhi a Mohammedan and Benares a Hindu city.

If Delhi be a city of Mohammedan mosques, and Benares of Hindu temples, Calcutta has long been noted as a city of British palaces. From all this it is easy to infer, if the actual fall of Delhi, and the all but actual fall of Benares, gave such a shock to the supremacy of British power, how much more tremendous a

shock the actual, or all but actual, fall of Calcutta would give to it! That it has already, through God's providence, escaped more than one threatened fall, is now undoubted. And it is matter of adoring gratitude, that there is now a reasonable hope, through the same merciful interposition, of its escaping a still more disastrous and consummating fall. It has been previously stated that early on Monday morning the ex-King of Oude and his treasonable crew were arrested and safely quartered in Fort-William. Since then, various parties connected with the Oude family, and other influential Mohammedans, have been arrested; and on them have been found several important documents, tending to throw light on the desperate plans of treason which have been seriously projected. Among others has been found a map of Calcutta, so sketched out as to divide the whole of the town into sections. A general rise was planned to take place on the 23d instant—the anniversary of the battle of Plassey. The city was to be taken, and the "Feringhi Kaffirs," or British and other Christian inhabitants, to be all massacred. Hereafter, parties who swore on the Koran, and proved that they had taken an active share in the butchery and pillage of the Europeans, were to have certain sections of the town allotted to them for their own special benefit!

All this, and much more of a similar sort, having been thus timeously and providentially revealed, the authorities have been aroused to fresh energy, and the adoption of more effective precautionary measures. Guns have been planted in some of the more dangerous neighborhoods, as well as small companies of British troops. At night the streets are perambulated by bodies of armed horsemen. Places of rendezvous have been appointed in case of a sudden outbreak in any quarter. All Europeans who could not get arms have been liberally supplied from the fort arsenal. In fact, we have at this moment all the strange and conflicting sensations of citizens in a state of active siege, with this additional aggravation, that while we are surrounded with enemies from without, there are tens of thousands of them prowling about in the very midst of us. The result of all such energetic measures may be, that, through God's blessing, we shall escape the intended extermination; and, if so, then shall a new song of deliverance be put into our lips, the Lord to magnify.

19*th*, *Four*, P.M.—Two hours hence, and our homeward steamer-mail closes; and, notwithstanding the reported fall of Delhi, it will be in all respects perhaps the heaviest that has ever left India for the British shores. It is no longer anxiety about the fate of a campaign or battle,

but about the fate or possible loss of an empire, and that, too, one of the mightiest and most glorious under the sun.

This letter I kept open purposely till now, in the hope of having to convey to you authentic intelligence of the fall and re-capture of Delhi; but, though there are endless rumors afloat on the subject, and these, as to their main substance, are believed, Government has not yet received reliable intelligence regarding it.

The reports which, as to their substance, are gaining credit, are to the effect that a great battle was fought outside Delhi—which is a fortified city—that the rebels were defeated and driven into the town with great slaughter and the loss of twenty-six guns; and that afterwards the city itself was taken, twenty or thirty thousand being slain, while the casualties among the British were also very heavy.

This is the substance of the *reports* which have gained credence in circles usually the best informed, and I give them merely as such. But even success in *such* a warfare is beyond measure deplorable. Oh, how ought our prayers to be redoubled that the Lord might arise and grant unto us a great deliverance! Well may we repeat and say " Amen " to every confession and petition in Daniel's notable prayer! For surely we are in the midst of events the most humbling and solemnizing.—Yours affectionately,

ALEXANDER DUFF.

LETTER V.

CALCUTTA, 24th June, 1857.

MY DEAR DR. TWEEDIE,—The centenary day of the battle of Plassey (23d instant), which laid the foundation of our Indian empire, and which native hopes and wishes, and astrological predictions, had long ago fixed on as *the last* of British sway, has passed by ; and, through God's overruling Providence, Calcutta is still the metropolis of British India. But, alas ! throughout the whole of the North-West provinces, all government is at present at an end. The apparently settled peace and profound tranquillity which were wont to reign throughout *British India* in former years, once called forth from an intelligent French traveller the somewhat irreverent but striking remark, that the Government of India was "like the good deity : one does not see it, but it is everywhere." So calm, serene, and ubiquitous did the power of British rule then appear to be ! How changed the aspect of things now !

Throughout the whole of the North-West, Government, instead of being in its regulating power and influence *everywhere*, is, at this mo-

ment, literally "*nowhere.*" Instead of peace and tranquillity, security of life and property, under its sovereign and benign sway, universal anarchy, turbulence, and ruin! the military stations in possession of armed and blood-thirsty mutineers; the public treasures rifled; the habitations of the British residents plundered and reduced to ashes; numbers of British officers, with judges, magistrates, women and children, butchered with revolting cruelties; the remanent portions of the British that have yet escaped, cooped up in isolated spots, and closely hemmed in by myriads that are thirsting for their blood; while bands of armed ruffians are scouring over the country, bent on ravage, plunder, and murder, striking terror and consternation into the minds of millions of the peacefully disposed!! This, so far from being an exaggerated picture, is, I verily believe, but a feeble, inadequate representation of the terrible reality!

Every day still continues to bring us tidings of fresh horrors. Formerly, of all life in India, the *safest* was *British* life. Of this I have had ample evidence in my own experience, having travelled, not only through its most civilized parts, but through some of its wildest regions, solitary and alone, unprotected by aught save the guardian care of a gracious Providence, often for days, and sometimes for weeks, not

seeing the face of a white man. But now, change, revolution! throughout the North-West provinces, the earliest seat of Indian civilization, the most *insecure* of all life is British life. At this moment, British life, undefended by walls and cannon, is not worth half a second's purchase!

Almost all the greater and smaller military stations have already become the scenes of revolt and massacre—Cawnpore, Sultanpore, and others being now added to the number, with their several catalogues of atrocities. Any that have hitherto escaped, such as Patna and Agra, have only done so through the providential presence of British troops, though each and all, even of these, are the subjects of fearful anxiety. The purely civil stations have also shared the same fate. The small companies of sepoys acting at these as guards of the treasuries and court-houses, have been smitten with the universal epidemic of treachery and thirst for British blood. The accounts that reach us from some of these stations are unspeakably harrowing. At Futtehpore, for example, between Allahabad and Cawnpore, the native deputy-magistrate, a Mohammedan, heading the mutineers, attacked the British residents, who for some days succeeded in defending themselves on the roof of a brick house. Most of these, during the night, contrived to escape, one

at a time. The judge, Mr. Tucker, a truly Christian man, who for years has devoted his spare time, his talents, his influence, and his fortune, to the supplying of the educational and religious wants of the people around, was the last to quit his perilous post. At last, overpowered—but not without dealing out heavy and deadly blows to his brutal assailants—he was cruelly slaughtered, his head, hands, and feet being cut off, and exhibited, all bleeding, to the fanatical and murderous multitude! And many who had escaped the original massacre at different stations, after skulking about for days in various hiding places, eventually perished, the victims of exposure, fatigue, and want, or of undressed wounds, or of the treachery of cowardly assassins.

Almost the only incident that has yet been brought to light, amid these scenes of dark and unbroken horror, is the fact that a poor wailing British child, found exposed on the banks of the Jumna, beyond Delhi, by a faquir, or religious devotee, was taken up by him and brought to Kurnaul, after being carefully nursed and cherished for several days. The parents of the poor infant were unknown, having in all probability been murdered in their attempted flight. But once safely lodged in Kurnaul, through the tender care of a dark heathen devotee, in whose bosom the spark of natural humanity still glowed,

the child was soon caught up within the circle of British and Christian sympathy, whose special concern is for the poor, the needy, and the destitute.

It is not easy to imagine or realize the strangely saddening and depressing influence produced on the minds of all here by the daily reports of the deplorable events now everywhere occurring in the North-West. And what gives intensity to the sadness is, that there is scarcely any one amongst us who has not a father, mother, brother, sister, a son, daughter, or some other relative or friend, either already numbered among the victims of atrocious massacre, or in a position of imminent peril. To all this also has to be added the succession of dangers through which we ourselves have passed. All the revelations now made serve to show that these dangers were in reality vastly greater than any one at the time was fully aware of, or could bring himself to believe. It is now clear, beyond all question, that between the 10th or 11th March last and the 14th instant there were at least four separate *plots* formed, that is, as some one has expressed it, "*definite arrangements appointed to have effect at a specified date,*" for the destruction of this city and the massacre of its European inhabitants. By some apparently fortuitous, but really providential incident, each of these was timeously brought to light, and the

ie Brigadier at Barrackpore on the *night* *'ing.* This discovery led the Government oncentrate, during the night and early on iorning, all the available British troops at ickpore, and, on that day, to disarm the e of the mutinous sepoys there, as well ; Dum Dum and Calcutta. What the hor- prepared for us were, and from which we ed by so merciful an interposition of Provi- e, soon appeared, among other revelations, this, that when, after the disarming, the rs' huts were searched, they were found to led with instruments of the most murderous iption: huge knives of various shapes, two- ed swords, poniards and battle-axes—many ie swords being serrated, and evidently ded for the perpetration of *torturing* cruel- on their European victims—cruelties over a, in anticipation, these ruthless savages,

our lives. That was planned for Tuesday, the 23d instant, the centenary day of the victory of Plassey, which laid the foundation of our magnificent Indian empire. The effect of this discovery was to arouse the Government and the whole European community to make preparations, on the most extensive and effective scale, to meet the threatened outbreak of exterminating violence. The British residents in this square, being few in number, and at the same time completely isolated and cut off by a large distance from the European part of the city, were peculiarly exposed to the first outburst on the part of a fanatical and infuriated native multitude. Accordingly, on Monday (22d), several left the square, and went to their friends in the city and elsewhere. My own resolution, however, from the first was, after using all proper means for obtaining protection from the constituted authorities, to cling to my post, casting myself and partner, in faith, on the guardian care of the God of Providence.

At length *the* day, the *last* and *fatal* day to *British power* in India, if the vaticinations so long current among all classes of natives were to be trusted, was ushered in amid ten thousand anxieties, despite all the preparations that had been made to meet it. What helped to heighten these anxieties was, that, by a singular coincidence, that happened also to be *the great day*

of the annual Hindu festival of the *Ruth Jattra*, or pulling of the cars of Juggernath. Of these cars, numbers of all sizes have been wont to be pulled along the streets of Calcutta and its suburbs. On these occasions, the entire latent fanaticism of the Hindu community has been usually elicited, when the attendant throngs, raise and re-echo the loud shouts of "Victory to Juggernath; victory to the great Juggernath."

The day and night, however, have now passed away without any violent outrage anywhere within the bounds of the city; and we are still in the land of the living this morning, to celebrate anew Jehovah's goodness. Doubtless the knowledge of the vast preparations that were made promptly to put down any insurrection tended, under God, to prevent any, by paralyzing the hosts of conspirators under a conviction of the utter hopelessness of success. Moreover, I cannot but note the fact, that our rainy season, which has been somewhat later in commencing this year, began to set in on Sunday, 21st inst., with a violent thunder-storm, since which very heavy showers have continued to fall in rapid succession, accompanied with violent gusts of wind. These gusty tropical showers rendered it particularly disagreeable for any one to be out on our muddy and half-flooded streets. The very elements thus seemed to conspire, along with the preparations on the part

of man, to defeat the counsels and purposes of the wicked, by confining them to their own secret haunts of treason, sedition, and meditated massacre.

The only disturbance in the neighborhood took place at Agarparah, about half-way between this and Barrackpore. On the afternoon of Tuesday (23d), a body of between two and three hundred Mussulmans rushed into the Government and Missionary Schools, shouting that the Company's Raj (or reign) was now at an end, and ordering the teachers, on pain of death, to destroy their English books, and teach no more English in the schools, but only the *Koran*. A violent affray with sticks, bamboos, and bricks was the result; but though a great many heads were broken, no lives were lost. This was a fair indication of the spirit and determination of Mohammedanism generally; and clearly proves how little not only Christianity, but even western civilization, has to expect from its intolerance, were it once to acquire the ascendancy in this land.

June 27.—Fresh rumors of every kind are afloat respecting the re-capture of Delhi, but as yet no reliable intelligence has reached the Government on the subject. Meanwhile, accounts of new disasters—of sanguinary mutinies or attempts at mutiny—continue to pour in

upon us. There are also unpleasant indications of the mutinous spirit having reached the Madras and Bombay Presidencies. The agents of evil have at least penetrated into these ; though, hitherto, their efforts have not been crowned with much success.

The sufferings of those who escaped, in trying to make their way to places of safety, have been so severe, that under them many have sunk. Let it be remembered that the season of the year was the most adverse to British constitutions. It was during the very height of the hot season, when the hot winds rage in the North-West with furnace heat, and the clouds of small dust are absolutely suffocating. Hitherto, during this season, it has been usually deemed rather hard to exist at all even within doors, with all the appliances of well-watered grassy frames outside, to moderate the heated air as it passes through, and punkahs and thermantidotes, on the principle of the fanning-mill, in order to set the somewhat cooled air in motion. But now, as in the case of the fugitives from Sultanpore in Oude, about a dozen gentlemen, with a dozen ladies, and as many children, had, for eight or ten days, to work their weary way to Allahabad, through scorching heats, subject to frightful exposures, and in constant danger of falling into the hands of miscreants thirsting for their blood.

One of the escaped from Fyzabad, in Oude, writes: "On Monday last (8th inst.) I had, with all the officers of the regiment, to run away to save our lives. We got into an open boat, and tried to work our way to Dinapore; but we have been *hunted like dogs*, and have been twice taken prisoners, and robbed of everything we had. I have hardly a thing remaining, excepting the shirt and trousers I have on, and which I have not taken off for seven days."

Another of the fugitives from the same place furnishes some farther particulars: "We all," says he, "got into several open boats. On reaching a place ten miles below Fyzabad, we met several hundreds of the mutineers encamped, who fired on us. Colonel Goldney advised our pushing off to the opposite bank of the Gogra. We got on an island among some jhow (a species of grain) fields. The mutineers got into dinghees (small boats), and followed us. We made for the main boat from the island; Major Mills was drowned. The serjeant-major, Lieutenant Bright, and I, were taken prisoners, carried to the camp of the mutineers, and brought before the subadar commanding the rebels, who asked us who we were, &c. Two men then stepped out and shot the serjeant-major and Lieutenant Bright. I was rescued by an artilleryman, hid in a serai, and sent off in disguise. While we were talking with the

subadar, a number of the sepoys went to the remainder of our party. We heard firing across the river; the sepoys returned, and reported they had killed Colonel Goldney and six other officers, and that three had escaped. At Tanda I heard that Mr. Fitzgerald, clerk in the Deputy Commissioner's office, and Overseer Serjeant Hunt, who were escorting some families to Allahabad, were killed, and the women and children also murdered. I don't know what has become of the officers who were in the boats left behind us at Fyzabad."

An eye-witness to the brutal conduct of the mutinous sepoys at Allahabad, and who himself had a narrow escape from their ruthless hands, thus writes: "A next-door English neighbor of mine was visited one night by a gang of upwards of two dozen sepoys, fully equipped with destructive arms. On the hue and cry being given, I went up to the terrace of my house, and saw with my own eyes the rascals *cutting into two an infant boy of two or three years of age, while playing with his mother;* next, they *hacked into pieces the lady;* and subsequently, *most shockingly and horridly, the husband.*" The writer made his escape by a back-door, and, by means of a bamboo, he managed to cross the Ganges, and make his way through multiplied difficulties to Benares.

Affecting evidences of the villanies that have

been practised are ever and anon casting up. The other day, in the neighborhood of Benares, a detachment of Europeans fell in with *twenty-one* sepoys in disguise, who wished to pass themselves off as *poor* villagers that had been *looted*, that is, plundered. On searching their persons, however, *each* of them had about *seventy* rupees in cash, besides *gold and silver jewels covered with blood*, showing but too clearly the brutal way in which they must have been taken off our poor murdered countrywomen.

At one of the stations, a lady, in panic terror, had hidden herself in an obscure corner of the house. Through a chink or crevice in the partition she saw the bleeding head of one of her children rolled as a ball across the floor ; and on emerging from her hiding place, beheld the fragments of another scattered about !

Here is another variety of incident in the terrible tragedy now enacting in the North-West, as related by an eye-witness : An officer and his wife were attacked by many *sowars*, or mutineers of native cavalry. The brave officer singly shot dead seven of them on the spot, and at last was overcome by a number of the rebels. Instead, however, of allowing himself to be disgraced by the scoundrels, under the pressure of the awful emergency, he *first killed his wife and then put an end to his own life!*

Similar as to its main object was another

case, of which certain information has reached us. A small party of gentlemen, with a young lady lately resident in Calcutta, and well known to some of us, effected their escape to an isolated house, where they were hard pressed by the ferocious mutineers. In case of their being eventually overpowered by numbers, they entered into a mutual though dismal agreement, *to kill the lady to save her from the brutal outrages of the murderers, and then to sell their own lives as dearly as they could!*

The troops at Seetapore, in Northern Oude, after the bloody butchery they had committed there, proceeded towards Muhumdie. They met on the road the refugees from Shahjehanpore, and the civil officers of Muhumdie, fleeing from the latter place; *all of whom they deliberately slaughtered*, save one, Captain Orr, who witnessed the horrible scene.

June 29.—Still no cessation of heavy tidings from the North-West. In one of our journals to-day appears the letter of a correspondent at Allahabad, who, after stating that the destruction of property there was total, thus proceeds: "Did the report reach you of the massacre of the Futtehghur fugitives? It passed in atrocity all that has hitherto been perpetrated. A large body of Europeans, men, women, and children, in several boats, left Futtehghur for this; they

mysterious and overruling Providence, however, had decreed it otherwise: the veteran warrior, whose very presence exhilarated and inspirited all around, at last fell, mortally wounded, and with him also several other of the subordinate leaders.

With the fall of the chief and some of his right-hand men, the remainder of the little band seem to have been smitten with a sense of the utter hopelessness of prolonged resistance. They did not, they could not, know that relief was so near at hand,—that the gallant Colonel Neil, who had already saved Benares and the fortress of Allahabad with his Madras Fusiliers, was within two or three days' march of them. Had this been known to them, they would doubtless have striven to hold out during these two or three days; and, to all human appearance, with success. But, ignorant of the approaching relief, and assailed by the cries and tears of helpless women and children, they were induced, in an evil hour, to entertain the overtures made to them by a man who had already been guilty of treachery and murder.

This man was *Nana Sahib*, the adopted son of the late Bajee Row, the ex-Peishwa, or last head of the Mahratta confederacy, who, for the long period of nearly forty years, resided at Benares, enjoying the munificent pension of £80,000 a year. This *Nana Sahib* was allowed,

and its alleged caste-breaking tendencies were a mere shallow but plausible pretext in the hands of evil-minded, designing men, and that the real originating cause of the whole mischief would be found of a *purely political* character. To this persuasion I gave free expression at a time when few were prepared to entertain it. Every disclosure, however, which of late has been made, goes to demonstrate that it has been the result of a long-concocted Mohammedan conspiracy against the supremacy and rule of Great Britain in India.

Information received from arrested spies and papers found in their possession serves to implicate the ex-King of Oude, and especially his Prime Minister, the Nawab Ali Nukhi Khan—one of the cleverest and wiliest of Asiatic intriguers. Indeed, it is said that since his imprisonment in Fort-William, the latter openly avows that he has had a principal share in contriving and working out the deeply-laid plot, and that he glories in having done so, adding that he has woven a web around the British Government which it will not disentangle for many a day.

To all appearance the titular Emperor of Delhi and members of his family have also been deeply implicated in the dark and foul conspiracy. In time the whole truth may gradually be unfolded. Meanwhile, gleams of light like the following

shoot out upon the subject. An officer who escaped from Fyzabad states that, in a conversation with the subadar of his own regiment, the latter said, "As you are going away for ever, I will tell you all about our plans. We halt at Fyzabad five days, and march *via* Darriabad upon Lucknow, where we expect to be joined by the people of the city. Proclamations have been received from the King of Delhi, informing all that he is once more on the throne of his fathers, and calling on the whole army to join his standard. Rajah Maun Sing has been appointed Commander-in-Chief in Oude." The subadar farther added: "You English have been a long time in India, but you know little of us. We have nothing to do with Wajid Ali (the ex-King of Oude) or any of his relations. The kings of Lucknow were made by you; the only ruler in India empowered to give sunnuds (titles to kingship) is the Emperor of Delhi; he never made a King of Oude, and it is from him only that we shall receive our orders."

July 3.—For the last two or three weeks, no communication has reached this Government from the Governor of Agra. Already some of the fugitives from the North-West have arrived in Calcutta; and their oral accounts more than confirm the distressing accounts which from time to time have appeared in our public journals.

The condition of the North-West is, according to the testimony of these respectable eye-witnesses, beyond measure deplorable. It seems to be one universal scene of violence, depredation, and plunder — no Government, with its wholesome restraints, anywhere — no administration of justice—no control of police authority—no collection of revenue—no traffic—no buying or selling—every man's hand uplifted against his neighbor — might being right, the strongest is for the moment the sovereign power! Oh! what need of humiliation before God! What need of the prayers of God's people! Oh, for the penitential spirit of Nehemiah and Daniel of old, and their gift of copious and appropriate utterance! Truly the floods of the ungodly "have lifted up their voice; the floods have lifted up their waves." What, then, can be our consolation? What but that of the Psalmist, "The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea."

Under much pressure and sorrow of spirit, I remain, yours very affectionately,

ALEXANDER DUFF.

LETTER VI.

CALCUTTA, 7th July, 1857.

MY DEAR DR. TWEEDIE,—Alas, alas! the work of savage butchery still progresses in this distracted land. Not a day passes without some addition, from one quarter or another, to the black catalogue of treachery and murder. This very day Government have received intelligence of one of the foulest tragedies connected with this awful rebellion. At Cawnpore, one of the largest military stations in Northern India, a mutinous spirit had early manifested itself among the native soldiery, and there were no European troops whatever to keep it in check, except about fifty men who had latterly been sent by Sir Henry Lawrence from Lucknow. But there was one man there whose spirit, energy, and fertility of resource were equal to a number of ordinary regiments—the brave and skilful veteran, Sir Hugh Wheeler. By his astonishing vigor and promptitude of action, he succeeded in keeping in abeyance the mutinous spirit of three or four thousand armed men. At the same time, with the forecasting prudence of a wise general, he began to prepare timeously

for the worst, by forming a small entrenched camp, to which ladies, children, and other helpless persons, with provisions, were removed, while most of the British officers took up their abode either in or near it.

At last the long-expected rising took place. The mutineers went deliberately to work, according to the prescribed plan followed in other quarters. They broke open the jail and liberated the prisoners ; they plundered the public treasury ; they pillaged and set fire to the bungalows of the officers and other British residents, killing all indiscriminately who had not effected their escape to the entrenched camp.

There Sir Hugh and his small handful with undaunted courage held their position against the most tremendous odds, repelling every attack of the thousands by whom they were surrounded with heavy loss to the rebels. These were at last joined by thousands more of the mutineers from Sultanpore, Seetapore, and other places in Oude, with guns. The conflict now became terrific, exemplifying, on the part of the British, the very spirit and determination of old Greece at Thermopylæ. The soul of the brave old chief, in particular, only rose, by the accumulating pressure of difficulty, into grander heroism. To the last he maintained a hearty cheerfulness, declaring that he could hold out for two or three weeks against any numbers. A

mysterious and overruling Providence, however, had decreed it otherwise: the veteran warrior, whose very presence exhilarated and inspirited all around, at last fell, mortally wounded, and with him also several other of the subordinate leaders.

With the fall of the chief and some of his right-hand men, the remainder of the little band seem to have been smitten with a sense of the utter hopelessness of prolonged resistance. They did not, they could not, know that relief was so near at hand,—that the gallant Colonel Neil, who had already saved Benares and the fortress of Allahabad with his Madras Fusiliers, was within two or three days' march of them. Had this been known to them, they would doubtless have striven to hold out during these two or three days; and, to all human appearance, with success. But, ignorant of the approaching relief, and assailed by the cries and tears of helpless women and children, they were induced, in an evil hour, to entertain the overtures made to them by a man who had already been guilty of treachery and murder.

This man was *Nana Sahib*, the adopted son of the late Bajee Row, the ex-Peishwa, or last head of the Mahratta confederacy, who, for the long period of nearly forty years, resided at Benares, enjoying the munificent pension of £80,000 a year. This *Nana Sahib* was allowed,

by the bounty of the British Government, to occupy a small fort at Bithoor, not far from Cawnpore. Till within the last few months this man was wont to profess the greatest delight in European society, to go out with British officers on shooting excursions, and to invite them to *fetes* at his residence. And yet, the moment that fortune seems to frown on British interests, he turns round, and, with Asiatic treachery, deliberately plans the destruction of the very men whom he had so often, in the spirit of apparently cordial friendship, fêted and feasted.

On Sunday, the 28th June, this man, with consummate hypocrisy, of his own accord sent overtures to our beleaguered countrymen—then bereft of their heroic chieftain—swearing, "upon the water of the Ganges, and all the oaths most binding on a Hindu, that if the garrison would trust to him and surrender, the lives of all would be spared, and they should be put into boats and sent down to Allahabad." Under the influence of some infatuating blindness, that garrison that might have possibly held out till relief arrived, was induced to trust in these oily professions, and surrender. Agreeably to the terms of the treaty, they were put into boats, with provisions, and other necessaries and comforts. But mark the conduct of the perfidious fiend in human form! No sooner had the boats reached the middle of the river, than their sworn pro-

tector gave himself a preconcerted signal, and guns, which had been laid for the purpose, were opened upon them from the Cawnpore bank! yea, and when our poor wretched countrymen tried to escape, by crossing to the Oude side of the river, they found that arrangements had been made there too for their reception; for there, such of them as were enabled to land were instantaneously cut to pieces by cavalry that had been sent across for the purpose. In this way nearly the whole party, according to the Government report, consisting of several hundreds, mostly helpless women and children, were destroyed! such of the women and children as were not killed, being reserved probably as hostages. Only one boat escaped, which was pursued for miles; and when overtaken, all in it were taken back to the camp of the mutineers, and there shot, or cruelly torn to PIECES!

July 10.—Throughout all ages the Asiatic has been noted for his duplicity, cunning, hypocrisy, treachery; and coupled with this—and, indeed, as necessary for excelling in this accomplishment of Jesuitism—his capacity of secresy and concealment. But in vain will the annals even of Asia be ransacked for examples of artful, refined, consummate duplicity, surpassing those which have been exhibited throughout the recent mu-

tinies. In almost every instance, the sepoys succeeded in concealing their long-concocted and deep-laid murderous designs from the most vigilant officers to the very last; yea, and in not only concealing them, but in masking them under the most flaming professions of attachment and loyalty. The case of the 6th Native Infantry at Allahabad is thus recorded, as the result of authentic information, by one of our Calcutta journals: "It appears that after the officers of the regiment first left the lines, a subadar paid a visit to Lieutenant Slaines, the interpreter, and expostulated with him, in the name of the regiment, upon the want of confidence which they had displayed. 'Come to us,' he said, 'we are faithful, we love our good masters, we will protect you, but it gives us pain to see you suspect us.' Slaines, and his wife, who was present at the interview, were melted even to tears at the simple eloquence of the man whom they had insulted, as well as his fellows, by their unworthy suspicions. There was but one course left to take, to return to the bosom of the regiment, to throw themselves upon the hearts of the men; and this course they resolved to adopt, persuading the other officers of the regiment and their families to follow their example.

"When they returned to the regiment, the scene which awaited them touched the hearts

of all present. The men whom they had suspected, in a moment of narrow-minded apprehension, were found drawn up to receive their officers, and welcomed them with three hearty English cheers. The native officers, unable to control their feelings, which swelled high, and sent their warm Asiatic blood coursing in their veins, in defiance of all cold rules of decorum and hollow military observances, gave vent to the natural and simple emotions of their brave hearts. They flung themselves round the necks of their European officers who had so generously atoned for their cruel suspicions, and kissed them on both cheeks. The reconciliation was complete, confidence was happily restored, and *that same night the native officers and men rose and proceeded to the work of massacre ! !*"

This is the regiment which some time before had professed such extra zeal and loyalty, that they enthusiastically pled to be allowed to proceed to Delhi to punish the mutineers, of whose treacherous and cruel conduct they spoke with vehement detestation. In order still further to prove their loyalty, they again and again delivered up spies, who had come to spread sedition amongst them. So completely was the veracity of their professions confided in, that Lord Canning sent them a special letter of thanks, which was publicly read to them on parade on a certain evening at six o'clock ; and

the reading of which elicited three hearty cheers for the Company. On *that very evening, at nine o'clock*, a gentleman on the ramparts of the fort, observing a rocket go up, said to the magistrate near him, "What's that?" "Oh," said the latter, "it is only a marriage." But, lo! another rocket followed. It was the signal agreed on by the "*staunch and loyal 6th;*" when the mess-house was attacked, and seventeen out of the twenty unarmed, confiding officers assembled there were instantaneously butchered in cold blood, their shrieks being heard at a considerable distance. The colonel of the regiment, who, up to the last, laughed at the idea of precautionary measures being necessary, and who would not believe that *his* men would mutiny until the balls flew through his hat and sleeves, contrived to escape to the fort with his life. Then commenced the work of plunder and devastation; the destruction of property throughout the town and its vicinity being most complete, the bungalows in the cantonments, and all the British residences being soon in a blaze, the new railway station, with its buildings, and machinery, and carriages, the extensive American mission-press premises and schools, all laid waste; the public treasury, bank, and storehouses pillaged; in short, within a few days the whole city of Allahabad, containing 120,000 inhabitants, was not only sacked and ravaged,

but literally reduced to one vast mass of ruins and ashes!

July 15.—The case of Jhansi, the capital of a petty State in Bundelcund, to the west of Allahabad, is one of the most deplorable. The sepoys having mutinied, some of the officers effected their escape, and others were killed. But the major part of the Europeans, to the number of fifty-five, inclusive of the ladies and children, got possession of the fort, and for several days kept good their position—the ladies assisting the gentlemen in cooking for them, sending them refreshments, casting bullets, &c. Though beginning to be much straitened for want of provisions, they still held out, until at last the mutineers, assisted with guns and elephants by the Rani or Queen, succeeded in effecting an entrance at one of the gates. Then did the proverbial faithlessness of Asiatics receive a fresh illustration. The gentlemen—some of whom were famous marksmen, one of them having killed no less than twenty-five of the rebels with his own hand—were solemnly promised, that if they laid down their arms, and gave themselves up quietly, the lives of all would be spared. Unfortunately for themselves, their wives and little ones, they were induced to listen to these promises, and come out. No sooner had they done so, than they were tied in

a long line between some trees, and had their heads struck off! Such ladies as had children were doomed to see them cut in halves before their own turn came! Then followed scenes of dishonor and torture too hideous to be narrated! these murderous savages, like the tigers which inhabit their jungles, seemingly delighting to play with their victims before despatching them!

In other cases, where father and mother have been killed, and little children have made an effort to run away, they had been caught and thrown into the flames of the burning houses! Such cruelties, outraging, as they do, every law of humanity, are earning for the perpetrators universal execration.

In another well-authenticated case, the *European servant* of a mess was seized and slowly *cut up into small pieces, and portions of his flesh forced down the throats of his children*, before they were themselves cruelly destroyed! Even the *native* servants of the same mess were "marked" by the brutal mutineers, by having their hands, and ears, and noses cut off!

Elsewhere the sepoys took up living children by the legs, with the heads hanging downwards, and tore them up in two. In one instance, four children of one family were thus barbarously torn up before the eyes of their father and mother, who themselves were soon afterwards shockingly abused and butchered. Indeed, I

know nothing in history comparable to these atrocities, except those perpetrated by the "bloody Piedmontese" on the Waldensian witnesses.

July 18.—To-day authentic tidings have reached us from Indore of the infamous treachery of Holkar, the descendant of the celebrated Mahratta chief of that name, against whom the Duke of Wellington fought. He professed the utmost friendship towards the British Government, and the British Resident, Colonel Durand. When symptoms of disaffection began to appear among the native troops of the British contingent, Holkar, in his extra-loyalty, sent a portion of his own artillery to guard the Residency. All of a sudden, on the morning of the 1st instant, when all were quite unprepared, the artillery turned round, opened fire, and poured rounds of grape into the edifice which they had ostensibly been appointed to defend! The surprise was complete. By a miracle of Providence, Colonel Durand succeeded in drawing off all the officers, ladies, and children—though sorely harassed and pursued—to Sehore, distant about a hundred miles. But whether any of them may ultimately escape alive, is wrapped up in painful uncertainty—the whole of Central India being now, like the North-West, one wide-spread scene of anarchy, rapine, and blood.

July 20.—Heavier and heavier tidings of woe!

About a week ago it was known that Sir Henry Lawrence—whose defence of Lucknow with a mere handful, amid the rage of hostile myriads, has been the admiration of all India—had gone out to attack a vast body of armed rebels ; that his *native* force, with characteristic treachery, had turned round upon him at the commencement of the fight—and that, with his two hundred Europeans, he had to cut his way back, with Spartan daring, to the Residency. It was also known that, on that occasion, the brave leader was severely wounded ; and two days ago, intelligence reached us, which, alas ! has since been confirmed, that on the 4th instant he sunk under the effects of his wounds. What shall I say ? It is impossible for me to express the grief of heart which I feel in thus recording the death of Sir Henry Lawrence. In his character were singularly blended the heroic chivalry of the old Greek, and the inflexible sternness of the old Roman, in happy combination with the tenderness of a patriarch, and the benevolence of the Christian philanthropist. In him the native army, through whose murderous treachery he prematurely fell, has lost its greatest benefactor ; while the girls' and boys' schools, founded by his munificence on the heights of the Himalaya, of Mount Aboo, and of the Nilgiris, must testify through coming ages to the depth and liveliness of his interest in the wel-

fare of the British soldier's family in this burning foreign clime. I mourn over him as a personal friend, one whose friendship resembled more what we sometimes meet with in romance rather than in actual everyday life. I mourn over him as one of the truest, sincerest, and most liberal supporters of our Calcutta mission. I mourn over him as the heaviest loss which British India could possibly sustain in the very midst of the most terrible crisis of her history.

The only counterpoise to all this heavy budget of calamities is the fact, that a small column of Europeans which marched under General Havelock from Allahabad, after routing the rebels at Futtehpore and other places, recaptured Cawnpore on the 16th instant. There, the rebel army, commanded by Nana Sahib in person, after a vigorous defence, was totally defeated. It was found, however, to the horror of our brave men, that all the captive British women and children, whom it was supposed that Nana Sahib had been reserving as hostages, had been *barbarously murdered by him before the engagement!* A gleam of hope now opens upon us, that General Havelock and his dauntless little force will be able to fight their way to Lucknow, in time to save the garrison there—of which the late Sir Henry Lawrence was the life and soul—from a similar terrible fate to that of Cawnpore.

The reports about the fall of Delhi, which, coming from so many different quarters, were universally credited, turn out to have been premature. In the neighborhood and under the walls of the doomed city there were several severe combats, in which hundreds of the murderous mutineers were slain ; and these had been exaggerated by native reports into the fall and capture of the city itself. That long anxiously looked-for event, however, has not yet been officially announced. In the absence of authentic intelligence, the long delay is on all hands felt to be inexplicable. It is this unexpected delay which has doubtless enheartened the disaffected everywhere, and filled them with bright visions of reconquest and reëstablished dominion.

Early next month commences the grand annual Mohammedan festival of the Mohurrum, during which, even in ordinary times, the followers of the False Prophet often exhibit outbursts of uncontrollable fanaticism. This year, as you may suppose, this season of Mussulman excitement is looked forward to with unwonted anxiety all over India. Already at Patna, one of the largest cities on the Ganges, where the Mohammedans abound, discovery has been made of a plot to massacre all the Europeans in that quarter, on one of their great festival days in August. Documents were seized which amply proved

that money for this end had been plentifully supplied by one of the wealthiest Mohammedan bankers in India; and in these it was urged that the rising should be simultaneous on the same day all over the land. This timeous discovery may truly be regarded as preëminently providential; since, by putting all our authorities doubly on the alert, the vigor of their precautions may, under God, prove the means of averting the threatened catastrophe. Pray, pray that, amid these outpoured judgments of a righteous and offended God, the British people, whether at home or in India, may learn the lessons which they are designed to inculcate.

Yours ever affectionately,

ALEXANDER DUFF.

LETTER VII.

CALCUTTA, 21st July, 1857.

MY DEAR DR. TWEEDIE,—Authentic details have now reached us from various quarters respecting the awful tragedy at Bareilly, the capital of Rohilcund. The latter name will at once recall to remembrance the most disgraceful incident in the life of Warren Hastings. For filthy lucre, British troops were hired to slaughter the brave Rohillas. Of that foul transaction have we ever repented as a people and nation? And may we not now be smarting under the retributive judgments of that holy and jealous God who declares that he will "visit the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate Him?"

After the outbreak at Meerut and Delhi, all the officers at Bareilly, civil and military, took the precaution of sending their wives and children to the neighboring hill-station of Nynee Tal. Still, up to the very day before the outbreak, their letters contained little else than accounts of the quiet behavior of the sepoys, with expressions of hope that ere long the district

and place would be sufficiently quiet to allow of ladies returning! Everything was done which Asiatic cunning and treachery could achieve for lulling to sleep all suspicion. The Mohammedan chief, Khan Bahadur, the Nawab of the city—a pensioner of the British Government, which treated him with the greatest generosity—by various spontaneous services, strove to establish confidence in his attachment and loyalty. Only the day before the mutiny, the sepoys asked several officers to recall their wives and families from the hills, appealing to the perfect quietness which prevailed; and, even to the last moment, swearing that they would protect their officers, if need be, unto death! It turned out, however, that at the very time when these earnest professions were being made, men lay concealed under a bridge so as to murder their commanding officer, while others were told off to surround the officers' houses, and others still, posted on the roads, so as to waylay and intercept any fugitives!

On Sunday, 31st May, at eleven A.M., a gun was fired, and at that signal the regiments rose *en masse*, and commenced firing into all the houses of the European residents. Of these a goodly number succeeded most marvellously in effecting their escape; many, however, were instantaneously slaughtered. The professedly "loyal" Khan Bahadur was proclaimed "King

of Rohilcund." And his first proclamation was a denouncing of the penalty of death on any natives who should be found sheltering British men, women, and children! And such of the officers, civil and military, with their Christian assistants, and two women and children, who had escaped murder on the first outbreak, were dragged forth from their places of concealment before the "new King," and by him formally sentenced to death.

Bareilly is in the centre of a large district, containing between three and four millions of inhabitants, among whom, until the present year, a Christian missionary had never been located. A few months ago, the Rev. Mr. Butler, a minister of the American Episcopal Methodists, came out to establish a new mission in India. Mr. Butler is an admirable man, a man of high talents and shining piety, who endeared himself to all here who were privileged to make his acquaintance. As he expected to be soon followed by a powerful staff of assistants from America, he was strongly recommended to plant his new mission in Bareilly. From his name not having yet appeared in any list of killed or missing, we are hopeful that he, and his wife, and children succeeded in reaching Nynee Tal* A small body of native Christians,

* Dr. Duff's hopes, we are happy to state, have been realized, for in the *Witness* of September 12, there was published a lengthened ex-

gathered out by a native catechist, who had been supported by the British residents, has been destroyed. The spirit of the Mohammedan has always been known by the few who studied it to be more intensely antichristian than that of heathenism itself. Many, however, cherished the delusion that, under the combined influences of European civilization, it was now changed and mollified. I never believed this myself. I always regarded the apparent change as merely the result of external repression, that is, of necessity. Of the sad truth of this view of the case the present rebellion has furnished the most memorable illustrations. Kindness, conciliation, benefits conferred, all have gone for nothing. The moment the external restraint has been removed, the old spirit, which exulted in the merit of sending the souls of infidels to the abyss of hell, has burst forth with uncontrollable fury.

August 1.—The Cawnpore tragedy turns out to have been, in extent and atrocity, the most awful of all the terrible tragedies recently enacted in the North-West. It is now certain that not fewer than *six or seven hundred men, women, and children* have fallen in it! The sufferings, physical and mental, which most of these must have endured for weeks, from the enemy's shot,

tract from a letter of Mr. Butler's, dated from Nynee Tal, which place he and his family had safely reached

exposure to the sun, scarcity of provisions, sickness of every kind, racking suspense and anxiety, imagination itself can never realize. In my former account, it was stated that the monster Nana Sahib had reserved a number of *women and children*, who had escaped the fearful massacre in the boats, and that these he had barbarously massacred the day before General Havelock defeated him in battle and recaptured Cawnpore. On the evening of the 15th July, these, as it now appears from a written memorandum found on the spot, to the number of 197, were taken to the house where the unfortunate men who had been taken from the boats were previously murdered, and there the whole of them were savagely butchered, and many of the mangled bodies thrown into a deep well. The building in which the massacre took place is described as looking like a horrid slaughter-house. A gentleman who saw it, writes to say, "Let your imagination conceive of the horrible what it may, and it must still fall immeasurably short of the reality." Surely God is visiting our people in this land in hot displeasure; surely our sins have found us out. What need, then, of great searchings of heart, and lowliest contrition of spirit, and burning confessions of guilt, before God, if haply He turn away the fierceness of His anger. Still, nothing can palliate, far less justify, the crimes of the cruel murderers of

defenceless women and innocent children. Accordingly, General Neill, by the last accounts, "was compelling all the high-caste Brahmins he could capture among the guilty sepoys, to collect the bloody clothes of the victims, and wash up the blood from the floor, a European soldier standing over each man with a 'cat-o'-nine-tails,' and administering it with vigor whenever he relaxed in his exertions. The wretches having been subjected to this degradation, which of course includes loss of caste, are then hanged one after another."

Many isolated incidents connected with this wholesale butchery of a very affecting description have come to light. Here is one :—After the British had been shut up in their entrenchment, an English lady arrived with her children—fugitives from some neighboring station. Her husband had been murdered on the road. The poor helpless widow implored Nana Sahib for life; but he ordered them all to be taken out to the plain and killed! On the way, the children complained of the sun; and the mother requested that they might be taken under some trees. But even that request was denied her. Brought like so many felons to the open plain, the mother and children were tied together, and deliberately shot, with the exception of the youngest, who was seen crawling over the dead bodies, and feeling them, and asking why they

had fallen down, and gone to sleep in the sun! At last a cruel trooper came, and dashed out the brains of this little one! The very recital of such horrors makes one's blood curdle in the veins. What a picture might a skillful artist form out of this scene—a picture which, might portray to men's senses the cruelties of heathenism, and proclaim aloud the necessity for the regenerating, humanizing influences of the gospel of grace and salvation!

August 4.—This terrible rebellion, I grieve to say, so far from being arrested, is spreading with rapid strides. At Hazaribag, in the neighborhood of the hill tribes on the North-West frontier of Bengal—at Segowlie, to the east of the Ganges, and other smaller stations—there have been risings and massacres. At one of these, the doctor, his wife, and child were burnt alive in their own house! and the head of the commanding officer was carried off by the rebels in triumph, to be presented as a trophy to their king! And then, within the last few days, the mutiny at Dinapore—one of the most distressing of all—because, humanly speaking, it might have been easily prevented. In plain truth, it must be laid at the door of the proud incompetency and mismanagement of the old General in command. Dinapore is the great military station which commanded Patna, where

a large proportion of the population is Mohammedan, and of a character so turbulent as to have often given much anxiety and uneasiness even in ordinary years. There was a British regiment there, and the forces for the upper provinces were constantly passing up in steamers. The *three* native infantry regiments and native cavalry were known to be thoroughly disaffected and mutinous. And the cry from all quarters for weeks past was, that they should be disarmed ; and this measure, which could have easily been effected, was first recommended to the General in command by Government, and last of all positively ordered. But the business was gone about so clumsily and dilatorily, that the whole of the native sepoys escaped with arms and ammunition, untouched and unpursued, to spread the terrible work of incendiarism, plunder, and massacre, over the surrounding districts. Numbers have proceeded up the right bank of the Sone river ; the rest have crossed the Ganges, where they have been joined by a disaffected Hindu Rajah, who has brought with him thousands of armed men. The accounts of their destructive proceedings which have already reached us are truly appalling ; and we are trembling lest still worse may soon reach us. It really looks as if judgments as sore as the plagues of Egypt were let loose on this devoted land. Already has the sword, one

of God's great plagues, been let loose upon it; and already there are ominous forebodings of a famine; and if a famine, then the pestilence!

Meanwhile, we cannot be too grateful to God for our exemption in Calcutta from actual outbreak. There has been no end of alarm and panic. For some time the authorities looked on with something like infatuated blindness and indifference. At last, they have been fairly aroused. The discovery of plot after plot, for a general rise of the natives and massacre of the Europeans—the recently detected design of sixty sworn desperadoes to enter Fort-William by scaling ladders in the night, murder the guards, and rescue the ex-King of Oude—the ascertained fact that, within the last two months, tens of thousands of muskets and other arms have been sold to Mohammedans and other natives—the presentment of the Grand Jury, and a memorial from the Christian inhabitants, imploring the Government to disarm the native population—these and many other circumstances combined, at last roused our authorities to action. And as on Saturday last commenced the Mohammedan festival of the *Bukra Eed*, to last for three days, strong parties of British troops, with picquets of volunteers, were posted all over the town. We had forty British soldiers in Cornwallis Square, who found quarters in our old Institution, while the officer in command was our guest.

In the Mohammedan quarter some cannon were also planted. The preparations were so complete, that any attempt at a successful rise was felt to be impracticable; and so, by God's great goodness, the festival has passed over without disturbance or bloodshed. But the Mohurrum is approaching; and to it all are looking with gloomiest apprehensions. But our trust is in the Lord, who hitherto has so wonderfully interposed for our deliverance.

August 8.—To-day our mail closes, and it is lamentable to think that the curtain of our dire calamities has not yet begun fairly to rise. At the conclusion of my letter by the last mail, I stated that a gleam of hope flashed upon us from General Havelock's distinguished success in repeatedly defeating the rebels and recapturing Cawnpore. From that place the General proceeded to Bithoor, the fortress of the arch-traitor Nana Sahib, distant about twelve miles, took it, dismantled it, and burned the palace. Thereafter, he crossed the Ganges at Cawnpore, for the relief of the small and sorely beleagured garrison at Lucknow, which, since the fall of its heroic chief, Sir Henry Lawrence, was known to be reduced to the greatest straits. The distance being about fifty miles, the General wished to push on rapidly, and, if possible, carry away all the survivors, leaving the reconquest of Oude

till the cold season. After marching twelve miles, his force—only about 1500 strong—fell in with a body of 13,000 rebels, strongly posted, with swamps on either side. After a sharp encounter, the enemy was routed with the loss of fifteen brass guns. The General then pushed forwards, but without tents, and with little baggage. As he advanced, this being the height of the rainy season, the whole country was found under water. Exposure to the sun and rain, fatigue, the want of shelter and proper food, soon began to produce the usual effects. Fever, dysentery, cholera, broke out, committing such fearful ravages on his little force, and that, too, in the face of an enemy outnumbering them tenfold, that the General was compelled to halt in his triumphant progress. And the fear now is that he must fall back on Cawnpore, and leave the Lucknow garrison to its dismal fate. Many, however, are still sanguine that he will be able to push on—his men being inspired with almost superhuman energy, awakened by the brutal atrocities which have been perpetrated by the mutineers and their fiendish associates. Let us trust and pray that this more sanguine expectation of the success of General Havelock's small but intrepid force may be fully realized.

Meanwhile, we have every reason to fear that the city of Agra has fallen into the hands of the mutineers. The Governor, with the British

and Christian inhabitants generally, have retired into the fort built by the great Akbar, where they can hold out for some time. All the bungalows in the cantonments and civil lines have been plundered and destroyed; while the city itself has been mercilessly ravaged. Still our trust is in the Lord. The pride and arrogancy of our people and nation needed to be humbled. And if, as a people and nation, we do return to the Lord with lowly, broken, and contrite spirits, He who is ever merciful and gracious may withdraw the strokes of his sore indignation.

Amid our personal sorrows and horror at the barbarities of the misguided sepoys and their allies, we, as Christians, have much need to watch our own spirits, lest the longing for retribution may swallow up the feeling of mercy. Already we begin to perceive here a recoil and reaction against the natives generally. But, as Christians, ought we not to lay it to heart, that the men who have been guilty of such outrages against humanity have been so just because they never, never came under the regenerating, softening, mellowing influences of the gospel of grace and salvation? And their diabolical conduct, instead of being an argument against further labor and liberality in attempting to evangelize this land, ought to furnish one of the most powerful arguments in favor of enhanced labor and liberality.—Yours ever affectionately,

ALEXANDER DUFF.

LETTER VIII.

CALCUTTA, 14th August, 1857.

MY DEAR DR. TWEEDIE,—Last evening the Southampton mail of the 4th of July was delivered here. From home communications now received, I find that the information which I forwarded in May last, relative to the state of things here, has appeared to some as too gloomy, and to others really, though unintentionally, exaggerated. The frightful succession of calamities ever since will, I doubt not, long ere now have satisfied these friends that my information was but too correct, as my anticipations have been but too sadly verified. In crises like the present there are generally two great parties, both of whom may be equally mistaken, the alarmist and panic party, and the peace and security party. Through calm trust and confidence in God, I strove not to allow myself to be carried away by the former, while a knowledge of native feeling towards our Government, as well as of native machinations, derived from various and peculiar sources, happily prevented me from cradling myself to rest amid the fond delusions of the latter. Pardon me for saying

this much, as I say it only in the way of self-vindication.

No wonder though many people at home, and especially retired Indians, who knew the feeling of unbounded awe or fear entertained by natives generally towards the *British*, could not at first bring themselves to believe in the reality or extent of the calamities impending over us. Even here men were slow of belief. But, as usually happens in all such cases, the slowest of all were the public authorities. For a long time they made comparatively light of the whole matter. On the 25*th of May last*, the Secretary of the Home Department officially informed the inhabitants of Calcutta, in answer to loyal addresses tendering aid and personal service, that "*the mischief caused by a passing and groundless panic had already been arrested; that there was every reason to hope that in the course of a few days tranquillity and confidence would be restored throughout the Presidency.*" With what singular emphasis this official statement and these official expectations have been falsified by the terrible events of the last three months, need not now be shewn. The falsification of them by the events is as conspicuous in India as the mid-day sun in its own translucent firmament.

Up to the very hour of revolt and plunder, conflagration, and massacre, every station since lost to us was officially pronounced to be "*safe;*"

and every regiment officially pronounced to be "*staunch* and *loyal*," until at last the very sound of the words "safe," "staunch," and "loyal," has come to be nauseated and dreaded by the British community, as they would nauseate and dread the hiss of the most venomous species of serpents. And no wonder! Such numberless examples of smooth hypocrisy in the impenetrable concealment of treasonable plots, and of diabolical treachery and murderous design masked under the most ardent professions of friendship to officers and loyalty to the State, probably no country or age could furnish within so brief a space of time. The officers who usually were among the *first to fall* were those who had seemingly gained the strongest hold of the affections of their men; who had most entirely identified their interests with their own; who looked on them as children and companions, rather than as dependents; who actually shared in their sports, and indulged them in every way consistent with discipline, and who reposed in them a confidence so absolute and unshaken, that they would not and could not believe in the possibility of their mutinying, until the moment when the loud shout of rebellion resounded from the ranks, and they themselves were shot, or barbarously cut to pieces.

It has also almost invariably happened that those regiments, or companies of regiments,

that were deemed most worthy of trust, were those who played the deepest and deadliest game of treachery. Indeed, their perfidy seemed to be in the *inverse ratio* of the trust reposed in them. Witness the "staunch and royal" regiment at Umballa, which, at its own earnest solicitation, marched with the British troops to inflict summary vengeance on the Delhi mutineers! Why, in one of the very first encounters with the rebels, they suddenly turned round, and, joining the enemy, fiercely assaulted the British in the rear.

Witness the "staunch and loyal" regiments of the Kotah contingent, that were summoned to Agra to aid in its defence, and who were deemed so trustworthy that they were employed as guards at the Government House, and at the great jail with its four thousand desperadoes! When, on the approach of the mutineer army from Central India, they were sent out to occupy a position to intercept them, instead of so doing, they instantly joined the mighty force with which a few hundreds of British were left to contend.

Witness, again, the collected remnants—the "staunch and loyal" remnants—of the dispersed mutineer regiments at Lucknow, whom Sir Henry Lawrence had so fondly caressed and loaded with honors and pecuniary rewards for their supposed fidelity to the British Crown! When, with these and only two hundred British

soldiers, he made one of the most daring and best planned sorties on record against a host of about *fourteen thousand* armed men, the caressed honored, and rewarded "loyals," after a momentary show of bravery, abruptly wheeled round, and, joining the army of traitors, perfidiously fought against their noble chief and benefactor, with his handful of British! Sir Henry, in cutting his way back, with his intrepid little band, received a wound which in a few days proved mortal, and thus deprived India, in the hour of her sore travail, of the greatest, wisest, and most generous of her statesmen, warriors, and philanthropists.

August 17.—The native troops at the great military station of Dinapore, near Patna, having recently revolted, the wave of rebellion was not long in spreading in every direction. Across the Ganges from Patna, and eastward to the foot of the Himalaya, most of the smaller stations have fallen. At Bhagulpore, to the south of Patna, the irregular cavalry, who were believed to be extra "staunch," have mutinied. Stretching from Patna on the Ganges, to the South-West, Gyah has fallen, and farther to the South-West, Hazaribagh, and all the smaller stations on to Midnapore, about a hundred miles due west of Calcutta. In other words, the whole of the great province of Behar, with

something more, has now to be added to the rebellious provinces of the North-West; and lower Bengal is encompassed and girdled in with a belt of general and open rebellion. One consequence of all this is, that for several days past all postal communication whatsoever with the North-West has been entirely cut off. For more than two months the whole region to the north of Allahabad has been very nearly a *terra incognita* to us, until lately, when Havelock's force opened the way to Cawnpore. For many weeks the Supreme Government has not been able to obtain any direct communication from the Governor of Agra; and *never any at all from the commander of the forces before Delhi.* Any scraps of intelligence that have reached us from that, and other quarters in the north-west, have usually come *via Lahore* and *Bombay!* But now, Behar having risen, the grand trunk road beyond Raneegunge (about 120 miles to the north of Calcutta) is in possession of the rebels; so that for several days no letters whatever have reached us, or any telegraphic communications from Benares, Allahabad, or any other important place beyond the Bengal frontier. Thus slowly, but surely, has the crimsoned tide of rebellion been rolling down upon us, and the boundary of India approaching a dangerous proximity to the metropolis of British India!

20th.—Postal communication with the North-West has again, to some extent, been re-opened. The general aspect of things there, though strangely chequered, begins to look less dismal. General Havelock, after fighting two battles, has been compelled to fall back on Cawnpore, without having been able to relieve the sorely beleaguered garrison of Lucknow. Since the desperate battle was fought near Agra, the Governor and all the Europeans, East Indians, and native Christians, to the number of four or five thousand, have been holding out in the fort. At Delhi there has been almost daily fighting, with an occasional battle, though the city and fort had not fallen on the 30th ultimo. Since the 27th June we had not received a scrap of intelligence from our son, who joined the force before Delhi, until *last* evening, when a note reached us, dated 16th July, *via Lahore* and *Bombay*—which is pretty much as if a note from Paris reached Madrid *via* Berlin and Constantinople! This incident alone may serve to throw some light on the desperate state of things in the North-West. From first to last, several thousands of the mutineers have been slain before the walls of Delhi; while thousands more have been wounded. To all the mutineers in the North-West and Central India, Delhi was the grand centre of attraction. The city is about seven miles in circumference; our troops

were never numerous enough to invest it; and so constant relays of mutineers have been enabled to enter it, and fill up the gaps made by the daily encounters with the British force. This, with other reasons, may serve to account for the long delay in its re capture.

Many fresh details have now reached us respecting the awful massacres at Cawnpore, Futtehghur, and Bareilly, &c. But as these will doubtless appear in the public journals, I need not dwell on the soul-lacerating subject. The *numbers* alone that cruelly perished utterly appal one. At Bareilly, between 60 and 70; at Futtehghur, between 100 and 200; at Cawnpore, between 600 and 700! including military officers, civilians, merchants, clerks, &c., with women and children. But the barbarities connected with these massacres are what fill the soul with horror. At Bareilly, a gentleman, with nine of his family—wife, sons, daughters, and a brother—were all thrown into a well alive, and then stoned to death while struggling for life in the water! At one of the out stations in Oude the people were surrounded while at church, and there *butchered and bayoneted* in cold blood! At Cawnpore, when the inhuman savages returned to the dreadful slaughter-house, for the purpose of removing the dead bodies, they found a few wounded ladies and a child who were *still alive*, and threw

them into a well along with the dead! Many even of the natives who happened to be spectators of the unparalleled butchery could not refrain from shedding tears when relating the details to some of our countrymen now in possession of Cawnpore. It seemed to them as if the cries, shrieks, and agonies of the poor ladies were still ringing in their ears! And certainly, when henceforward an expressive term is wanted to denote the very climax of human suffering and horror, the "*black-hole*" of Calcutta must yield its long-sustained preëminence to the incomparably more terrible "*slaughter-house*" of Cawnpore.

I cannot pass from Bareilly without referring to the death of Mr. Robertson, the Judge there. I have to mourn in bitterness of spirit over one who was a noble-minded Christian man, a dearly-beloved personal friend, and one of the most generous supporters of our Calcutta mission. My heart, torn and lacerated, bleeds at the very thought of such an end of such a man. The only consolation is, that "precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

22*d*.—Yesterday, a petition, signed by *almost all the respectable and influential European inhabitants of Calcutta*, was presented to the Governor-General, setting forth that the petitioners, "viewing with deep sorrow and alarm the ca-

lamities that have overtaken British India, and the consequent disturbed state of the country, felt the painful conviction forced on their minds that it was not improbable that disturbances might soon extend in all their horrors over the yet quiet portions of Bengal, even to Calcutta itself;" that, having "no confidence whatever in the native police either of Calcutta or of the Mofussli, but, on the contrary, distrusting them *in toto*," and urging their opinion that "the Executive civil authorities do not now command sufficient dread to prevent, and are not sufficiently powerful to quell, a disturbance of any magnitude,"—they "respectfully, but most earnestly, pray that his Lordship in Council would be pleased to ordain that *martial law be at once proclaimed throughout the Bengal Presidency*." Such a petition sufficiently indicates the feeling that is still predominant in the minds of the most intelligent members of the European community of this city; by far the largest in any city of Asia.

Those who live at a distance from the central craters and surging elements of this tremendous rebellion may pronounce the judgment of the European community of Calcutta an alarmist view of the subject. Apart altogether from the smouldering spirit of discontent which is known to be so widely diffused, and which only awaits the seasonable opportunity for successful mani-

festation, let any one try candidly to realize the actually existing evil in all its portentous extent and magnitude.

Look at the numbers of armed men—accustomed to military organization and discipline, and equipped with all the munitions of war—that have already broken out into actual mutiny and revolt! about *sixty* regiments of infantry; *five* or *six* of light cavalry; *ten* of irregular cavalry; *six* battalions of artillery; *nine* light field batteries; the Malwah contingent; and the Gwalior contingent, consisting of *seven* infantry regiments, *four* companies of artillery, and *two* of cavalry; with the sappers and miners at Roorkee, &c.! *Besides* these, *twenty* regiments of infantry have been *disarmed*, with several of cavalry and artillery, when on the eve of breaking out into open rebellion—including the very body-guard of the Governor-General. Add to all this mighty host upwards of *twenty thousand* desperadoes, let loose from the different jails; and more than five times twenty-thousand *Budmashes*, as they are called, or "bad characters by habit and repute." Think of these myriads scouring the country at large, ravenous for blood and plunder!

Or, take the map of India, and look at the extent of country that has been the scene of actual mutinies. Beginning with the far north, in the Punjaub, we have Peshawur and Jhelum;

southward, Nowshera, Jullunder, and Sealkote; crossing the Sutlej, Ferozepore, Hamirpore, Phillur, and Ludiana; emerging from Sirhind to the west, we have Hansey, Sirsa, and Hissar; then the great cities of Meerut, Delhi, and Agra, with Muttra, Allyghur, Bhulundshuhur, Etawah Mynpoorie, and Moradahad; along the Ganges, before its junction with the Jumna, we have Futtehghur, Cawnpore, Futtehpore, and Allahabad; to the north-east, Bareilly in Rohilcund. In the kingdom of Oude, Lucknow, Shajehanpore, Seetapore, Sultanpore, Fyzabad, with Durriabad, Secrora, and Yonda. Southward from Oude and eastward, we have Benares, Assimghur, Juanpore, Goruckpore, Segowlie, Dinapore, Bhagulpore; and running to the south-west from Bhagulpore through Behar, and skirting Bengal, we have Gyah, Hazaribagh, Ranchi, Purruha, Chota Nagpore, and Chyabassy, with many other places ripe and ready for a rise at the falling of the feeblest spark. In Central India we have Mhow, Indore, Neemuch, Nusserabad, Assinghur, Saugor, Jubbulpore, Nowgong, Bunda, Jhansi, Gwalior, Angur, Seepru, &c.

Let any one, I say, endowed with ordinary common sense, consult his map for all these places, that have been already the scenes of bloody mutinies and ruthless ravages—let him with these connect in imagination the myriads

of relentless miscreants that are everywhere diffusing the horrors of incendiarism, massacre, and plunder—and then let him tell me whether language can adequately express the terribleness of the picture that presents itself to the startled mental vision!

It is not, surely, by making light of such a state of things, after the fashion of some of our jaunty statesmen and light-headed journalists, that we can expect to arrest the mighty torrent of evil that is now rolling in fire and blood over the plains of India. No; it is by fairly acknowledging the evil in all its naked extent and magnitude; by searching out and confessing those sins, alike personal, social, and national, that have provoked Jehovah to pour out upon us of His righteous judgments and plagues; by returning unto the Lord, with penitent and contrite hearts, resolutely bent, through grace, on bringing forth "fruits meet for repentance;" and by praying for a blessing on the means employed for the repression of wild and wanton rebellion, and the restoration of settled government, with its tranquillity, order, and prosperity.

At present everything seems to be against us. We have still about two months of the rainy season before us, and these usually the deadliest in the whole year. We have not enough of British troops to ensure the maintenance

of central places still in our possession—not enough to relieve some of our sorely beleaguered garrisons; and we cannot expect enough for two or three months yet to come. What may befall India in the interval the Lord alone knows; but surely there is a loud, loud call for God's people to be everywhere on their knees before the Lord, if haply He may interpose for our deliverance.—Yours affectionately,

ALEXANDER DUFF.

P.S.—Our mail closes to-day; and up to the present hour (4 P.M.) nothing that I am aware of has transpired to indicate that deliverance is anywhere at hand. The arrival of Sir Colin Campbell by last steamer took us all by surprise, and inspired universal confidence and joy, as his name has long been a synonym of wisdom, decision, and energy. But, alas! where are the troops? *Nearly the whole* of the Bengal army is in a state of defiant rebellion, and nearly the whole of the remainder disarmed. The small body of British troops is scattered in handfuls over the isolated places still in our possession—handfuls acting, except in one or two cases, purely on the defensive, and bravely keeping at bay myriads of armed and infuriated men.

The *Mohurrum*, the most fanatical of all Mohammedan festivals, commenced last evening. The papers are filled with letters from all parts of the country, giving expression to the most doleful apprehensions. Even officials in the interior have written to say that they dread a rise of the Mohammedans against the Christians in every part of Bengal. Our prayer is to the Most High, that *He* may avert so fell a catastrophe! But the universality of the fear is an index to the present extraordinary position of our affairs. For the defence of Calcutta great preparations have been made; companies of British soldiers and volunteers, with guns, &c., are planted in suitable places. Our square is one of these. But, notwithstanding all this, there is an irrepressible tremulousness abroad in men's minds. The scores of fugitives that have escaped the massacres in the North-West, with their tales of horror, help to diffuse an undefinable feeling of anguish and foreboding. A house in this square is filled with these fugitives; some of them have their nervous system fairly shattered, and they seem as if still shivering with terror. The father, mother, and brother of one of them were all savagely butchered at Jhansi! Pray, pray for us!

A. D.

LETTER IX.

CALCUTTA, 26th August, 1857.

MY DEAR DR. TWEEDIE,—Some of our public journalists are now beginning bitterly to regret that in the month of May last they were led, though with the most commendable motives, to "place our position in the most favorable light, and give an encouraging view of the state of affairs, which they now see clearly they were not justified in doing." They regret this because their statements, in conjunction with the assuring communications from Government, must have helped to lull statesmen at home, and the British public generally, into a temporary state of false security, and unfounded hope. From the Southampton mail of the 4th July last, it would seem as if the great bulk of the British people then labored under some species of hallucination respecting the real condition of affairs here—expecting that their next tidings would be of the re-capture of Delhi, and the effectual annihilation of the spirit of mutiny and revolt by means of the Indian force at the disposal of Government. Out of such a dream how violently and painful must they

have been awakened by successive mails ever since—each carrying its fresh burden of woes across the great waters! Of the re-capture of Delhi no certain intelligence has yet reached us. The great city of Agra is in the hands of the rebels; while the Governor of the North-West provinces, with the British residents, are helplessly shut up in the fort. The intrepid garrison of Lucknow, on which the eyes of all India are now intensely fixed—which occupies the only spot now possessed by the British in the whole kingdom of Oude, and which, inspired by the genius of its late heroic chief, has, without a fort, held out so marvellously and so long against armed myriads — has not yet been relieved! But it is needless to dilate; our entire present position furnishes a strange commentary on the hallucination in which, in the early part of July, the inhabitants of the British isles were led unhappily to indulge.

While there were doubtless many auxiliary influences at work, every day makes it clearer to all out here that the tremendous rebellion, in the throes of which we still are, has been the result of a long concocted Mohammedan conspiracy against the British power, with a view to reëstablish the old Mogul dynasty instead. It has also been long suspected that Russian spies, under various guises, have been successfully at work in inflaming the bigotry of the

Mussulman and the prejudices of the high-caste Hindu. Some disclosures are said to have been made, which may some day throw light on this Russian treachery. Persia, too, under the inspiration of Russia, has also been long suspected of having her agents of mischief among the Mohammedan princes of India. The fact that most of the Mohammedans of Hindustan agree with the Persians in following the *Shia* system of Islamism has tended to strengthen the suspicion. And to-day one of our best-informed journals positively announces that "the Government of Bombay has transmitted to the Supreme Government of India certain Persian documents addressed to the Khan of Kelat (on the borders of the Punjaub), asking him to give his assistance to the mutineers in expelling the British power."

We are now advancing into the middle of the Mohurrum. As yet everything is going on quietly. Still men's minds are more or less uneasy; even the stoutest hearted are not without their apprehensions; various occurrences tend to keep these alive. For example, on Saturday last, the first day of the Mohurrum, General Hearsay at Barrackpore, where there are upwards of 3000 *disarmed* sepoys, was led to expect a disturbance of some kind. Accordingly, in the course of the day, he sent to Calcutta for a company of British troops, which was instantly sent up in

a steamer. The result was, that on Saturday night, or rather early on Sunday morning, there was a general panic at the station, somewhat similar to what occurred in June. Even in Calcutta it was considered prudent on Sunday to double the guards throughout the city. It now turns out that the sepoys were told to expect a boat-load of arms near a neighboring ghaut or landing-place on the river; that their plan was "to fire the European barracks, all of which are thatched, and in the confusion to seize the arms and artillery guns, and then sally forth on their work of destruction; after which, as the usual accompaniment of such deeds, they were to proceed to Alipore jail (close to Calcutta), and release the prisoners there!" While plans of this description are constantly brewing in the midst of us, you may readily imagine the sort of fermentation that is kept up in the public mind. And then the endless sinister reports—many of them not only exaggerated, but invented, by interested parties—that are constantly floating about and momentarily believed, or at least not disbelieved, from want of counter evidence, tend to feed and perpetuate a mental excitement of a peculiar and painful kind.

September 1.—Yesterday was the last and greatest day of the most fanatical of Mohammedan festivals—the Mohurrum. Though some

of the broadest streets were, *at times*, blocked up and rendered quite impassable by processions which teemed with numbers under the wildest excitement, and though throughout the day the most extravagant rumors were afloat respecting assemblages of armed Mohammedans in the neighboring district of Baraset, preparing to rush upon the city in aid of their co-religionists, so complete and effective were the precautions taken by the authorities, that no disturbance whatever has occurred in any part of the town. For this we cannot be too thankful to the God of Providence. Calcutta *is the Paris* of Bengal and of Eastern India generally, as regards British interests and influences, and any serious disturbance there would tell far more fatally against *British* supremacy and power than the capture by the insurgents of Delhi, or Agra, or Benares, or all these put together. Calcutta is a city purely of British growth, and, in the eyes of the natives, the standing monument and symbol of British ascendancy in the East. Hence the paramont importance of its not becoming the scene of outrage and violence. Hitherto the Lord has graciously blessed the means for its preservation. All our anxiety now is, to hear how the Mohurrum has passed in the interior, where preparations to meet it were of necessity far less complete than in the metropolis.

September 5.—So far as we have yet been able to learn, the Mohurrum appears to have gone off everywhere without any serious disturbance or great disaster. For so signal a mercy we cannot be too thankful to God, who has so graciously interposed in our behalf. In other respects, the general aspect of affairs continues to be very much what it was ten days ago. There have been no fresh mutinies, with their attendant horrors, because, in truth, almost every regiment and company of native infantry, cavalry, and artillery, has already either mutinied or been disarmed. In a word, very nearly the whole of the Bengal native army is up against us in armed rebellion or disarmed spirit of revolt. When the Southampton mail of the 20th July left, it would seem that the delusion was cherished in high places that the tens of thousands who had openly mutinied had thrown down their arms and simply deserted, quietly retiring to their own villages, or escaping for safety to the jungles! That *some few* may have done so is undoubted. But that by far the greater part retained their arms and put themselves in martial array, under commanders of their own, against the British forces and authorities, is equally undoubted. And they are at this moment actual masters of the whole of the North-Western territories beyond the few iso-

lated spots that are actually occupied and controlled by British troops.

Within the last three months, a goodly number of British troops have been landed here from Madras, Ceylon, Bombay, Burmah, and China. But as yet, these have been able to do but little more than save Calcutta, Moorshedabad, Monghyr, Bhungulpore, Patna, Ghazipore, Benares, and other cities along the Ganges, from threatened destruction, prevent the fortress of Allahabad from falling into the hands of the rebels, and re-capture Cawnpore. For all this we cannot be sufficiently grateful to the God of Providence ; since, without the opportune arrival of these troops, all the cities now named, with many others, would long ere now have been a prey to the plunder, conflagration, and massacre of blood-thirsty mutineers.

But while at all the principal stations things may be said for the last two or three weeks to have been at a *stand-still*, the British simply holding their own, and the rebels holding theirs ; it is difficult to conceive the progress and reign of anarchy throughout the vast districts surrounding these stations.

That in different places intelligent zemindars and rajahs, who came to know our power and resources, have continued as yet faithful in their allegiance, is a matter for congratulation.

But that in many places zemindars and rajahs have scornfully thrown off all allegiance, and are up in arms, proclaiming their own independence, and committing depredations on their neighbors in all directions, is now beyond all question. In this way we have now a King of Rohilcund, a King of Shahabad, with many others. In other cases, such as the town and district of Gorruckpore, recently abandoned by the British authorities, a Mohammedan chief has been set up as *Nazim* or governor, in the name of the recently installed Emperor of Delhi. In short, the reign of confusion and ruin throughout these vast North-Western regions seems to be almost complete.

As regards the feelings of the great masses of the people towards the British Government, the most contradictory statements have been put forth. Here, as elsewhere, extremes will be found wrong. That there ever was *anything like affection* or *loyal attachment*, in any true sense of these terms, on the part of any considerable portion of the native population towards the British power, is what no one who really knows them could honestly aver. Individual natives have become attached to individual Britons. Of the truth of this statement even the recent sanguinary mutinies have furnished some conspicuous examples. But such isolated facts can prove nothing as to the feel-

ings generally prevalent with respect to the British and their power. On the first subjugation or annexation of a province, the laboring classes, under a fresh sense of the manifold tyrannies, exactions, and disorders from which they are delivered, usually express satisfaction and delight. But as the first generation dies out, and another rises up, knowing nothing but the even, steady, continuous demands of the British authorities—demands which they cannot evade, as they often might amid the weakness and turbulence of native rule—they are apt to settle down into a state of necessitated acquiescence, or sullen indifference, or latent disaffection and discontent, often secretly sighing for a change of rulers, that might give them some chance of helping or bettering themselves. Such I believe to be the general condition of the people of India, as regards their feelings towards the British and their Government. And such being their condition, any one might anticipate the evolution of conduct which they might be expected to exhibit in the midst of a rebellion, with what must appear to their minds its *doubtful issues.* The quieter and more thoughtful spirits, under dread of ultimate retribution, would hold back, or perhaps show favor or kindness to such Britons as came in their way. The bolder, more resolute, and more impetuous spirits, on the other hand, would at once

be ready to sound a jubilee of triumph over the downfall of the British power, and equally ready to display the insolence of triumph over helpless and fugitive Britons. And this I believe to be a tolerably exact picture of the state of feeling and conduct among the native population in the North-West and Central Indian territories towards the British and their rule.

After escaping from the murderous hands of mutineers, British gentlemen and ladies have, in particular instances, experienced kindness at the hands of the common villagers ; but in far the greater number of instances they have experienced *quite the reverse.* On this account they have been constantly compelled to shun the villages altogether, and betake themselves to jungles and pathless forests, exposed to the attacks of beasts of prey, and to manifold privations, the narration of which makes one almost shudder. And among the murders ever and anon reported in our public journals, how often do we find this entry opposite a name, "*Killed by the villagers!*" One of a volunteer expedition, which lately went out into the district of Meerut, writes that it was "evident as they went along that the whole country was up," adding, that "on reaching *Rerote*, which city was considered *friendly* to us, they were at once received by a *friendly* salute of *thirty matchlocks* in their faces!" Authentic notifica-

tions of a somewhat similar kind have also reached us from other places. A medical gentleman, who has recently published an elaborate account of the escápe of himself, with other gentlemen, ladies, and children—amounting in all to twenty-seven in number—from Angur, in Central India, testifies that "every villager was uncivil, and that the smile of respectful submission with which the European officer was wont to be greeted, was displaced by an angry scowl and haughty air towards the despicable Feringhee, whose raj (or reign) was at an end." Throughout their *twelve* days' wanderings, they continued to encounter the most terrible hardships and dangers from the hatred, incivility, and contempt of the villagers. This very day, in one of our public journals, a gentleman, long resident in the interior, thus writes: "I have lost all my property; but my principal object is, to impress upon my countrymen (to convince the Government of this truth seems hopeless) the utter and most virulent hatred the natives have evinced throughout this outbreak, both to our Government and Europeans generally. In every instance where troops have mutinied, they have been joined by the inhabitants, not only of the bazaars, but of the towns and villages adjacent, who not only assisted the sepoys in burning, looting (plundering), and destroying Government property, and that of the European

settlers, and all Christians, and in killing any of them they could; but after the departure of the mutineers, continued the devastation, and completed it. I am a very long resident in this country, and having been in a position to hear the true sentiments of the natives (who neither feared me nor required anything from me) towards our Government and ourselves, I have been long aware of their hatred towards both, and that opportunity alone was wanted to display it as they have now done; and where it has not been shewn, rest assured it is only from fear or interest, and when they did *not recognize opportunity.*"

Now, in the face of these, and scores of other substantially similar statements from all parts of the North-West and Central India, what becomes of the lullaby declarations of those who would fain persuade the British public that nowhere among the general civic or rural population of India does there exist any feeling of ill-will, or discontent, or disaffection, towards the British or their Government? All such unqualified declarations I do most solemnly regard as a gigantic (I do not say wilful) imposition on the British people—an imposition which, if not timeously exposed or abandoned, is sure to prove as fatal to the reëstablishment and perpetuity of British supremacy, as it is in itself gigantic. If the seeds of a deadly disease are

lurking, though it may be but partially developed, in the very vitals of the constitution, and if the existence of these, in spite of obvious symptoms and warnings, be deliberately ignored, what can we expect, except that, one day or other, they will break forth into a raging virulence, which all the art of the most skilful physician can neither mitigate nor arrest?

It is but right, therefore, that the British people should be jealously on their guard against the fair-weather representations of men high in office—men who from personal intercourse know nothing of native sentiment beyond the glozing lies of a few fawning sycophants—men who, from motives of political partizanship and personal self-interest, are sorely tempted to mistake the apparent calm on the upper surface for peace, contentment, and loyalty. It is but right that the British people to whom the God of Providence has so mysteriously intrusted the sovereignty of this vast Indian empire, should know the real state of native feeling towards us and our power, that they may insist on a searching scrutiny into the causes which may have superinduced it, and detecting the causes, may demand, as with a voice of thunder, some commensurate remedy. Their own character, their reputation for philanthropy and justice among the nations, and, above all, their own sense of stewardship

and accountability to the great God for the amazing trust committed to them—all challenge them to a speedy and authoritative interposition in this terrific crisis of their paramount power in Asia. If they refrain, the certainty is, that though our gallant soldiers may, at the cost of torrents of human blood, effect and enforce an apparent pacification, there will not be introduced the elements of a permanent peace. Measures will be devised which, by their inadequacy and unadaptedness—

> "Can only skin and film the ulcerous part,
> While rank corruption, mining all within,
> Infects unseen."

Railways, and telegraphs, and irrigating canals, and other material improvements, *alone* will not do. Mere secular education, sharpening the intellect, and leaving the heart a prey to all the foulest passions and most wayward impulses, will not do. Mere legislation, which, in humanely prohibiting cruel rites and barbarous usages, goes greatly a-head of the darkened intelligence of the people, will not do. New settlements of the revenue, and landed tenures, however equitable in themselves, alone will not do. Ameliorations in the present monstrous system of police and corrupting machinery of law courts, however advantageous, alone will not suffice. A radical

organic change in the structure of Government, such as would transfer it exclusively to the Crown, would not, could not, of itself furnish an adequate cure for our deep-seated maladies.

No, no! Perhaps the present earthquake shock which has passed over Indian society, upheaving and tearing to shreds some of the noblest monuments of material civilization, as well as the most improved expedients of legislative and administrative wisdom, has been permitted, to prove that all merely human plans and systems whatsoever, that exclude the life-awakening, elevating, purifying doctrines of gospel grace and salvation, have impotence and failure stamped on their wrinkled brows. Let, then, the Christian people of the highly-favored British isles, in their heaven-conferred prerogative, rise up, and, resistless as the ocean in its mighty swell, let them decree, in the name of Him that liveth for ever and ever, that henceforward those commissioned by them to rule over and administer justice to the millions of this land shall not dare, in their public acts and proclamations, practically to ignore or scornfully repudiate the very name and faith of Jesus, while they foster and honor the degrading superstitions of Brahma and Mohammed. Let the British Churches, at the same time, arise and resolve, at whatever cost of self-denial, to grapple in right earnest, as they have never

yet done, with the stupendous work of supplanting the three thousand years' consolidated empire of Satan in these vast realms, by the establishment of Messiah's reign. Then, instead of the fiendish howl, with its attendant rapine, and conflagration, and massacre, we shall have millennial songs of gratitude and praise from the hearts and lips of ransomed myriads. Who can tell but that He who "rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm" may graciously overrule our present terrible calamities for the hastening on of this glorious consummation?—"Amen," let us respond, "Yea, and amen."—Yours ever affectionately,

ALEXANDER DUFF.

LETTER X.

CALCUTTA, 19th September, 1857.

MY DEAR DR. TWEEDIE,—No decisive blow has yet anywhere been struck, fitted to arrest the progress of rebellion. The utmost that can be said is, that the rebels have gained no *marked* advantage during the last fortnight, though sundry new districts, such as Assam, have fallen from their allegiance; and some of the surviving regiments, or companies of regiments, have exhibited signs of disaffection or open mutiny.

And, what is most grievous of all, and what pains me more than I can express in saying it, is, that our Government seems of late to be smitten with something like fatuity and suicidal weakness. At the outset of the rebellion some really vigorous measures were adopted, which tended to enhearten all truly loyal subjects, and to paralyze the hopes and energies of the treacherous foe. But our more recent legislative enactments and appointments have gone far to neutralize the effect of these earlier measures, inspiriting our enemies as much as they have dispirited our friends. I shall not now at least enter into the details that would

amply corroborate what I have now said, as I feel the subject to be at once distasteful and distressing. But having felt warranted, in common with most others here, to write in a very different strain four months ago, I deem it simply right that, under our *altered* circumstances, I should record my sorrowful conviction, that the judgment lately pronounced by one of the soberest of our journalists is scarcely too severe when he says, "Indeed, if we consider Englishmen in this country to be represented by the enactments of their Government, we should suppose that not only were they uninterested spectators, but that they actually sympathized with the rebellion."

The only cheering feature in the affairs of the last dreary fortnight is, that the small handfuls of sorely beleaguered British in divers places have been wondrously enabled to keep their ground in the face of hostile and exasperated myriads. Is not this, amid such an outpouring of judgments, to be hailed as a token of good from the Lord? Is it not a proof that, in the midst of deserved wrath, He is still remembering mercy? Why have these handfuls of British men not been swallowed up outright, like so many molehills of sand amid the tumultuous roar of waters? Who endowed them with the will, the determination, the perseverance, the unshaken nerve, the sleepless, daunt-

less energy? If ever "the doing of the Lord" was patently visible to all eyes, surely it is here. But, alas! an unbelieving world will not, cannot recognize it. It is therefore all the more incumbent on Christ's faithful followers to do so. In all history I know no spectacle more absolutely astonishing than that presented by Lucknow during the *last three months*. There being no fortress there, the late lamented Sir Henry Lawrence—in whom the heroism of ancient chivalry was singularly combined with the benevolence of Christian philanthropy—when he saw danger impending, suddenly threw up some entrenchments around the Residency House, and thither removed the handful of British troops, together with all the Christian men, women, and children then in the neighborhood; grain of all sorts being, at the same time, with happy forethought, purchased and stocked, fuel piled, commissariat and other stores collected and laid in. Soon was the rapidly entrenched Residency House surrounded by about *twenty thousand* disciplined sepoy troops, with all the munitions of war; assisted by at least *twenty thousand* more of the armed followers of rebel rajahs, and more than *twice* twenty thousand desperadoes and club-men from the jails and villages—all abundantly supplied with provisions by the Mohammedan nobles, and wealthy merchants. Speedily were trenches

opened by the rebels round the Residency, and a continuous fire of guns and musketry kept up; while, ever and anon, combined attacks were made upon it by the whole body of insurgents, and as often heroically repelled. At last, the mighty chief—Sir Henry—fell, a martyr to his own fearless daring; but not before—alike by words and deeds—he had succeeded in transfusing somewhat of the matchless energy of his own great soul into the souls of all around him. And right nobly have his intrepid followers carried out his dying request—which was to perish amid the ruins of the Residency House, rather than surrender themselves to faithless, ruthless men, who, in defiance of the most solemn vows, would delight in subjecting them to dishonor, lingering torture, and an ignominious death. Surely if this illustrious garrison should eventually be saved, or even if, at the eleventh hour, it should be doomed, martyr-like, to perish, surely a spot ennobled by so marvellous a defence ought to be for ever sacred in the eyes of Britons; and a monumental fort—a Lawrenceghur—erected over it, with a Christian church, to commemorate the name and the achievements of its late peerless chief.

But while things remain much as they were as regards the position of the British throughout this vast Presidency, an intestine war is raging with fearful virulence among the natives

themselves, in the North-West and Central India provinces. The strong arm of authority and restraint being removed, all the elements of wildest disorder are let loose. A terrible work of plunder and devastation seems everywhere to be carried on. While the great bulk of mutinous sepoys are congregated in armies—here standing a siege, there carrying on another, and elsewhere fighting pitched battles with our British generals and soldiers—numbers of them, with twenty or thirty thousand criminals liberated from jail, and myriads more of habit and repute thieves and villains, are scouring the country in all directions. While many of the populace in cities, and of the common *ryots* or agricultural population, are passive and apathetic—scarcely knowing, and not at all caring, who their supreme rulers may be, so long as their immemorial habits, manners, customs, and usages are not violently interfered with—it cannot be doubted that numbers of both classes are disaffected or actively hostile to the British and their Government. A gentleman of long experience in Tirhoot writes: "There is a strong sympathy with the mutineers throughout the country; every success or fresh rising of the mutineers was marked here with a look of satisfaction. Not one among the numerous zemindars with whom I have conversations either expresses sympathy for the Govenment, or will

give a single hint as to the reason of the risings, although I am perfectly convinced that all the better informed ones were perfectly aware of what was to happen!" An intelligent gentleman at Agra, writing of the state of things when the British were obliged to abandon the city and retire into the fort, says: "The *populace* was all in arms, and there was nothing but plundering, bloodshed, and burning and destroying bungalows and public offices. In plundering, *most* of the *Hindustanis* (*i. e.*, up-country Hindus) joined the Mohammedans. The *Mohammedans to a man* are against the British Government, and *three-fourths* of the *Hindustanis*." In narratives that are constantly reaching us from individuals that have escaped, we read that, amid occasional and solitary acts of kindness, they were most frequently mocked, abused, insulted, and ill-treated by the villagers, even when already stripped of everything, so as to offer no temptation to acts of personal violence. Even poor harmless females—scorched and blistered by exposure to a burning sun, half-dead from hunger and fatigue, aye, and half-distracted from being suddenly made childless and husbandless—have often met with little mercy at the hands of villagers. In many places, too, from lust of plunder, villagers are up in arms against villagers; while the native police, instead of attempting to maintain or establish

order, are everywhere swelling the hosts of ruffians that are bent on pillage. While many rajahs and zemindars have hitherto remained *ostensilby* faithful to the British Crown, others have been set up as chiefs by the mutineers, or have raised the standard of their own independence, or have proclaimed allegiance to the recently-installed Sovereign of Delhi. In Oude many of the chiefs are in open rebellion. The Rani of Jhansi, after aiding in the massacre of all the British there, has raised a body of 14,000 men, with twenty guns. The Jaloun Chief has raised a body of about 12,000. Kuwar Singh of Shahabad, between the Sone and Benares, has a vast body of rebel followers—variously estimated from 20,000 to 40,000—now hanging threateningly over Mirzapore, one of the grandest emporiums of trade in the North-West, and where the British are now shut up within an entrenchment. The Chief of Secundra Rao, with a body of cavalry and infantry, has taken possession of Coel and Allyghur, between Agra and Delhi, and proclaimed himself *subadar*, or governor, for the king of Delhi, of all the country between these towns and Allahabad, that is, the whole *Doab*, or country between the Jumna and the Ganges—collecting the revenue due to our Government, and exercising other prerogatives of royalty!

From these and other facts of a similar kind

—some of them formerly mentioned—how utterly erroneous and misleading must appear some of the representations in home journals, from the *Times* downwards? What becomes of the oft-reiterated assertion—"It is a *military* revolt, and nothing more?" or of the assertion—"The Bengal army has ceased to exist," when, though it has ceased to exist as *our* army, it continues in reality to exist as our deadliest enemy? or of such declarations as these—"The entire non-military population, from Cape Comorin to the Himalayas, have stood aloof from the movement"—"Not a man has stirred"—"The chiefs of upper India vie with each other in tendering to Government their assurances of support and attachment?" Unqualified statements of this description—so violently wide of the truth—cannot fail to prove mischievous, by lulling the rulers and people of Great Britain into a false security, and a security as fatal as it is false.

And if such be the disorganized, unsettled, lawless condition of the North-West now—when the country is, for the most part, impassable, from the plains being turned into marshes, and the loamy soil into yielding softness like that of the quicksand—when the driest summer brooks are swollen into torrents, and the larger streams into mighty, rushing, outspreading floods—what, unless God in mercy interpose for

our deliverance, may we not expect to be the *possible* state of things two or three months hence, when the country will be completely dried up, and its now saturated soil turned into an iron pavement — when the torrents will wholly disappear, and the mightiest rivers be all but lost in their own sands—when the present outstanding crops shall be cut, gathered in, and safely garnered, and the seeds of the next spring harvest fairly committed to the bosom of the earth—when the whole military and demi-military population of the North-West will thus be set free to buckle on their armour, and go forth, like their renowned ancestors in days of old, on expeditions of plunder, conflagration, murder, and *kingdom-taking?*

I do not write thus as an alarmist. Far from it; for my own trust in the Lord has never wavered; nor my confidence that, after humbling us with deserved judgments, *He* will rise and scatter His and our enemies. But I do write to warn the ignorant, at home and elsewhere, against *possible* dangers, difficulties, and delays in the reëstablishment of peace, order, and tranquillity, which, not anticipated or seasonably provided for, might excite, in the event of disappointment, unreasonable apprehension and alarm.

22*d.*—To-day our regular mail closes; and, I

fear, must leave without any intelligence of a positively re-assuring kind. On the contrary, there is an abundance of wild and ugly, though, I fondly hope, unauthenticated, rumors flying about, respecting Lucknow, Agra, and other places.

Another of our great men has fallen a victim to the ceaseless anxieties and fatigues of his high and arduous position—the Honorable Mr. Colvin, Governor of the North-West Provinces. He was a man of great talents, ripe experience, excellent administrative powers, and, withal, a sincere and liberal friend to native education and Christian missions. Next to Sir Henry Lawrence, his loss will be most felt.

It is now nearly four months since—from the many and independent channels through which the intelligence reached us—it was believed that Delhi had been recaptured. Indeed, early in June the Supreme Government here actually reported to the Home Government its confident assurance that the fall of Delhi would be announced in *a few days;* but even now there is no intelligence of its fall! The prodigious difficulties in the way had not at first been sufficiently appreciated; first the hot season, and then the rainy season, the want of carriage, and, above all, the want of European troops. But that delay in the re-capture of Delhi has proved more fatal to British interests than most

people at home can well understand. This arises from the peculiar importance attached to the city in *native* estimation. To it even the Hindus look with feelings of admiration and awe. Their own mythological legends refer to the glories of an ancient Delhi long before it was destroyed and rebuilt by the sovereigns of the house of Timur. The Mohammedans throughout India look upon the present or modern Delhi with feelings akin to idolatrous homage. It is, in their eyes, the grand standing monument of their former supremacy—the metropolis which, two or three centuries ago, outshone in brilliancy every other in the known world—where, literally the gorgeous East, with an exuberance unrivalled before or since, "showered o'er her kings barbaric pearl and gold." The fact of the most magnificent of the palaces of the great Moguls being still there—with the famous marble hall, in which once stood the matchless peacock throne, and which is even now inlaid with richest flowertry of gems, and engraven with the memorable Arabic inscription, "if there be a heaven upon earth, it is here, it is here"—would alone be enough to inflame the Mohammedan imagination. But the additional fact that the lineal successor of their mightiest monarchs—Akbar and Jehanguire, Shahjehan and Aurungzebe—being the hereditary occupant of that very palace, bearing also the titles, and having the

honors of titular Emperor of India personally accorded to him—has united to stimulate and perpetuate in every Mohammedan mind, the certain expectation that, some day or other, all the glories of their ancient dynasty would be revived. Yea, we know that in this very expectation they have for generations been revelling with fondest delight and, in connection with it, daily offering their most fervent prayers. Hence their universal shout of exultation when the imperial city and palace fell into the hands of those whose battle-cry was, "Down with the British, and up with the paramount power of Islam." Hence, also the peculiarity of importance which, at an earlier period, would have been attached, alike by friend and foe, to the re-capture of Delhi!

Next in importance to Delhi is the other great capital of the Moguls—Agra—with its celebrated mosques and mausoleums, and *Taj Mahal*, the most exquisitely beautiful edifice in the whole world. For the last two months the city itself has been in possession of the rebels, and has been sacked, plundered, and dreadfully destroyed. The British, shut up in the fort, are now seriously threatened by a fresh army of ten or twelve thousand mutineers, with guns, mortars, and howitzers from Gwalior—the gatherings of the rebel forces of Scindia and Holkar, together with the British contingents through-

out their dominions; or, if these pass by the fort of Agra, the probability is that they will seize on and occupy the famous mud fort of Bhurtpore, which has heretofore successfully stood sieges from British armies, ere sepoys had learned to be faithless to their salt. The Rajah Golab Singh of Cashmere being dead, it is now credibly reported that the whole country is up in arms against his successor—a rebellion which, in the present state of things, may seriously affect the Punjaub. Altogether, at this moment, the dark cloud in the North-West, so far from dispersing, seems thickening in gloom. But British troops are now beginning to arrive almost daily, and a month hence the cold season will partly set in. So we live in fond hope that the Lord, in answer to the many prayers of His people in India and in Britain, will interpose for our deliverance.

In Calcutta there has been more prayer during the last four months than probably in any four years preceding. The Lord's judgments are seen visibly poured upon us as a people. And all that know their Bibles confess that it is on account of our own sins, the sins of our rulers, and the sins of our fathers—never sufficiently repented of nor forsaken.

The venerable and truly pious Bishop of Calcutta has been congruously taking the lead and setting the example in all holy exercises in

public and in private. One evening he invited all ministers of all evangelical denominations in Calcutta to his palace, to unite in social prayer and praise. He repeatedly besought Lord Canning to appoint a day for humiliation and prayer for all India. But the Governor-General as repeatedly refused to comply. A memorial from the Christian inhabitants of Calcutta was at last addressed to his Lordship on the subject; and though a proclamation was, in consequence, issued, I grieve to add that it is of a nature to give little satisfaction. It ignores Christ and Christianity altogether — invites simply all "faithful subjects of the British Crown," &c., *i.e.* Mohammedans, Hindus, &c., (who still *profess* fidelity to the British Crown) as well as Christians. This is sad and saddening, since, instead of honoring, it insults Jehovah, the one living and true God. Oh! pray for us. Yours affectionately, ALEXANDER DUFF.

P. S.—*24th September.*—The departure of the regular mail having been postponed for two days, I am enabled to add a few lines. Still nothing decisive from the North-West. Lucknow was still holding out on the 15th; on the 19th, report from Cawnpore that the troops for the relief of Lucknow had crossed the river that morning without opposition, skirmishing only with advanced posts. From Delhi no news later

than the 5th ; the expected siege train had then arrived with much ammunition, the King being described as in consternation, and the soldiers taunting him with his inability to pay them, while the wealthy citizens were loudly complaining of their excesses.

Hitherto, all out here have been so thoroughly engrossed with means and measures—urgently demanded for the prevention of fresh outbreaks, and the putting down of old ones—that there has been little time or inclination for investigating or speculating on the causes of this terrible rebellion. When the time comes for searching, retrospective inquiry, the antecedent or preparatory causes must be carefully distinguished from the immediately impelling one. The former were manifold—arising from the constitution of the Bengal army, which has hitherto consisted chiefly of *high caste* natives, *Brahmins* and *Rajpoots*—from the constant drafting of the ablest and more experienced officers for civil employ—from the curtailment or diminution of privileges in connection with the annexation of Oude, of which a vast proportion of the sepoys were natives—with many other minor ones, to which it is needlessly now more particularly to refer. The more immediate one will be found mainly of Mohammedan origin—the result of a long-concocted Mohammedan conspiracy for the destruction of the British and

the reëstablishment of the Mogul dynasty. The ex-King of Oude, and his Prime Minister, Ali Nukhi Khan, and other councillors, appear to have been the chief instigators of the revolt behind the scenes. The cartridge affair was only adroitly seized on by them as a plausible pretext for working on the superstitious fears and prejudices of the ignorant sepoys. That manœuvre having succeeded, offers next began to be made more directly addressed to their covetousness. Of this, the evidence is now of a cumulative nature. Here is a specimen. The following is a lately intercepted letter from the Delhi and Oude sepoys to the disarmed native brigade at Barrackpore: "Oh, ye warriors, greeting! We expected great things from you, as the nose of the army; but you gave up your arms without fighting. However, it is not too late to retrieve your characters; it is true, you have no arms; but hasten up, and Ram (one of the incarnations of Vishnu, celebrated in the *Ramayan*, whose earthly kingdom was the ancient *Ayodhya*, or modern Oude) will give you arms. You will, each sepoy, get *twelve rupees per month*, and *two hundred bighas* (about seventy English acres) *of land*. The King of Delhi has ordained that no more cows shall be killed in the land; he sends salaams, and says the enemy outside numbers 10,000. After we have conquered them, we shall come to Calcutta, and try if the Feringhees can fight."

A gentleman from General Havelock's camp writes that "the King and Ali Nukhi Khan's not coming up, *as was promised and fully expected*," has tended greatly to disconcert and perplex the mutineers. This shows how providential the arrest and confinement of these prime movers of rebellion has proved. A. D.

LETTER XI.

CALCUTTA, 1st October, 1857.

MY DEAR DR. TWEEDIE,—For the last week we have been kept in a state of distressing excitement by the strangely-mingled tidings from the North-West and Central India. The native regiments at Nagode, to the west of Allahabad, and at Jubbulpore, on the Nerbudda—regiments which had so long stood out in apparent fidelity and loyalty to our Government—have at last mutinied. Further westward, towards Indore, a chief has been assembling a large army of 30,000 or 40,000 followers. At Kurrachee a mutiny has been suppressed when ripe for outbreak. The combined Gwalior, Indore, and other troops have, at no great distance, been hanging threateningly on Agra. The army of the Rewah Rajah has practically flung him aside, and turned against us. The Dinapore mutineers, with hosts of followers, have been alarming Allahabad, now almost denuded of European soldiers. A rumor has been prevalent at Nagpore that the neighboring chiefs are much disaffected; danger is apprehended; and the residents there and at Kamptee are hourly

expecting to be called into the Seetabuldee fort. Endless rumors are afloat of disaffection and risings in other places—too many to be enumerated. Cashmere, and Cabul, and Hyderabad in Scinde, with other distant places, are beginning to cast portentous shadows into the already darkened scene of rebellion and strife. And then, nearer to ourselves, the province of Behar, of which Patna is the capital, is known to be in a very critical state indeed ; while some of the measures adopted by our Government to pacify a Mohammedan population, traitorous to the very core, are almost universally felt to be like the throwing of oil on the smouldering brands, that are ready in a moment to burst into a blazing conflagration. But I shall not enlarge on the dark side of the picture, with its endless terrible details of anarchy and violence, plunder and bloodshed—thankful to God that there is now a bright side to relieve our weary, sickened eye. About a fortnight ago Havelock's recruited force again re-crossed the Ganges at Cawnpore for the relief of Lucknow. They speedily carried everything before them, to within fourteen miles of that city. There they heard the guns of the poor beleaguered garrison, and fired a royal salute with their 24-pounders, to cheer the hearts of the besieged with the hope of early deliverance. Indeed, in one or two days more it was confidently expected that the relieving

force would be in possession of Lucknow. But, strange to say, though the telegraph be now open from this to Cawnpore—and Cawnpore is only fifty miles from Lucknow—for nearly a week not a particle of intelligence has reached us from Havelock's army! What has become of it? What has been the fate of the noble garrison, whose heroic defence of a scarcely tenable position, for so many months, in the face of such tremendous odds, has excited the wonder and rivetted the admiration of all India? Oh! the agony of suspense now experienced by hundreds here, who have fathers or mothers, brothers or sisters, sons or daughters, dear friends or acquaintances *there*. Every forenoon Government House is beset with crowds of anxious inquirers. But as yet no answer; all is grim and dreary silence. Of course, as might be anticipated, the most gloomy and sinister reports are in busy circulation. The most hopeful view of the case is, that Lucknow has been relieved; but that the rebels, still abounding in numbers, have got into the rear of our army and taken possession of the road by which it advanced from Cawnpore, thus cutting off all communication. If this be the case, it is not doubted that our brave army, with the relieved garrison, will be able to fight its way back again. Still, who can tell what additional loss of life such an operation may entail?

On Saturday last (26th ult.), the very day on which the mail steamer finally left the river, tidings reached of the assault and storming of the northern half of Delhi—of the seizure of the magazine with its stores—of the complete rout of the rebels—of the flight of numbers of them from the city—and of the confinement of about three thousand of them in the palace, where, with the King, they were determined to fight it out to the last. It was simply added that the fighting had been desperate—that the casualties in killed and wounded on our side were very heavy—and that the enemy's own guns had been turned, and were, with our own, in full play upon the palace, which could not hold out beyond two or three days The palace, I may note in passing, is itself a prodigious edifice, or rather vast cluster of edifices, on the right bank of the Jumna, surrounded, except on the river side, by a lofty wall, fifty or sixty feet in height, and about a mile in circumference.

Well, to-day the consummating message has reached Government by telegraph from Cawnpore, in these curt but emphatic terms: "Delhi is entirely ours. God save the Queen! Strong column in pursuit." This brief but significant message, together with the previous ones, must, as you may readily suppose, have thrown strangely conflicting currents of joy and sadness into the heart of a community already

painfully agitated by the doubtful fate of Lucknow, and the disastrous rumors from other quarters—joy, at the final re-capture of the great stronghold of the rebels, the continued possession of which threw a halo of glory and triumph over their cause in the eyes of the millions of India—sadness, at the uncertain fate of hundreds of beloved relatives and friends who may be found among the slain. Verily, it is a time for joining "trembling with our mirth." It is a time in which we have to sing of "mercy and of judgment." Jehovah's right arm, with its glittering sword of justice, has swiftly descended upon us; but in His great goodness we have not been wholly consumed. And in the midst of deserved wrath He is remembering undeserved mercy this day.

October 2.—To-day a brief telegraphic message from Cawnpore has announced at last the relief of the Lucknow garrison by General Havelock's force. There must, however, have been desperate fighting, as the message reports four hundred killed and wounded, and among the former, General Neill, the brave Madras officer who saved Benares and the fortress of Allahabad. He had, by his own deeds since he arrived amongst us—deeds indicative of soldierly qualities of the very highest order—become a universal favorite. And this day I verily believe

that his death will be mourned over by the whole of our Calcutta community, like that of a personal friend. Indeed, it is heartrending to think of the loss of valuable lives already occasioned by this deplorable sepoy rebellion: The late Commander-in-Chief, General Anson; Sir H. Barnard, the Honorable Mr. Colvin, Governor of the North-West; Sir Hugh Wheeler; Sir Henry Lawrence; and now General Neill, with many, many more, over whose untimely end India is now shedding the silent tear of heartfelt sorrow. But if we are only humbled under these successive strokes of the red arm of a righteous and offended God, and prove the reality of our humiliation by bringing forth "fruits meet for repentance," we shall yet be privileged to exchange our tears of sorrow for those of holy joy and adoring thankfulness to the Lord God omnipotent that reigneth.

Throughout the last four awful months, while deploring the savage butcheries* enacted in the North-West, we have been led repeatedly to wonder and praise God on account of the all but miraculous escape of so many. And now,

* This very day, authentic details have reached us from Agra of the shocking murder of *thirty-two* men and women in that city, who were left outside when the British residents bolted into the fort on the evening of 5th July. One had his head cut off and publicly exposed, and his body dragged through the streets! The dead body of another, after being brutally mangled, was thrown down a well, and his wife's *living* body pitched down on the top of it! One lady was burnt to death! Among the murdered were Major Jacob of Scindia's service, and Professor Hubbard of the Government Agra College.

what a signal providence in the case of Lucknow! The relieving force, after repeated attempts, failures, and successes, at last reached the garrison *just in time to save it from utter destruction*. A further delay of *half a day*, or even *an hour or two*, might have proved fatal! An after examination showed that two mines, *all ready for loading*, had been run far under the chief defensive works, which, if sprung, must have placed the garrison at the mercy of the rebels! Verily, man's extremity is the hour of God's opportunity. Shall we, then, not praise *Him* for this signal deliverance of so many hundred's of our sore-beleaguered countrymen, women, and children?

October 6.—From the fragmentary way in which details have been reaching us, it is impossible to ascertain with absolute accuracy the number of British Christians that have met with an untimely end in the midst of the present awful whirlwind of fire and blood. One thing is certain, that, at the lowest calculation, the *number cannot be under thirteen hundred*. Of that number, about two hundred and forty have been British military officers—about a tenth of the officers of the Bengal army. Great as is this number, the marvel is that, amid such terrific scenes, it has been so small. I now speak of those who have been actually mas-

sacred, and not of those who have fallen in open battle with the enemy. The rest of the 1300 consists of civil servants of the East India Company, assistants in government offices, bankers, traders, agents, and ladies.

The number also includes *four* chaplains and *ten* male missionaries with their wives. Of the latter ten, two, belonging to the Propagation Society, fell at Cawnpore, and three at Delhi; four, of the American Presbyterian Mission, at Futtehghur; and one, of the Established Church of Scotland, at Sealkote, in the Punjaub.

The destruction of mission property in the North-West has been immense. At upwards of twenty stations there has been much devastation, and at some of them total ruin. The mission bungalow residences, the schools, the churches or chapels, the libraries and stores of books, have been completely destroyed. The extensive printing presses of the American Mission at Allahabad, and of the Church of England Missionary Society at Agra, with the founts of types, and Bible, and tract, and school-book depositories—the accumulated results of the knowledge, experience and toil of many a devoted spirit for many years—have all disappeared. In pecuniary value alone, the aggregate of mission property thus wantonly and wickedly demolished and swept away cannot, at the *lowest* estimate, be reckoned under *seventy thousand*

pounds. But if the Lord in mercy rouse the Christian heart of Britain and America, the seventy thousand will soon be replaced by more than seven times seventy. And in this way may a glorious exemplification be furnished to the whole of nominal Christendom and actual Heathendom of the Divine principle of overcoming evil with good. Oh that British and American Christians would be shaken by this earthquake out of the drowsiness of the past, with its meagre drowsy action! Now, if ever, is the golden opportunity. When the Prince of Darkness, through his emissaries, brought the Lord of glory to an ignominious death on Calvary's cross, little recked he that, instead of extinguishing, he was only establishing and for ever glorifying *His* name and cause on earth. So, with similar short-sighted policy now, he may have stirred up his heathen emissaries to imbue their hands in the blood of the heralds of the cross, plunder and lay waste their property, and annihilate their Bible stores, in the hope of thereby exterminating the Redeemer's name and cause from this vast land, in which for thousands of years he has exercised undisputed sovereignty over its teeming myriads. But if Christians are true in their professed loyalty to their Saviour-King, they will turn this policy of the arch-enemy into foolishness and irretrievable defeat. They will now arise and come forth

with twice redoubled energy, and more than twice redoubled liberality—energy and liberality sustained by a Abraham-like faith and a wrestling Jacob-like prayer—and if they do so, Satan's long-consolidated dominion in India will soon be wrenched from his tyrant grasp and converted into a glorious province of Immanuel's universal empire!

To prevent all misconception with reference to missionaries, it ought to be emphatically noted that *nowhere has any special enmity or hostility been manifested towards them by the mutineers.* Far from it. Such of them as fell in the way of the rebels were simply dealt with precisely in the same way as all other Europeans were dealt with. They belonged to the governing class, and, as such, must be destroyed, to make way for the reëstablishment of the old native Mohammedan dynasty. The same actuating motive led to the destruction of *native Christians and all others who were friendly or supposed to be friendly to the British Government.* In this way it is known that many of the natives of Bengal, who, from their superior English education, were employed in Government offices in the North-West, and were believed to be favorable to the continuance of our rule, were made to suffer severely both in life and property. Some of them were sadly mutilated after the approved Mohammedan fashion, by having their

noses slit up and ears cut off; while others, amid exposures and sufferings, had to effect the same hair-breadth escapes as the Europeans. In short, I feel more than ever persuaded of the reality of the conviction which I entertained *from the very first*, that this monster rebellion has been *mainly* of a *political*, and but *very subordinately* of a *religious* character, and that the grand proximate agency in exciting it was a treasonable Mohammedan influence brought skilfully to bear on a soil prepared for its action by many concurring antecedent causes of disaffection and discontent. Brahminical and other influences had doubtless their share in it, but the preponderant central element has been of Mohammedan origin, directed to the realization of the long-cherished dynastic designs of Mohammedan ambition.

By the *natives generally*, no *special animosity* has been exhibited towards the missionaries or their doings. The very contrary is the fact. On this subject the editor of the Calcutta *Christian Intelligencer*, a clergyman of the Church of England, has been able to bear emphatic testimony. "If any European," says he "is respected and trusted by the natives at present, it is the missionary. *All the influence of public officers and their agents at Benares could not succeed in procuring supplies for the troops and others from the country round; but a missionary well*

*known to the people is now going round the villages and getting in supplies for the public service.** The missionaries and their families are living, at that and some other stations, at some distance from the other residents and from the means of defence, and are surrounded by the people on every side. How remarkable is this state of things! *The Government, who have always fondled and favored superstition and idolatry, are accused of an underhand design to cheat the people into Christianity; and the missionaries, who have always openly and boldly, but still kindly and affectionately, denounced all idolatrous abominations, and invited their deluded votaries to embrace the gospel of Christ for their salvation—they are understood by the people; and if any Europeans are trusted, the missionaries are at present.*"

The gratifying incident recorded here of the Benares missionary at once reminds us of the case of the celebrated Schwartz, who, when the agents of the Madras Government utterly failed in their attempts, by his personal influence with the people succeeded in obtaining the most abundant supplies for the British army. The case of *Peshawur*, the remotest and most critically situated of all the Punjaub stations, is most remarkable and instructive. The Mohammedan population of that city is singularly fanatical. The city is encompassed with hill tribes as dar-

* This was written about two months ago.

ing as they are fanatical. The first British Political Resident there, after the conquest of the Punjaub, full of antiquated antichristian fears, declared that so long as he lived there should not be a Christian mission beyond the Indus. Subsequently, the Resident was assassinated by a Mohammedan fanatic. His successor was the famous Major Edwardes, of Mooltan celebrity, a man who, happily, fears God and loves the Saviour and His cause. When it was proposed to establish a mission at Peshawur, he at once fearlessly headed it, and openly declared, in substance, that the Christianization of India ought to be regarded as the *ultimate end* of our continued possession of it. At the outbreak of the great rebellion, nearly the whole of the native regiments (eight in number) at the station showed symptoms of disaffection and mutiny. Most of them had to be disarmed ; and one of them has since been cut to pieces. In the midst of these frightful internal troubles, and surrounded on all sides with a fiercely fanatical people, what were the missionaries to do? If they were even called on by the authorities to pause for a season, no one could have been much surprised. But no ; Sir John Lawrence, the Chief Commissioner, and Mr. Montgomery, the Judicial Commissioner, of the Punjaub, in reference to them, in substance replied, "Let the preaching and other missionary ope-

rations by no means be suspended." Oh, how true the saying, "Them that honor me I will honor!" At Peshawur, amidst almost unparalleled difficulties, the British have been able to hold their own; the Punjaub has been preserved in tranquillity; and not only so, but has been able to furnish nearly all the troops that have now so triumphantly re-captured Delhi! Are not these suggestive facts? Indeed, it is scarcely too much to say, that it is the Punjaub which has mainly saved our Indian empire.

October 8.—To-day our mail closes. The fact, the unspeakably gratifying fact, of the noble garrison of Lucknow having been successfully relieved by Havelock's force, has already been stated; and I was in hopes that ere the mail closed particulars would have reached us. As yet, however, none have been received. The relieving force had to plough its way through a sea of rebellion; and, as they advanced, the waves closed again behind them; so that all communication has been cut off until they plough their way back again through the same tumultuous element. The Lord in mercy grant that it may be speedily!—Yours ever affectionately,

ALEXANDER DUFF.

LETTER XII.

CALCUTTA, 19th October, 1857.

MY DEAR DR. TWEEDIE,—It is no longer a mere hyperbole to say that the native army of Bengal has ceased to exist. That vast body, consisting of regulars and irregulars, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, and numbering upwards of 100,000 men has been, with the exception of *two* regiments, entirely dissolved. By far the greater portion of it is still in open and sanguinary revolt. The remaining portion, which has been disarmed, has for the most part been obtrusively exhibiting signs of hatred and disaffection. Fresh plots aud machinations have been so rife amongst them, that the services of a goodly number of European soldiers have been required in watching them night and day, as so many suspected felons.

Of the two regiments who have not as yet openly mutinied, one is at Saugor on the Nerbudda, and the other at the remote station of Julpigori, East Bengal. As regards the former, sinister rumors have of late been flying about. As regards the latter, it has been, from its situation, hitherto free from temptation. But

after the many examples which we have already had of unsurpassed perfidy, of consummate ability in masking, under a show of fidelity and loyalty, the most rebellious and murderous designs, and of matchless facility in exchanging the attitude of bland and respectful soldierly obeisance for that of unrelenting savage assassins, no one who respects his own reputation for mental sanity would vouch for a day's continuance of the "staunchness and trustworthiness" of a single Bengal sepoy.

It is only within the last few days that two companies of the 32d Bengal Native Infantry, at Deoghur, in Behar, hitherto considered the most loyal of the loyal, suddenly rose up, murdered several of their officers, together with the Assistant-Commissioner, and are now in a state of open revolt. How baffling to all calculations of ordinary prudence or sagacity! Not long ago, these very men cheerfully turned out, and actually fired upon a body of mutinous irregular cavalry! No wonder though the most implicit faith was placed in their professions of fidelity to the Government. And what adds to the moral anomaly is, that their commanding officer—towards whom they had manifested the strongest personal attachment, because of his uniform kind indulgence and unbounded confidence in them—was the first victim of their murderous outbreak! Or, if

anything could add one atom more to the remarkableness of the phenomenon, it is that the rising and open revolt took place *after* they had heard of the downfall of Delhi, the capture of the King, and the slaughter and complete dispersion of the rebels! The spirit of revolt has thus spread and diffused itself like a raging epidemic, overleaping all ordinary barriers, and setting at defiance all ordinary laws. Only this very day, a friend, who has just received a letter from a correspondent at Jubbulpore on the Nerbudda, assures me that the announcement of the fall of Delhi in that quarter, so far from assuaging, has only exasperated the spirit of rebellion. And if the rebels, on being driven from the open plains of the Jumna and the Ganges, once betake themselves to the rolling hills, vast forests, and all but interminable jungles of Central India, we may soon have a war on our hands similar to that of the *Pindarries*, which, in the time of the Marquis of Hastings, taxed the whole resources of British India to bring it to a decisive close.

Even now, from the rebels being scattered over so vast an extent of country, something like a desultory, indecisive, guerilla warfare is being carried on. Wherever any body of our troops has fairly come in contact with the mutineers, the result has never yet been doubtful. Some signal successes, though on a compara-

tively small scale, have in different quarters been already achieved, of which the public journals will give you ample details. On the other hand, rebellion continues still to spread in different quarters. It is only the other day that a prisoner for life at Hazaribagh, on the north-west frontier of Bengal, but liberated when the mutiny took place at that station, proceeded with one or two thousand armed men to Sumbulpore, on the south-west frontier, on the old route between Calcutta and Bombay. Having entered the town unresisted, he proceeded to the Hindu temple, and, after performing worship and offering sacrifices there, went next to the late Rajah's fort, placed himself on the *Guddi*, or throne, proclaimed himself *King*, and made all preparations for defence, if assailed or resisted by others. So far as we can learn, the Europeans contrived to make their escape; so that this new Rajah, Sunder Shah, has not been privileged to inaugurate his short-lived dynasty with libations of their blood. Other rajahs along the western frontier have been acting most treasonably; and some of them, such as the Porahatman, near Chybassah, proclaiming their independence, with complete temporary success.

All these, and other similar facts, tend to show what the latent feelings of the natives towards the British Government have all along

been ; or, at least, the feelings of numbers of them belonging to all classes. And when the tendency, on the part of authorities here and at home, seems to be to hush up matters as far as possible, and make comparatively light of symptoms the gravest and most ominous, setting forth all that is favorable to us in the boldest relief, and either wholly suppressing or minimizing the importance of all that is adverse, it is proper that the British people should not be deluded, but have their eyes fairly opened to the prodigious work that is before them, in the *satisfactory* pacification of the now totally disorganized provinces of Northern and Central India. The disasters of the last five months came upon us in such rapid and bewildering succession, and with such resistless hurricane-like force, that many sank almost into the very depths of despair. But the re-capture of Delhi, the relief of Lucknow, and minor successes elsewhere, have so suddenly elevated their spirits, that they are now, apt to leap to the other extreme of exultation, and conclude that the battle has been fought and the victory gained. Than this I cannot well conceive a more egregious delusion. And to dissipate it, by all lawful means, I reckon to be a duty to ourselves, to our country, to India, and to our God.

It is from no feeling of despondency or alarm

that I thus write. Quite the reverse. Never, even for a single moment, have I desponded. From the very first, when the lurid clouds, surcharged with the red lightning and thunder of Jehovah's judgments, seemed hanging over our heads, and ready to burst upon us with desolating fury, my faith in the *ultimate* destiny of *British* India was never for an instant shaken. I felt fortified with an intense persuasion that, after visiting us with well-merited chastisements for our past sins and negligences, and after we ourselves had been sufficiently humbled under a burning sense of our guiltiness and shame, and had resolved with lowly, penitent, and broken hearts to return unto the Lord with "full purpose of, and endeavor after new obedience," Jehovah would look out upon us through the fiery cloud of suspended judgments, and once more gladden us with the smiles of His gracious countenance. And this is my intense persuasion still ; though I am grieved to add that, either in Britain or in India, I have not yet perceived convincing signs of our being sufficiently humbled as a *people* and *nation*. There is a loud cry for the visitation of retributive justice on the hosts of unpardonable murderers, and a loud and honest wail of sympathy with the agonized friends of the murdered, as well as surviving sufferers. And all this is right, thoroughly right and Christian, in its way. But any hope of an

accelerated removal of deserved judgment, and an accelerated restoration of settled peace and tranquillity, would be vastly enhanced were I to see our people and nation prostrated in the dust before a holy God ; and then, sincerely and truly, and not feignedly, like the Jews of old, in those hypocritical fastings and humiliations which were an abomination to the Lord, confessing our *past sins of omission and commission towards poor benighted, superstition-ridden India, and resolving that, in the amendment of the future, ample reparation shall be made for the crimes and negligence of the past.*

Various individual members of our British community here have been laboring to bring about such a state of things amongst us, but hitherto with very inadequate success. At the head of these must in justice be named that truly venerable and apostolic man, the Bishop of Calcutta, a man on whom age has conferred the spiritual sagacity of a seer, in blessed union with the mellow piety of a ripened saint—a man in whose character a noble lion-like fortitude in the advocacy of pure evangelical truth is now beautifully blended and harmonized with a lamb-like demeanour in the whole of his personal conduct. From the very first he exerted his great influence with all classes in exciting them to a spirit of humiliation and prayer before God. He held two public services on week-days in his

own cathedral, on both which occasions he preached, though now in his *eightieth* year, two vigorous and appropriate sermons, which have since been published. He invited to social prayer and supplication, in his own house, the ministers of all churches and denominations, himself presiding, patriarch-like, and asking others to share with him in the devotional exercises. He made repeated private personal applications to the Governor-General, entreating him to appoint a special day for humiliation and prayer—but, with sorrow I have to add, altogether in vain. At last a public meeting of Christian inhabitants was held, and a memorial on the subject, addressed to Lord Canning, agreed to, and numerously and respectably signed. The response to this memorial was the issue of a proclamation by the Governor-General in Council, which sadly disappointed all God-fearing people, and added another to the many recent acts of our higher authorities, which have tended, unhappily, to lower them in the estimation of the general Christian community of this place. The appointment of a *week-day* was *declined*, though the same paper which published this proclamation announced *the closing of all Government offices for about ten days in honor of the most celebrated of our idolatrous festivals, the Durga Puja*. But this was not the worst feature of it. As if afraid or ashamed to allude to the

existence of the only true religion—that on whose origination, and maintenance, and outspreading, the energies of the Godhead are embarked—no reference whatever was made in it to Christ, or Christianity, or Christians. On the contrary, the invitation was to "all loyal subjects of the British Crown" to offer "supplication to Almighty God," and to "implore a blessing on all measures taken for the repression of rebellion and crime." Now, as the framers of this document are known to believe, whether right or wrong, that there are still *millions of Mohammedans* and *millions of Hindus*, together with numbers of other classes, Sheiks, Parsees, &c., who are "loyal subjects of the British Crown," it was keenly felt that the proclamation, thus purposely confounding *Christians* with *Mohammedans, Hindus, Sheiks, Parsees,* &c., and calling on all of these, and all alike, to unite in supplication to Almighty God, put the most notable stigma and dishonor on the one living and true God, the Triune Jehovah of the Bible. All the false religionists now named, with many more, do recognize *a* supreme god, which they designate almighty. Even all the polytheistic sectaries of India acknowledge *Brahma* as their supreme god; aye, and the exclusive votaries of *Shiva, Vishnu,* &c., exalt their own favorite god into the Supreme, and ascribe unto him all the attributes of the Supreme. Thus to lower and

degrade "the High and the Holy One," who is a "jealous God," unto the level of the false gods of Hinduism, and the herds of gods belonging to all the other Pagan and Antichristian*isms* of India, and that, too, by a professedly Christian Government, was considered, and justly considered, by all right-thinking Christian men as a crowning or consummating sin, instead of being a return to God and to righteousness. So that this proclamation, instead of tending to remove guilt, was rather calculated to add to the antecedent guilt, or charge of irreligiousness, which has been so often laid at the door of our Indian Government. It was felt that, whatever might have been the *design* or *intention* of its framers, it could not but practically and in effect reflect insult and dishonor on the God of Heaven, and thus, instead of deprecating his wrath, provoke fresh visitations of *His* sore displeasure. At a special meeting of the Free Church Presbytery, summoned to consider it, it was unanimously agreed that, while cordially approving of the heads of Christian States inviting their Christian subjects to humble themselves in confession, prayer, and supplication before God, we could not consistently respond to a proclamation conceived, framed, and worded as this one had been. The Presbytery at the same time appointed a special humiliation service, to be held on Sunday, 25th

inst., and requested me to conduct it. Some of the other bodies also felt themselves constrained to adopt a somewhat similar course, and already have public prayer-meetings been held in most of our Calcutta churches.

Many persons, in their heedlessness or inexperience, thought that we had put far too wide a construction on the official document now commented on. But we have had manifold proofs that we have in nowise been mistaken in our interpretation of it. This moment a paper lies before me, containing an extract from a Bombay journal, in these terms, that, "*in accordance* with the Governor General's *invitation*, the *Mahajuns* and the *Hindu community in general have resolved to observe Sunday next*, the 4th inst., as a day of *humiliation* and *prayer* at the *Moombadarie temple*," &c.

All this tends to convince us more and more, that we have not, in this land at least, reached the true point of humbling ourselves as a *Christian people and nation* before the great Jehovah, whose first and authoritative command, solemnly proclaiming the absolute exclusiveness and oneness of His supreme Deity, is, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." What I fear is, that we have not yet, as a Christian people and nation, in any approximate measure, taken up the burden of Daniel, when he "set his face unto the Lord God, to seek by prayer and supplications,

with fasting, and sackcloth, and ashes," and that we have not yet, like him, made full and heart-rending confession, saying, "We have sinned and have committed iniquity, and have done wickedly, and have rebelled, even by departing from thy precepts and from thy judgments." And until we do this, I feel as if the memorable words of Isaiah were sounding in our ears, "For all this anger is not turned away, and his hand is stretched out still; for the people turneth not unto Him that smiteth them, neither do they seek the Lord of hosts."

Still, my faith in the *ultimate* issue is in no way shaken—not because of any worthiness in us, or any confidence in the sagacity of our counsels or the prowess of our arms, but because of *God's manifest purposes of mercy to poor distracted India, through the instrumentality of Christian Protestant Britain*. That as a nation we have been negligent in the discharge of our great trust, and that as a people we have, in manifold ways, grievously sinned against God in this land, is undoubted. Hence the successive visitations of Jehovah's displeasure, in former as well as present times. His judgments are now abroad amongst us, that thereby we may be made to learn and to return to righteousness and the paths of dutiful obedience. If this be the issue of them, the great object for which they have been sent will have been

gained. And if so, happy will it be for Britain —unspeakably happy for bleeding, ransacked, devastated India.

From the chequered events of the last few months may we not, without presumption, infer that the Lord has still mercy in store for us? Our people, scattered in *mere handfuls* at great distances from each other, over a vast territory, of more than a thousand miles in breadth, and at least fifteen hundred in length, assailed by a revolted disciplined army of a hundred thousand men, and surrounded by a population of nearly a hundred millions, the greater part of them, to say the least, indifferent to our fate, and millions of them, yes, literally millions of them, positively hostile! Surely, surely, may we exclaim, "It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed! If it had not been the Lord who was on our side, when men rose up against us, then they had swallowed us up quick, when their wrath was kindled against us!" That so many should have fallen by the hands of foul and treacherous assassins, is beyond measure distressing; but the real wonder —the wonder of wonders—is, that any one at all should have been alive this day to "sing of mercy" as well as of "judgment." That there have been so many instances of fatuous miscalculation and mistake on the part of the enemy, as well as of their counsels being turned into

foolishness, is also very notable. That amid so many exasperated myriads, having so prodigious a stake at issue as that of *life* and *property*, and *empire*, no man of towering genius, such as India has heretofore supplied—no Sevajee, no Hyder Ali, no Runjit Singh—should have arisen, capable of combining and concentrating the scattered elements of rebellion, and bringing them to bear down with a sweeping tornado force on the exposed and all but helpless handfuls of British—is surely something more than notable. The escapes, too, of individuals, as well as of small companies of fugitives, have been almost miraculous. The energy also which has, in so many cases, been exhibited by single men, not less than by small assemblages of men, rises positively into the sublime of heroism. I speak not now of men in commanding positions, such as General Neill and Sir Henry Lawrence, but of more ordinary men in less conspicuous circumstances. It is only the other day that in Rewah, an independent State that lies between Mirzapore and the Saugor territories on the Nerbudda, the most of the Rajah's troops revolted, and went off to join a vast body of rebels under Kuwar Singh, who threatened to visit his country with fire and sword on his way into Central India. The people were seized with panic; the Rajah himself went to Captain Osborne, the political agent, and begged him

to leave the territory, as he could not protect him or the other British officers for an hour. Having already sent off his own zenana, he told the city people to send away their wives, as he could not protect them ; and away he went to a distant fort. The agent, knowing well that on his preventing the host of armed rebels from passing through the Rewah State depended the safety of Nagode, Jubbulpore, Bundelkund, and the Saugor and Nerbudda territories, resolved, with something like a martyr spirit, to stand by his strangely critical post to the very last. Though unwell at the time, and scarcely able to move, his spirit rose to the height of Spartan energy, while it seemed partly to inspire and partly to overawe all around him. Fertile in expedients, as well as brave, he roused the rural population by sending amongst them numbers of agents to rehearse in their hearing the multiplied atrocities committed by the rebels elsewhere. He even procured one or two sufferers from their brutality, sent them out as a spectacle among the people, and so worked upon their fears to such an extent, that at last they all united in declaring that they would oppose the passage of the rebel army. Tidings of all this having reached the traitor-leader of that army, he deemed it prudent to pause in his onward career, and eventually to withdraw it altogether, and pass away in another direction. Thus, for

a time at least, has Central India been saved—the handfuls of our poor beleaguered countrymen, with their wives and children in different stations there, have been saved—by the indomitable energy, the admirable tact and sagacity, of a single man!

With other examples on a great scale the British public must by this time be quite familiar: How less than two hundred British men, though confronted by three native regiments, backed by myriads of desperadoes, saved Benares! How less than two hundred worn-out British invalids held the fortress of Allahabad for several days against five thousand rebels, armed with all the munitions of war! How, at Cawnpore, for upwards of twenty days, a few hundred British men, though encumbered with numbers of helpless women and children, held a small open entrenched camp, protected only by an earthen breastwork of four feet, against a rebel army of ten thousand, provided with heavy guns, and at last only fell through the most revolting treachery! How, at Lucknow, a few hundred British men, similarly encumbered with women and children, held, for three months, a suddenly extemporized entrenchment, against an army of at least fifty thousand, backed by an armed and furiously hostile population of millions, until at last relieved by a force itself not much exceeding two thousand men! My per-

suasion is, that neither the history of Greece nor of Rome, of France nor of England, or any other realm under the sun, can present examples of more chivalrous daring, more determined courage, or more heroic endurance, amid accumulated dangers, trials, and sufferings, than may be found in the history of the British in India during the last five eventful months. Oh that, as a people, we would view and use these, not as fuel to fan the flame of an impious national pride, but as signs of good from a patient and long-suffering God—gracious tokens that *He* has not yet left or forsaken us, as we, through our manifold sins and provocations, so justly deserved—providential beckonings to allure us to return to Him, through the aid of whose right arm alone our countrymen have been enabled to "do so valiantly;" and who, if we are only faithful to the great trust committed to us, can cause us to become "a praise and a glory," not in India only, but through the whole earth.

October 22.—In the foregoing statements I was led to advert to the many marvellous escapes, alike of individuals and of whole communities. Nothing in this respect can well be more remarkable than the repeated deliverances of our Indian metropolis. And since the foregoing was written, authentic accounts have reached us of the singular escape of the British residents

at Agra. Surrounded on all sides with mutinous troops and a rebellious population, the situation of the British at Agra was from the very first critical in the extreme. What added to the danger was, that *after* the massacres at Meerut and Delhi, the magistrate, smitten with that infatuation which had seized so many of our authorities, persisted in raising and arming an *almost exclusively Mussulman* police force for the protection of the city. "The command of this force," writes an intelligent resident on the spot, "was given to a man generally believed to be a traitor, and who eventually proved to be so. *Arms, ammunition,* and *even some guns,* were taken from the magazine, and issued under the orders of Mr. D——, the magistrate, *principally, if not entirely, to Mussulmans;* and the fear and terror thus caused amongst all the well-disposed was quite beyond belief. Every trust-worthy account received since our entry into the fort has only confirmed the conviction that was previously entertained of the little confidence that could be placed in Mr. D——'s police. It has been *proved* beyond a doubt that the Neemuch mutineers came here *at their instigation; that their chiefs visited the sepoys' camp on the morning of the action* (5th July); and had arranged for a *combined attack that night,* which it was hoped would *end in the destruction of the European troops and inhabitants, and the seizure of the*

fort, which was known at that time to be imperfectly guarded. Mr. D—— had informed his people that the troops would ***not*** be moved out to attack the mutineers if they approached the station; and the arrangements of the latter with the police were made on the strength of that assurance. Brigadier Polwhele's ***sudden resolve*** to meet the mutineers *upset their plans;* but the police nevertheless did their utmost to assist their worthy allies. Many buildings were in a blaze before the return of the troops from the action, and Europeans were even shot by them, when proceeding from their residences to the fort. Not a single attempt was made by them to check or resist these outrages; and there is no doubt they encouraged and shared in them as far as was in their power. Had they been joined previous to the return of the troops by the *Mewatties* and ***Budmashes*** (habit and repute desperadoes) of the surrounding villages, there is no saying what would have been the result. Of course, the great body of them, with their worthy chief, have since disappeared, taking their wives with them." On a review of all the circumstances of the case, the excellent writer's conclusion is, that "their safety was due far more to *the mercies of Providence* than to the prudence or arrangements of the authorities."

The *sudden resolve* of Brigadier Polwhele to *act differently from what had been previously*

determined on, saved the British residents from the *combined night attack* which had been so cunningly arranged, and thus saved them from a massacre similar to that at Meerut and Delhi. Whence that *sudden resolve?* The Brigadier himself, in all probability, could scarcely tell. But we know from whom cometh down every good thought, every wise resolution. To *Him*, then, be the praise and the glory. Had the British then been massacred and the fort taken, how different would have been the state of things in the North-West now! Bad as they are, they would assuredly, in that case, be vastly worse. That fort, in the hands of the British, kept at bay myriads of armed and turbulent rebels; had it then fallen into the hands of the enemy, these myriads would have been set loose on Delhi, or Lucknow, or Allahabad. And if so what must have been the fate of our countrymen at these places, before effectual re-inforcements would have arrived! But, though the Lord, in righteousness, had brought us very low, it was not *His* purpose to suffer us to be exterminated from Northern India. Our extremity was the hour of His opportunity; and hence, by *the sudden and unexpected resolve of one man He saved us!*

That all the British and other residents in the military cantonments and civil lines were utterly destroyed, was previously known. And now

the writer already quoted declares that the "*whole city of Agra, with the exception of the fort, may be said no longer to exist.* It is *a chaos of ruins, a large portion of it having been levelled to the ground.*" Who can imagine the amount of vice, and crime, and physical suffering which such devastation implies!

To-day the homeward mail closes; but since the last left, nothing very notable or decisive has transpired. A few more smaller outbreaks have just been announced. A detachment of native soldiers at Burhast, in the Rajmahal hills, mutinied on the 18th, and another at Rampore Haut, in the same hills, about the same time, but appear to have gone off harming no one. A portion of irregular cavalry has mutinied near Esa Kheyle, on the Indus. The communication between Mooltan and Lahore had been completely cut off about the end of last month by the surrounding tribes, who had risen and commenced plundering, though the station of Mooltan itself continued quiet. On the other hand, in Behar and other places, small bodies of rebels have been encountered and defeated, while the flying column from Delhi, has pursued and beaten the fugitive mutineers at Allyghur and the neighborhood of Agra, and is soon expected to reach Futtehghur and Cawnpore; and greatly is it wanted there. For since the last mail left, no intelligence whatever has reached

us from the relieving force at Lucknow, which now seems sadly to stand in need of being itself relieved, as it is surrounded by myriads of armed rebels, and all communication cut off, not only with Cawnpore, but even with the reserve guard, three miles outside the city, at the garden of Alumbagh. But our trust is, that *He* who has so wonderfully delivered hitherto, will signally interpose for further deliverance still.—Yours ever affectionately,

ALEXANDER DUFF.

LETTER XIII.

CALCUTTA, 31st October, 1857.

MY DEAR DR. TWEEDIE,—Well does it become us to take up the Psalmist's words, "I will sing of mercy and of judgment," or the responsive words of the Apostle, "Behold the goodness and the severity of God!" The holy severity of a justly offended God has been manifested in outpoured judgments on this sinful land; but the merciful goodness of a gracious God has been as signally manifested in abounding and undeserved mercies. That the judgments have not been without mixture—that they have been so tempered with mingled mercies—is an infallible token from the Lord that *He* has not yet finally cast us off as a people, who have hopelessly abused their great trust and neglected their solemn responsibilities. Of late years the strokes of Divine chastisement have been frequent and heavy; this last one has been the heaviest of all—a sure sign that the former ones had not been improved as they ought to have been, by humiliation and a return to righteousness. God, in mercy, therefore, grant that the present one may be so improved! If not, how

know we but it may be *the last?* How know we but that Jehovah, offended by our incorrigible obstinacy in forsaking and provoking Him to anger, may give us up as hopeless, saying, "Why should ye be stricken any more?" Let, then, heartfelt confession for *past* sins, as well as present, alike personal, social and national, be made without ceasing, accompanied by fervent prayer and supplication, by God's people everywhere; if, haply, the Lord may be pleased to remove from us these terrible rebukings of His anger, and chastenings of His hot displeasure!

In referring in my last to the subject of providential deliverances, I noticed the case of Agra on the 5th July. Then, also, it was stated that Colonel Greathed's flying column from Delhi had rendered signal service at Agra. This was on the 10th inst. It is now only that we fully know how signally providential that service was. For weeks, the Neemuch and Gwalior rebels who had crossed the Chumbul hung threateningly on Agra. The issue proved that they had concocted a well-arranged plan for its destruction. Their design was suddenly to surprise the militia which had been posted at some little distance outside the fort. They reckoned, as a matter of course, that the Europeans regiment battery in the fort would instantly rush out to the rescue of the militia; and that, in the confusion consequent on the sudden surprise,

they would attack the Government force at great disadvantage. Moreover, they had arranged with the Mewatties and Budmashes, different classes of Mohammedan and Hindu desperadoes in the neighborhood, for a *combined attack on the rear of our troops when they left the fort*. Had this plan been carried out—and it was very nearly being so—the fort, stripped of its brave defenders, might have fallen an easy prey into their hands. How, then, was the execution of the skilfully contrived plan defeated?

Knowing that the rebels were approaching Agra from the west, in great force, and with heavy guns, the British commander of the fort sent an express, on the evening of the 9th, to Colonel Greathed, who, with his flying column, happened to be at Hattrass, about thirty miles to the north-east of Agra. Instantly the column started, marching all night, the entire distance of *thirty* miles, and reaching the parade ground at Agra between nine and ten o'clock on the morning of the 10th, thoroughly jaded and exhausted, as may well be supposed. About eleven A.M., while breakfast was preparing, and the men were cleaning and resting themselves after their long march, and many of them sauntering about half-dressed, suddenly and unexpectedly a fire was opened upon them from some guns which had been brought to bear on

the camp without being observed ! and a large body of cavalry at the same moment charged one of the troops of horse artillery, cut down the gunners, who were endeavoring to load one of their guns, and, capturing, held it for a few seconds in actual possession! Jaded, exhausted, and surprised though our men were, speedily did they form and fall upon the rebels. Their charge, as usual, was irresistible ; and soon did the enemy, though four or five times more numerous, betake himself to flight, our brave fellows pursuing and driving them headlong for ten or twelve miles beyond the river Khari, capturing guns, baggage, ammunition, and treasure !

At first the attack of the rebels was most fierce and determined ; because, owing to the rapidity of Colonel Greathed's march, they had no idea of the arrival of his column. They soon found their mistake ; and so, in literal verification of the Scripture saying, into the trap which they had so adroitly laid for others, they were made to fall helplessly themselves. What a deliverance for Agra ! That fearfully long night's march saved it ! A few hours later, and it might have been lost, and all massacred ! "Was it not the Lord's doing, and wondrous in our eyes ?"

All the accounts which now have reached us conspire in proving that, among the most signal evidences of a favoring Providence ought to be

ranked the uninterrupted siege and final capture of Delhi.

There, humanly speaking, everything was against us. The odds were indeed far more tremendous than any, at the outset, whether rulers or ruled, could well have conceived. The season of the year itself presented the most formidable difficulty. It was at the very height of our Indian summer, when the atmosphere glowed with a furnace heat, that the tornado of rebellion burst upon us. Hitherto it has been assumed as a matter-of-course fact, that during such a season it is impossible for British troops to keep the field ; or, if attempted, that inevitable destruction must follow. Doubtless this had entered into the calculations of the conspirators. Then, again, the Government was utterly unprepared ; it had been taken utterly by surprise. By a *coup de main* the enemy got possession of the largest and strongest fortified city in India, a city with perhaps the largest, and at one time the most gorgeous, palace in the world, and a titular Emperor for its tenant, around whose person clustered the most brilliant memories of past magnificence and triumph. The inhabitants of the city within, and of the neighboring country all around, were, almost to a man, enthusiastically in favor of the cause of the rebel mutineers. Provisions they had in abundance, though their

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numbers increased to thirty or forty thousand. Money, too, was plentiful, as the contents of scores of provincial treasuries were conveyed to the Imperial Exchequer. Nor did they lack guns or ammunition; for, after the siege, the number of guns taken exceeded two hundred, many of them of large calibre, eighteen and twenty-four pounders; while *lacs*, or hundreds of thousands, of percussion-caps, barrels of gunpowder without end, shot and shell enough to last a two years' siege, fell into the hands of the victors. And though their ranks were constantly mown down, the loss was instantly more than replenished by thousands flushed with the spoils of their former masters, reeking with their blood, and all but delirious with the intoxication of a temporary triumph, and with the bright visions of future glory.

On the other side, what had we? A few thousands at the utmost, of whom a minority only were British—the rest, a miscellany of Sheiks, Gurkhas, and other nondescript natives from the Punjaub hills. The British, poor fellows! alike officers and men, obliged to make forced marches, such as British were never called upon continuously to make before, in an Indian summer—often without tents, and in many cases almost without carriage of any description. But, though decimated by sun-stroke and cholera, they never fainted nor flagged. Then fol-

lowed the drenching rains of a tropical wet season, with their endless train of dysenteries and fevers. But, as in the Crimea, the spirit of officers and men seemed impervious to the most noxious and depressing influences. They proved that at the call of duty—the call of their country—they could dare to march and fight under the fiercest rays of a torrid sun, or amid the gales and water-spouts of an Indian rainy season. On reaching their camping-ground before Delhi, they found themselves amid the ashes of the conflagration which had laid waste the bungalows and property of the former British residents. There their difficulties were enormous. Unable to watch but a small part of a walled city of seven or eight miles in circumference—obliged to keep open their communications with the rear, which swarmed with a hostile population—for months provided only with guns of comparatively small calibre, which would make no impression on the walls of the imperial city—watched and reported on by native traitors that overran the camp—kept on the alert both day and night by a vigilant and persevering enemy which almost incessantly attacked them from one quarter or another—they still maintained their ground—repulsing every assault with the most determined energy. At last, on the 14th of September, when it became their turn to act on the aggressive, it has been declared

on authority that—owing to losses from sunstroke, disease, and wounds—"the besiegers had not 2000 British infantry fit for duty, and not more than 4500 infantry altogether." And yet, with this handful, after six days of hard fighting with myriads of armed desperadoes, who knew that their lives were forfeited, the imperial city was taken, and not a rebel left alive in it. "History," remarks one of our public journalists, "history perhaps will do justice to the unsurpassed and unsurpassable devotion and energy of our brave countrymen, and will admit that the courage, the exertions, and the endurance of the British army before Delhi has a parallel only in the heroic struggle before Sebastopol, to which we do not hesitate to compare the contest which has just now been brought to an end." Verily, the battle is the Lord's. Ought we not, then, in all this, humbly and adoringly to recognize the hand of *Him* who is King and Governor among the nations? For who endowed our brave countrymen with those varied heroic qualities which enabled them to contend so enduringly with such fearful odds, and, in the end, to be crowned with so decisive a victory? Had they fainted, or partially yielded, or even temporarily retreated—a course which at one time was deemed by all competent judges here as an inevitable necessity, how would the flame of rebellion have been fanned throughout

all India, perhaps to exterminating violence? Even now, so utterly incredible does the final triumphant achievement appear to the native mind, that, up to this hour, the majority actually treat it with the derision of incredulity. Every day, however, will bring in fresh evidence of the reality. And as that gradually grows upon the mind, the impression of the sheer, utter hopelessness of the rebel cause will acquire fresh force and vividness too. So that ultimately the story of the siege and capture of Delhi will prove one of the stablest pillars of the British power and empire in India! While thanking God, then, for so marvellous a victory, let us pray that it may be improved, for the uses for which "the Prince of all the kings of the earth" has designed it. Let us pray that, with the humiliation of national pride and heartfelt confession of national sin, there may be a resolute determination on our part as a Christian people and nation to rise to the height of realizing our awfully solemn and responsible trust, and discharging our manifold debt of justice to India.

In various parts there have been various minor successes against the rebels. But at this moment the interest of all India is rivetted on Lucknow. The heroic garrison there was saved, towards the end of last month, by Havelock's force; and since then no reliable information has been received from the relieving force itself,

so completely has it been shut up within the city of Lucknow, and beleaguered by myriads of armed rebels. But the movable column from Delhi and other troops are now concentrating at Cawnpore — the Governor-General being resolved that there shall be no more dispersion of force until Lucknow be thoroughly settled. This grand object, it is hoped, may be realized in the course of next week. The Lord in mercy grant that our hopes may be realized! Yours affectionately,

ALEXANDER DUFF.

LETTER XIV.

CALCUTTA, 7th November, 1857.

MY DEAR DR. TWEEDIE,—Situated as I have been, in the providence of God, in the very focus, if not of actual insurrection, yet assuredly of those mutinous influences which have converted the recently peaceful valley of the Ganges into so terrible a scene of conflagration and massacre, rapine and blood, I have deemed it to be my duty to send you by every mail a statement of leading facts as they fell within my own cognizance, or a selection of such facts as appeared to be best authenticated, from amid the hugely-tangled mass of reports, exaggerated rumors, and palpable falsifications. In only one or two instances has subsequent information tended even to modify any of these statements. One of these is the case of Sir Hugh Wheeler at Cawnpore. All the first accounts that reached Government and private individuals went to show that the brave old man had not only been mortally wounded, but dead, *before* the fatal capitulation. It now turns out that he had only been greatly disabled, not actually dead. But every account goes to prove that, from want of

food, want of water, disease, wounds, exposure to a cloudless blazing sun, incessant watchfulness, fighting, fatigue, and anxiety, the heroic but wretched occupants of that wretched entrenchment had been reduced to a condition of indescribable and inconceivable misery and helplessness; and that their holding out as they did, in the face of such incalculable odds, must ever be reckoned among the most memorable achievements of ancient or modern warfare.

The only other case worth noting is that of Indore, in Central India. The expression which I was led to apply to the conduct of Holkar was founded on information conveyed to me in a letter just received from an old friend of mine, one of the British officers at Indore, who himself so narrowly escaped massacre. His clear impression—and he stated to me the grounds of his impression—was, that though Holkar stood ostensibly in the foreground, masked in professions of friendship, his influence was really felt behind the scenes, pulling the wires of treachery and treason. The attack on the Residency, however, having failed as regarded the intended destruction of its inmates, through the masterly retreat of Colonel Durand, the belief was that the wily chief, in the genuine Mahratta style, disclaiming all share in the secret treachery, found it politic to make a parade of his loyalty. In the absence of investigation and legal evidence, it was

equally politic on the part of our Government, and especially in so desperately critical a state of affairs, to accept of the professions of loyalty, and deal with the chief accordingly. Of late we have had so many instances of the rapid transition from loyalty to treason, and from treason back to loyalty again, that one need be staggered at nothing in this line, however apparently incredible to the British mind, with its higher tone of morality. But any one who carefully studies Baron Macaulay's account of some of the courtiers that surrounded William of Orange in an age which had been utterly demoralized by the Court of Charles II., may probably find examples of treachery and treason as consummately unprincipled as any even which Mahratta history can supply.

The real fact is—and the sooner the British people come thoroughly to understand this the better—the real fact is, that of loyalty to the British Crown, in any genuine sense of that term, there is, except in rare individual cases, very little to be found among the people of India. I mean, of course, loyalty in the sense of attachment, fidelity, or resolute adherence to the person or cause of a sovereign, especially in times of revolt or revolution. On this, as on all other subjects, there have been *extreme* statements that are equally wide of the truth. No one generalization, on either side, can possibly portray the

reality, when that reality is not simple, but mixed — not homogeneous, but vastly heterogeneous. Briefly, the case may be thus stated, with some approximation to the truth.

The great bulk of the rural and naturally pacific population of Bengal, and several other provinces of India, if not violently interfered with in their ordinary domestic and social routine, are totally apathetic on the subject of their supreme rulers—caring little or nothing as to who they may be, whether native or foreign. Naturally they are neither loyal nor disloyal—neither love nor hate the British Government. Of late years, the cruelties of zemindars, the police, and the harpy-myrmidons about our courts of justice—all of whom *they* consider as the *agents* of Government—have tended to generate feelings of discontent and disaffection, among numbers at least, towards the Government which employs or tolerates such agents. But the introduction of a really improved and equitable system, which curbed and restrained the zemindars and police in their endless and nameless tyrannies, and administered cheap and easy justice in simple and summary forms, suited to the wants and necessities of the people, would at once produce among them feelings, if not of loyalty in any high or noble sense, yet certainly of quietness, contentment, and uncomplaining acquiescence. It is for the introduc-

tion of such a system that the missionaries memorialized Parliament a twelvemonth ago, when their apprehensions of prevalent disaffection were scouted by ignorant and self-sufficient officials both at home and abroad. The last six months have served amply to test the relative accuracy of the knowledge of these respective parties.

The case is totally different with the rural population of the North-West and Central India. These, for the most part, are naturally as warlike in their dispositions and habits as ours in Bengal and elsewhere is pacific. With them the sword, and rapine, and violence, are the most delightful pastime. They therefore *dislike* our Government, not because it is British, but *simply because it is strong*; just as they would positively dislike any other, whether native or foreign, which, being equally strong, would be equally capable of controlling their lawless predatory tendencies. For the last generation or two, they have been kept in a peaceful state; and this state of necessitated peacefulness has too often been mistaken for satisfaction with our rule and its enforced order and tranquillity. No measures having been devised for the effectual eradication of the spirit of restlessness and turbulence, it was simply kept down by a force of repression; and the instant the repressive influence was relaxed or removed, as has re-

cently been done through the revolt of the native army, the old spirit of lawlessness and misrule awoke into a manifestation of terrible energy. Men are everywhere rioting in the excess of license, which they mistake for liberty. Unwilling to brook the restraints of lawful government, their hands are uplifted against it, that they may be all the more free to uplift them against one another. Whoever will carefully study the state of things in the Highlands of Scotland upwards of a century ago, before the ancient spirit of the proud chieftains and their clans was fairly broken by the battle of Culloden, and the measures of uncompromising severity which followed it, may understand something of the still unbroken state of feeling and practice in Northern and Central India. A *preliminary* measure—heretofore, in our over-confidence neglected — towards the ultimate pacification of these vast regions must be the universal disarmament of the people, sternly and rigorously carried out. With their peculiar tempers, hereditary usages and traditions, rehearsed in the songs of their bards, the continued possession of arms is a perpetual temptation and provocative to social turbulence and rebellion. But no measures, however wise or beneficial, can for many a year cordially reconcile such a people to the Paramount Power that restrains them. Indeed, in the end, it will be found that the

grand and only effectual Pacificator and Reconciler, after all, is the gospel of grace and salvation, as it has already proved amid the wildest glens and remotest solitudes of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland.

Apart from both these classes, or rather rural masses, of the Hindu family, the members of the Brahminical race occupy a position of their own, a position which, *in the main*, is, and cannot but be *hostile* to the British Government. They feel keenly that their craft is in danger, that the very existence of a Government like ours cannot but endanger it in a hundred ways. The guardians and priests of temples do not find any longer the same profuse largesses pouring in upon them from "the powers that be," as in the palmy days of Hindu royalty. The learned Brahmins do not find their profound scholarship conferring on them the same preëminence of social dignity and personal consequence as in the olden times. The cultivators of legal and political science, knowing, from their great legislator Menu, that they, and they alone, ought to be the administrators of law, and the responsible advisers and counsellors of rulers, now find themselves hurled down from the firmament of State-craft altogether, their former power, wealth, and influence gradually melting away, like the snows of their own Himalayas, before the ascendant fervor of the summer sun! And

all the sections of this lordly, aristocratic, domineering race feel themselves sadly humiliated by the equity of the British Government in peremptorily refusing to acknowledge many of those personal distinctions, those social and civil immunities, privileges, and exemptions, which, as conceded by their own Shastras, raised them to a transcendent superiority above their fellow-creatures. All this, and much more, so mortifying to their towering pride of caste, naturally tends to beget ill-will, disaffection, or even inveterate hostility towards our Government, with their long train of seditious plottings and secret intrigues. And no improvements of a general kind, connected with the marvellous processes of modern civilization, can possibly reconcile them, as a class, to a Government whose onward course and action must necessarily be antagonistic to their highest, most peculiar, and most cherished pretensions. Christianity, with its new and glorious heritage of blessings, and that alone, can adequately fill up the dreary vacuum which our Government has directly and indirectly produced in the once plentifully replenished domains of old Brahminism.

As for the countless nondescript tribes that roam up and down, in a state of barbaric independence, through the mountain ranges and vast forests and jungles *within* the bounds of our Indian empire, they cannot, for the most part,

be said either to love or hate our Government. Of it the greater part can scarcely have any knowledge; as with it they never have had any direct dealings. In instances where the experiment has been fairly tried, such as those of Cleveland and the Bhagulpore hill-people, Colonel Dixon and the Mairs, General Outram and the Bheels, it has been proved with what comparative ease some of the most uncivilized and predatory tribes have been reduced to order, obedience, and apparent contentment with our rule—all through the adoption and pursuit of kindly, conciliatory measures, wisely contrived and skilfully adapted to their extremely peculiar circumstances. It is only in rare cases like those of the Coles and Khonds, some twenty years ago, and more recently of the Sontals, where, driven into despair by the encroachments, oppressions, and exactions of their greedy and relentless Hindu neighbors, they have been goaded into open insurrection against the Paramount Power.

Segregated from the Hindu and all other Indian races, and standing out in sullen and gloomy isolation from them all are the Mohammedans—exceeding in number the entire population of the British Isles. Numbers of them still retain and exhibit much of the innate vigor and energy which they have derived from the blood of the Affghans, Tartars, and Moguls. Their faith not

less than their descent, has tended to confer on them a character of sternness and intractability. First the conquerors, and for many years the sovereign rulers of Hindustan, their minds are naturally filled with visions of past glory, and traditions of the magnificence of their empire. Regarding the British as the destroyers of their power, the supplanters of their imperial dynasty, they cannot, and do not, *as a class*, contemplate our sovereignty with any feelings of attachment or loyalty. On the contrary, hating us on *religious* grounds, as they hate all other *Kaffirs*, or unbelievers in the faith of Islam, they additionally detest us, on *political* grounds, as in their eyes the usurpers of their throne and sceptre, the subverters of that absolute dominion which they once wielded over these gorgeous realms. Accordingly, as I was led some time ago to remark in a communication elsewhere, the Mohammedans, as a race, have for the last hundred years not ceased to pray, alike privately in their houses and publicly in their mosques throughout India, for the prosperity of the house of Timur or Tamerlane, whose lineal representative is the titular Emperor of Delhi. But the prosperity of the house of Timur, in their estimation, undoubtedly implies neither more nor less than the downfall of the British power, and the reëstablishment of their own instead. In their case, therefore, disaffection

towards the British Government, with an intense longing for its speedy overthrow, is sedulously nurtured as a sort of sacred duty which they owe alike to their faith and the memory of their ancestors. Consequently, no measures, however conciliatory or advantageous to them, on the part of our Government, can ever render them, as a class, well affected or loyal towards the British Crown. Nothing, nothing short of complete political ascendancy will ever satisfy them, so long as they resolutely adhere to the faith and traditions of Islam. Besides the private and public prayers already alluded to for the prosperity of the house of Timur, there have been circulating, for many years past, among the Mohammedans, what they reckon *prophecies* connected with the same subject. These, like the predictions in Virgil's Æneid, or Milton's Paradise Lost, have of course been written subsequent to the events which they profess to foretell; but by an ignorant, bigoted, and prejudiced race like that of the great bulk of the Mohammedans in India, productions of this sort are accounted veritable prophecies. The original of one of these, in Persian, through the agency of an intelligent Hindu friend, is now in my possession. It purports to have been indited by a great saint who flourished before the age of Timur. After adverting to his reign, and alluding by name to his principal successors, and their dis-

tinguishing characteristics, and glancing somewhat enigmatically at the *period* of the battle of Plassey, without actually naming that event, it thus proceeds: "Thereafter the *Nazarenes* shall possess the whole of Hindustan, where, *for a century*, they shall supremely reign; and, during their time, when tyranny shall become predominant, the King of the West shall come forth for their destruction. Between these there shall be many great battles, which shall occasion much sacrifice of life, and the King of the West shall ultimately gain the victory by the strength of the sword of Hind, which shall crush down the followers of Jesus. The power of Islam shall then remain in the ascendant for forty years in Hind. After this you shall see that Dujjul* shall come forth from Ispahan and reign. To put an end to the Dujjul's reign, Jesus and Mendhy† shall come," &c.

Any one who will try calmly to realize these things—the hatred which the Mohammedans bear towards us as *Kaffirs*, and the special hatred which they entertain towards us as *British Kaffirs*, who wield what they reckon a usurped poli-

* The Koran says that a man of the name of *Dujjul* will appear at Ispahan, who will arrogate to himself the attributes of the Supreme Being, and establish a sect of his own.

† The Koran is understood to say that this Mendhy is the twelfth *Imam*, or regular successor of Mohammed, who is yet to come, and for whose coming the Mohammedans are still looking out with anxious expectation.

tical ascendancy over the vast realm where they once reigned supreme—and all this, coupled with daily prayers, in private and public, for our overthrow, together with popular vaticinations relative to the present as the foredoomed period of our overthrow—cannot but perceive what a soil was prepared in the general Mohammedan mind for designing intriguers, in which to plant the standard of treason and revolt against the British Crown. At the same time, the feelings of discontent and disaffection long gathering and brooding in the mind of the Brahminical race, and their wishes and expectations relative to a release from their present humiliating position, by the destruction of the power that has degraded them—all happening to chime in harmony with the aspirations of the Mohammedans—one may see how both parties, under the hallucination of blinding self-interest, were ready temporarily to compromise their radical and irreconcilable differences, for the sake of accomplishing an intensely desired common object. And what but Christianity can furnish anything like a commensurate counterpoise to the bitterly regretted loss of their earthly power, and dignity, and renown?

In all that has been said, I have been referring to great sections of the Indian population *in the gross*. Amongst them all, there are

exceptions, with differences varying in kind and degree.

Numbers of our Bengali population still continue to view the whole business with something like unreasoning indifference. They can scarcely be said to be either loyal or disloyal, while discontent lurks deeply in the hearts of millions.

Many, it cannot be doubted, are at the same time well enough disposed towards our rule; though, to talk of *attachment* would only tend to mislead. Even in the North-West and Central India, though villagers in general have shown hostility, others have manifested good-will. And in all parts of India, and amid all sections of the population, individual rajahs, zemindars, and others, have—either from self-interest, or from an intelligent apprehension of our vast resources, or in some cases from a sense of obligation for past favors received—exhibited a zealous devotion to our cause. In this honorable minority may be found Brahmins, Mohammedans, and Rajputs. But if anything like real loyalty be found anywhere, it is in the great commercial cities of Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay. In these localities, many, many have risen, under our protective system, from downright poverty to affluence, from a condition of insignificance and obscurity to one of personal dignity and

high social status. These naturally look with favor on our Government; and do sincerely desire its continuance, at least until such time as they can muster wisdom, and practical experience, and strength enough to warrant them in assuming the administration of affairs themselves. The *only body of natives* in India who, throughout the present terrible crisis, have, *on principle and from conscience*, displayed without any known exception, devoted loyalty towards the British Crown, is *the body of native Christians connected with every evangelical church and communion.*

November 9.—Our mail, which was to have finally closed on the 7th, has been postponed till to-day, chiefly in hope of hearing something satisfactory from Lucknow. Strange to say, that for five or six weeks not a particle of authentic intelligence reached us from the relieving force and relieved garrison of that city—so completely had they been hemmed in on all sides by encompassing myriads. In the absence of such intelligence, we had almost every day a fresh crop of sinister rumors, many of them so circumstantial in their details as for a moment to stagger even those whom experience had rendered most sceptical. You may therefore imagine into what a fever of anxiety the public mind here had risen; since, apart from all ex-

aggerating rumors, the situation of our brave countrymen, with the hundreds of helpless women and children, could not but be regarded as critical in the extreme. The city, as you know is on the *right* bank of the river *Gumpti*—one of the great feeders of the Ganges—about fifty miles from Cawnpore on the west. The British Residency House, which had been suddenly entrenched and put into a state of defence by the genius of the late Sir Henry Lawrence, may, in a rough way, be said to be situate about the middle of the city, but nearer the river than the Cawnpore side. Immediately in front of the Residency, or between it and the river, is a comparatively open or unoccupied space of seven or eight hundred yards in breadth. The city was known to be entirely in possession of the rebels, and every house along the streets leading to the Residency converted into a temporary fort, bristling with armed men. Of actually trained soldiers it has been computed that there could not be fewer than forty or fifty thousand there; with perhaps twice that number of the armed retainers of insurgent rajahs and zemindars. For, be it remembered, that Oude was the grand nursery of our Bengal native army—that the whole population is military and possessed of arms—that, besides the thousands of sepoys who had recently revolted, there were thousands, if not tens of thousands, who, after

serving their time with our army, had retired on pensions—and that, at the time of the annexation, the Supreme Council of India, though strongly urged to the measure by the Lucknow authorities, *refused to disarm the population*, as had been done so successfully, and with such triumphant results, in the Punjaub. Of the grounds of this refusal I shall say no more than that they were worthy of the reign of what has been significantly styled "red-tapeism." And now, in the fact that our poor beleaguered, isolated countrymen have to contend with an *armed* instead of a disarmed multitude on all sides, we are doomed to reap its bitter fruits! And oh, how bitter! But all this may serve to account for the extraordinary difficulties which our undaunted little force has all along had to encounter.

Well, as is already known, about the end of September last that brave little force fought its way through the streets of Lucknow, amid hostile myriads, to the Residency, and relieved the garrison when on the very eve of being annihilated. But the desperateness of the struggle must appear from the fearfulness of the loss on our side, some six or seven hundred soldiers killed and wounded, and almost fifty officers! among the latter, Major-General Sir James Outram—ball wound through the right arm. To attempt to force their way back again would be to encounter the same tempest of resistance,

accompanied with similar, if not greater loss, in which case their number would be so diminished that they must be entirely cut off. Besides, in the attempt to return, they would be encumbered with hundreds of helpless women and children, most, if not all of whom would inevitably perish. All this may readily explain the cause of the absolute dearth of intelligence for so long a period from the occupants of the sorely beleaguered residency of Lucknow. But what their trials, their hardships, their sufferings, must have been, during that awful period from sickness, exposure, want of provisions, and the deadly onslaughts of an exasperated multitudinous foe, imagination is baffled and humanity shudders in attempting to realize.

As the movable column from Delhi, with additional troops from the south, had crossed the Ganges at Cawnpore, it was hoped that today tidings might arrive of the *second* relief of Lucknow. This morning, however, no authentic intelligence has come to hand. In the absence of such I may here state, that an officer, long in Government employ, has told me that, should the enormous body of armed rebels in Lucknow continue in possession of the city, Sir Colin Campbell had an original plan of his own for drawing off the environed garrison without material loss. He proposes to cross the river by a pontoon bridge, suddenly thrown over it, several

miles below the city; to march up on the left bank, opposite to the Residency; there to plant two batteries commanding its two flanks, and throw a pontoon bridge across to enable the inmates of the garrison to effect their escape into his camp. Once safely arrived there, the city can be dealt with according to its deserts. Should this plan succeed—and many a prayer is now offered to the God of Providence that it may—the blessings of hundreds and of thousands, here and at home, will descend on the head of Sir Colin.

Having mentioned the name of this brave-hearted Scottish warrior, I cannot but allude to a remarkable providential escape which he himself experienced, about ten days ago, on his way from this to Benares. Sir Colin and his staff, unaccompanied by any escort, in the neighborhood of the river Sone, came suddenly on two companies of the mutinied 32d, who had recently killed their own officers. They were then in the act of crossing the trunk road, with fourteen elephants, two guns, and a small body of sowars, or irregular native cavalry. Sir Colin's *garry*, or travelling carriage, was ahead of all the others; and although the native coachman warned him of the danger, he still pushed on, till an aide-de-camp directed his attention to the mutineers crossing the road at a distance of *not more than five hundred yards.*

At first the Chief would not go back, but got on the top of his *garry* with a glass; and only when he saw some cavalry sent to cut off his retreat did he think it proper to stop. Had they been a few hundred yards farther on, the *whole party must have been cut off to a man*, since having no escort, the odds opposed to them was so tremendous as to render effectual resistance impossible. As it was, their coming up, with such apparent boldness, so very near to the rebels, evidently soon impressed the latter with the conviction that Sir Colin and his party formed only the advanced guard of an avenging column; and so, after a little hesitation, they made off as fast as they could, elephants, guns, and all, while Sir Colin and his staff instantly turned back and retraced their steps for ten miles, till they came up with a bullock-train party of soldiers. What a narrow escape! What a providential interposition! A few minutes sooner, and the brave Sir Colin, with his whole staff, would have been ignominiously butchered! What, then, of poor distracted British India! Who can venture to estimate the extent of calamity which might result from the announcement throughout all the rebel hosts of the capture of such a prize! May we not, then, hail a personal escape so remarkable, as the token of an overruling Providence; that he who was thus marvellously delivered himself is

destined to be the instrument of signal deliverances to others, and an agent, in the hands of a gracious God, for restoring order and tranquillity to this sadly convulsed and sorely scourged land?

The full dispatch from General Wilson, concerning the final capture of Delhi, reached this Government about a week ago; but it was only this morning that it was published here. As it is sure to be reprinted at home, and perused with thrilling interest, I need say no more than that, much as we have been hearing all along of the astonishing prowess of our troops, *the half had not been told us.* Men who are no mean judges in such matters unite in declaring that, considering the astounding difficulties in the way, nothing within the whole range of military warfare can well surpass the examples of indomitable perseverance, the undaunted valor, and the heroic courage, to be found in this official but heart-stirring narrative of the achievements of our countrymen before the walls of the now captured and devastated imperial city of the Great Mogul. Yours affectionately,

ALEXANDER DUFF.

LETTER XV.

CALCUTTA, 20th November, 1857.

MY DEAR DR. TWEEDIE,—In my last, so far as the narrow limits of a letter could well admit, I endeavored to set forth the true state of the case, as regards the feelings of the Indian population towards us and our rule. But the subject is of such vital and practical importance, that I must be excused for returning to it.

It is proper, then, with emphasis to re-assert that no single categorical expression can accurately represent the reality: the reality is not simple but multiplex; and in stating it, you must distinguish between large classes or masses that are widely divergent. In India there is no actual nationality, even as there is no real patriotism. It is a congeries of heterogeneous races, differing from each other in tastes and likings, domestic and social usages, mental and moral habitudes, physical qualities and pursuits, religious ideas and practices, as much as the old Scotch Highlanders differ from Anglo-Saxon Lowlanders, or the Papal Irish from both; or fully as much as the Spanish, Italian, French,

German, and Scandinavian races from each other.

To any candid and reflecting mind, the very statement of this fact may suffice to indicate that there must be a great diversity in the manifestation of native feeling towards us and our Government. To assert, as some have done, that the *hundred and eighty* millions of India positively *hate* us, is an extreme as far removed from the truth, as the opposite assertion, that these hundred and eighty millions are *cordially attached* to our sway. As usual in all such cases, the truth lies somewhere in the middle between these extremes. Let us try to discover what that middle is.

1. Besides many of the wild tribes that roam over our hilly regions and trackless forests, there are, in all likelihood, *tens of millions* of the *ryots* or cultivators and village artisans of India, who must be ranked in the class of *Indifferents;* since of them it cannot be truthfully said they either *positively love* or *positively hate* us. Like their predecessors and ancestors from time immemorial, these are wonderfully little concerned with changes of government. Such changes chiefly affect ambitious rulers, with their court minions and harpy-like host of official myrmidons. But, throughout all ages, the great bulk of the peasantry have been accustomed to be trampled on and mercilessly

fleeced — experiencing fully as much of the curses as of the blessings of power. So that to them it seemed a matter of indifference whether the paramount Power were Patan, Tartar or Mogul, Brahminical or British. For, however unnatural, it is nevertheless true, that natives—whether themselves the actual rulers, or only the ministers and agents of foreign rulers—have at all times been the most inexorable oppressors of natives. When themselves the rulers, they were, for the most part, tyrants over down-trodden vassals; when themselves subjects in office, they have generally, in cruelty and rapacity, exceeded their foreign masters. And of all such tyrants, the Brahmins usually abused their power the most; as if by bribing the gods with ceremonies and offerings, any iniquities, however aggravated, could at once be obliterated! While, therefore, numbers of the common peasantry may be more or less discontented—as numbers must always have been—with the *Sircar*, or Supreme Government, without very well knowing who or what the *present Sircar* is, through the exactions and oppressions of the Government native agents, there are doubtless numbers more, living in a state of profoundest apathy, because living in a state of serfdom, which has been perpetuated and grown into a law and habit of nature, through the changelessness of successive generations—nei-

ther knowing nor caring anything about the *Sircar*. Of the collector, judge, or magistrate of the district, they may have heard or known something in the course of a lifetime. But there, their experience and knowledge ordinarily terminate. Of the name, or even existence, of the Governor-General of India, or their Sovereign Lady Queen Victoria, they may never have heard at all. Nor is such ignorance and consequent indifference on the part of degraded, uncivilized multitudes, to be much wondered at, when it is remembered that the Naneab Suraj-ud-Dowla, who fought with Clive at Plassey, was frequently heard to say, "he did not imagine there were ten thousand men in all Frengistan"—meaning Europe!

2. Among all classes there are individuals—and among some classes many more proportionally than among others—who have fairly emerged from this state of brutish apathy and indifference. From instincts of self-interest, or an intelligent apprehension of our power, or even willingness to benefit them, there are individuals of every caste and race who may be said, in a loose and general way, to be *reconciled, if not attached*, to our sway. These will be found chiefly among the trading and commercial orders of our large cities—particularly Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay. In the last of these, the *Parsis*, as a class, have always been spoken of

as notoriously favorable to our rule; but these, though genuine Orientals, are, equally with ourselves, strangers and foreigners on the soil of India.

3. As to *lovers* of us or our rule, in any true sense of the term, probably there are none among any class, except the comparatively small body of professing *native Christians*. In them, participation in the transcendent benefits of a common and glorious faith has overcome the antipathies generated by foreignness of race and the humiliation of conquest, and merged all in the love and fellowship of Christian brotherhood. The reality of their good-will and affection towards us, and to their credit it ought to be specially noted, has, in various ways, been made manifest throughout the progress of the recent awful rebellion. No sooner did the intelligence reach Calcutta of the massacres at Meerut and Delhi, than the educated native Christians of all denominations met in our Institution, and drew up a truly loyal and admirable address to the Governor-General. A similar address was also forwarded from the large body of native Christians in the district of Krishnaghur; offering, at the same time, any assistance in their power with their carts or bullocks, &c. The native Christians at Chota Nagpore, a hilly district, offered their personal services as police guards, or in any other ca-

pacity. The native Christians in the district of Burrisal, East Bengal, were ready, if called on, or accepted, to form a local military corps for the defence of that quarter. The magistrate of Tipperah, a zillah still farther to the east, and still in a state of great insecurity, sent the other day to one of the Dacca missionaries an earnest requisition for a hundred and fifty native Christians for defensive purposes, as the only class of natives in whose loyalty and attachment to us any real confidence could be placed. The individual who gave information to the authorities at Patna, which led to the discovery and defeat of a desperate Mohammedan plot to massacre all the Europeans at that station, was a native Christian. But enough. Theory and practice alike concur in proving, that to increase and multiply the number of native Christians, is to increase and multiply the only class of truly staunch and loyal native subjects of the British Crown among the teeming millions of India.

4. If our *lovers* be few, our *haters* also are many! If the former are to be reckoned up by units, the latter may be counted by myriads. Still, far from including *the whole*, I cannot believe that they include anything like *one-half* of the Indian population. As formerly indicated, our *haters* are to be found chiefly among the Mohammedans, Brahmins, Rajputs, and other

armed and turbulent classes of Northern and Central India. For the reasons assigned in my last, a large proportion of all these classes, so long as they remain genuine Mohammedans and Hindus, cannot but dislike, or even hate, us and our rule—do or attempt what we may for their temporal welfare. Our rule, merely as the rule of Christian foreigners, though conducted on principles of angelic perfection and purity, would be a standing grievance and unforgivable offence. Many, accordingly, do hate us with a cordial hatred. Amongst these are the rajahs and nawabs, the nobles, the chiefs, the priests, and the warriors, whose absolute supremacy in civil, military, and religious affairs, has been subverted or weakened, restrained within narrow bounds, or contracted into dwarfish dimensions. It could not be expected of human nature in any of its forms, or in any clime—and least of all of unregenerated heathen nature, in an Indian clime—that a change so radical, affecting so directly the official power, the material interests, the personal dignity, the social rank, the political influence, of so many, would be submitted to with unmurmuring acquiescence. The mere fact of a forcible conquest, together with the systematic restraint and all-pervading regularity of our rule, not only reducing all to a condition of comparative insignificance and powerlessness, but what is to them more intoler-

able still, a condition of repression and compulsory rest, were enough to awaken and perpetuate feelings of exasperation and intensest hate. Is it therefore anything to be greatly wondered at, that Mohammedan conquerors, superseded in the high places of power—Hindu rajahs or petty sovereigns, reduced to little more than the rank of titled nobles or large landed proprietors — Brahmins and Manlavis, stripped of many of their proud pretensions and super-eminent personal immunities — military chiefs, and other functionaries, who, as leaders of armies, or governors of provinces, were wont to exercise summary authority, and gorge themselves with unlimited spoil—together with all subordinate agents, who found profit, pride, or glory in acting as the executors of their arbitrary will—should find a common interest in plotting for the overthrow of a race of conquerors who had not only thus brought them down to a state of obscurity and impotence, but threatened, by its strong and rigid system of administration, for ever to keep them there ?

5. Accordingly, that it was in this quarter and direction that the true originating cause of the great rebellion was to be found, was, from the very first, my own conviction, a conviction then shared by few, and, when first propounded, met, on the part of many, with the scowl of incredulity. The greased cartridges, and all

other alleged proximate causes connected with caste and religion, I could not but regard as the mearest and flimsiest pretexts, cunningly contrived and adroitly put forth by deeply-designing traitors behind the scenes. In other words, from the first I could not but regard and pronounce the mutiny and rebellion as the result of a *political conspiracy* in which Mohammedan chiefs and intriguers would be found the *prime movers*, Brahmins and other high-caste Hindus their willing auxiliaries, and the great mass of the sepoys their sympathizing *confrères, in the first instance*, but their duped instruments at last. For the sake of truth, and the future of India, I do therefore rejoice that a similar conviction is beginning to take firm root among the leaders of public opinion at home. In an influential London journal brought out by last mail, it is strongly asserted that "the rebellion and mutiny we have witnessed were not an effort to avenge wrongs or to throw off oppression," but, "beyond question *a political conspiracy* engendered by princely ambition and ministerial intrigue, baffled and discontented, and seeking to recover a position and an arena for activity."

Let this assertion as to the primal originating cause of the great rebellion—and I believe it to be substantially the very truth on the subject—firmly seize the British mind, and it will

wonderfully facilitate future inquiries, and direct to the discovery and application of right remedial measures.

Assuredly, as far as the Government is concerned, the sepoys had no personal wrongs or grievances to complain of. On the contrary, as the whole world now knows, they were treated with a kindness, indulgence, and forbearance which greatly exceeded the bounds of prudence. Their pay and pensions were more liberal than those of any other military service in any land; their failures in duty and breaches of discipline were visited with a leniency which almost tempted to insubordination; their very superstitions were ostentatiously respected; their caste prejudices flattered and cherished; their childish freaks and follies borne with and humored to the uttermost. Verily, as regards the Government against which they have so perfidiously risen, these petted, pampered, prætorian bands, filled with insolence and self-conceit, had nothing to complain of. Neither, so far as the present Government is concerned, had the armed populace in Northern and Central India, who have swelled the ranks of the mutineers and rebels, any intolerable oppressions to complain of.* On the contrary, these *Northern provinces*, under the admirable revenue settlement of the

* Here I do not include the case of Oude, which must be judged of on its own merits.

late Mr. Bird, and the not less admirable administration of the late Mr. Thomason, and his successor, were certainly pointed at for the last dozen years, as exhibiting a model of good government, and a spectacle of apparent satisfaction and prosperity on the part of the people. But, notwithstanding all this, it is now but too evident that the whole was wrapped up in a mantle of illusion.

When we were very naturally buoying ourselves with the imagination that our rule must be popular with the masses, because, under its steady and even-handed procedure, individual and social rights were more respected, life and property, and the fruits of industry, more secure, than they had ever been before, we as naturally forgot that there were numbers spread over the whole of these provinces, the sentiments of whose hearts, if they found vent in articulate utterance, would run somewhat in this strain: "Even admitting all that you allege in your own favor, there is still something so dull, dreary, and monotonous in the iron uniformity of your sway, that we rather long for the stir and excitement of the olden times. Doubtless we were then constantly liable to become the victims of rapine and plunder; but, as a counterpoise to that, we had an equal chance of self-aggrandizement, by similar means, in our turn. True also, the exactions and demands of native

princes were often ruinously oppressive; but then, we had it often in our power, by artifice or resistance, to evade them, while there is no escape from the clenching gripe of your system of taxation. To speak the plain truth, we sigh for the return of the good old times, despite all their anarchy and misrule."

Thus, while under our strong rule, order everywhere prevailed—all open lawlessness and predatory violence being kept in check by an ubiquitous and resistless power—the grand mistake lay in identifying universal order with universal peace. Order, external order, everywhere; but, alas, nowhere real solid, satisfying, internal peace! It was only enforced, not voluntary, order—superinduced quietude, not spontaneous repose—necessitated submission to the dominance of an overmastering power, not a cheerful, willing accord in its rightful authority. Perhaps an intelligent apprehension of the strangely mixed state of things in France now, where there is order, but no settled, enduring peace, might help the good people at home in their attempt to comprehend the mixed state of things in Northern and Central India before the outbreak of the great rebellion.

In the Bengal army, from its being composed chiefly of Brahmins, Mussulmans, Rajputs, and other high-caste Hindus, there have always been *thousands* of *latent* mutineers. Among the

Indian people, and especially the Mussulmans, the Brahmins, the Rajputs, and armed classes in the North-West, there have always been *tens of thousands* of *latent* rebels—the native army keeping in check the rebels, and the British bayonets keeping in check the mutineers ! In short, there has always been abundance of the raw material of mutiny and rebellion spread over the country, needing only the carefully applied spark to ignite the whole into combustion and explosion.

To say, then, with the *Times* and a certain class of home politicians, that the present revolt is a *purely military one and nothing more*, is an egregious mistake, and as mischievous as it is egregious. To say, on the other hand, with the *Press* and another class of home politicians, that the rebellion is a *national* one, in any true sense of the word *national*, is a mistake just as egregious, and scarcely less mischievous. In reality it is a revolt or rebellion of the Mohammedan, Brahmin, Rajput, and other fraternizing sepoys, *plus* the whole shoal of political intriguers connected with the fallen dynasties, royalties, and chieftianships of Mohammedanism and Hinduism, together with the armed classes, which constitute so large a proportion, though probably not the majority, of the population of Northern and Central India. This armed populace of full-grown men, accustomed to wield all

sorts of arms from earliest youth, one of the most sober and best-informed of our local journalists estimates, at the very least, at *three millions!* Here, then, is our real enemy!—the enemy that will have to be subdued, pacified, and turned into orderly subjects, even after the army of a hundred thousand murderous mutineers has been literally annihilated. Successfully to achieve so glorious a pacification, will certainly tax the wisdom and energies of our highest statesmen. One indispensable *preliminary* measure, as stated in my last, must be a stern and relentless disarmament of the restless, turbulent, and warrior classes throughout the whole of Northern and Central India. On this subject, for the sake of India itself, and its onward amelioration, all puling, maudlin, sentimentalism ought to be scathed and scouted with unpitying scorn. A demand from the mighty British people for the immediate and universal disarming of the whole of the dangerous classes of India, ought to reach our shores, in a voice, if not as loud, at least as effective, as that of ten thousand thunders! As a *Scottish Highlander*, I know how bitter was the act which disarmed the clans after the decisive battle of Culloden; but as a *Christian man* I feel how necessary that apparently despotic act was for the subsequent evangelization of the Highlands, and how thoroughly it was justified by its blessed re-

sults! When, at Lucknow or elsewhere, our Indian Culloden has been fought and won, under our brave Highland chief, Sir Colin Campbell, let us at once follow up the victory by universally disarming the people. And while the civil power, in its own department, proceeds to the adoption and establishment of healing measures, let the Protestant Churches of Great Britain, America, and Germany, pour in upon the chafed and parched soil the waters of life and salvation; and India may soon become the Lord's! Then may we rest assured that, in the fulness of her spiritual blessings, evangelized India will be ready to forgive and forget the roughness of the discipline through which they may have been gained.

Nov. 21.—The departure of our mail, which was to have closed to-day, has been postponed to the 24th, in consequence of the news from Lucknow. For nearly two months no direct intelligence had reached us from the force under Generals Outram and Havelock; which, after relieving the distressed garrison, when on the very eve of being utterly destroyed, became itself so beleaguered as to stand in need of being relieved. After a week of awful suspense, during which little else was known except that there was a great deal of desperate fighting in the suburbs of Lucknow, a short telegraphic

message has come to hand this morning, announcing the junction of the forces under the Commander-in-Chief and those under Generals Outram and Havelock; which, in other words, is an announcement of the capture of Lucknow, and final deliverance of the sorely environed garrison there. Still, there are many sadly palpitating hearts amongst us. We have simply heard of victory; but, oh, the intense anxiety of the questionings on all sides! Will my father, my husband, my brother, my son, or my friend, be found in the bead-roll of death? These suggestive expressions in the short telegram—"Very strong position carried by assault;" "carried after a severe struggle;" "carried after one of the severest fights ever witnessed"—will fill Calcutta this day with many a sore heart, many a sobbing utterance, many a rueful countenance. And I confess, in penning these ominous words, when I think of the many dear friends and personal acquaintances who were exposed in the terrific conflicts of successive days around and within the doomed city, the tears—nature's involuntary tribute at the thought of bereaved friendship—are trickling down my cheeks. Oh that the Lord may graciously have compassion on the many fatherless, husbandless, brotherless, sonless sorrowers who may be amongst us this day!

24*th.*—To-day our mail closes; and the intel-

ligence which it conveys is of a chequered character. Successes there have been in different quarters against the rebels. But these, for the most part, have been of so desultory a nature as to issue in no decisive result. However strange it may appear to the people at home, it is nevertheless true that there are tens of thousands of natives in Calcutta, and probably millions throughout the Gangetic valley, who will not believe that Delhi has been captured by the British forces. The sepoys that lately mutinied and killed their officers at Deoghur, in Behar, went off to Delhi, believing it still to be in the hands of their comrades! The contingent that mutinied at Kotah in Central India, and killed the excellent Colonel Burton and his sons, did so avowedly because they declared that their commander had imposed a lie upon them, in ordering a salute to be fired in honor of the re-capture of Delhi! and off they went triumphantly to the imperial city, believing that the representative of the Great Mogul was still upon the throne! Never for a moment doubting the *ultimate* success of the British arms in extinguishing the rebellion, I all along had an intense persuasion that the task would be found a vastly more difficult one than sanguine-minded men, ignorant of the real peculiarities of the case, were willing to suppose.

Even now the state of things at Lucknow is

causing no small anxiety to the sober-minded here. True, the garrison has been relieved a *second* time; but at what a cost! The casualties, so far as known to this Government, have now been published. They include the "Commander-in-Chief," his "military secretary," and one of his "aides-de-camp," all "wounded." As yet, however, we know not the full extent of the casualties; but one thing we do know, that notwithstanding the daily accessions to the British force, the communications between Cawnpore and Lucknow have again and again been interrupted. Only a few days ago, the European director of the telegraph and his assistants were found murdered on the road!

In past times God has not been honored and acknowledged by our rulers and people as He ought. On the contrary, his name has by them been blasphemed among the heathen; while heathenism, in many of its most obnoxious forms, has been openly, yea, ostentatiously, countenanced. Only the other day, a gentleman, who had it from the officer that witnessed the spectacle, told me that a late Governor-General, in his tour through the Upper Provinces, visited a celebrated shrine of Hindu Idolatry, took off his shoes in honor of it, as holy ground, and with his own hands deposited a bag of several hundred rupees before the Idol! On such a scene the supreme rulers at home would

look with complacency. And yet, when the present Governor-General subscribes to a religious Christian institution, he is told authoritatively in the House of Lords that his doing so unfitted him for supreme rule in India! Need we wonder that the Lord has a controversy with us as a people and nation? As a nation we deserved to be smitten: the stroke of judgment has fallen; and for all this His anger is not turned away, but His hand is stretched out still. Yours ever affectionately,

ALEXANDER DUFF.

LETTER XVI.

CALCUTTA, 8th December, 1857.

MY DEAR DR. TWEEDIE,—The wave of rebellion, slowly rolling on from the North-West, has now completed its line of circumvallation round Lower Bengal. The three companies of sepoys in charge of the treasury, jail, &c., at Chittagong, the capital of the district of that name, at the south-eastern extremity of Bengal, round the head of the bay, have at last mutinied. The circumstances are suggestive. These men had so long continued—to all appearance—"staunch and loyal," that even the most sceptical were beginning to think sepoy faithfulness not absolutely impossible. In proof of their fidelity, they forwarded a petition not long ago to Government, begging to be allowed to remain where they were for another year, as the time of their removal, in the ordinary course of rotation, was nigh at hand. The Government, in cheerfully acceding to their request, sent also *a letter complimenting them on the excellence of their conduct.* This letter reached them on Sunday, 15th November, and on the evening of Wednesday the 18th, about 11 P.M., they suddenly rose in open

mutiny, and promptly went to work after the most approved and stereotyped fashion!

First of all they rush to the houses of the Europeans, civil and military, bent on the destruction of their inmates. Happily these, with a single exception, escaped the intended massacre by a hurried flight, mostly in their night-clothes—some on board ships, others into boats up the river, and others still into the neighboring jungles. The Civil Commissioner, who had concealed himself in the compound or court-yard of his house, distinctly heard the mutineers asking for him. Next they set fire to their own lines; killing the native jailor, they liberated the convicts; blew up the magazine; robbed the treasury. Having then bestowed bountiful largesses on the mosques, and loaded the Company's elephants with their plunder, they marched northward in the direction of Tipperah, with the blessings of the faquirs, exclaiming—"We have obtained our utmost wish, but have not succeeded in killing the Feringhee dogs."

Immediately on the report of the mutiny reaching Dacca, the next principal station to the north-west, it was resolved to attempt to disarm the two companies of sepoys and small body of native artillerymen located there. The non-combatants having been lodged in the house which had been fortified in anticipation of such a contingency, the sailors, who had been sent

from Calcutta at a time when no British soldiers could be spared, proceeded to the lines to enforce the order for disarmament. The men were evidently well prepared; as the sailors, headed by the authorities, were at once received with volleys of musketry and showers of grape. A stubborn fight ensued, in which two or three of the seamen were killed, and several wounded. But British pluck and bravery, as usual, though against heavy odds, won the day. After a resistless charge, the guns and magazine were got possession of; and the sepoys, fairly beaten, took to flight, leaving behind them about forty killed and many wounded. One correspondent from the place writes—"Had it not been for our handful of marines, who fought right gallantly, where would we have been now?" And another, "Had the sepoys here overpowered our seamen, who were scarcely ninety in number, perhaps we should not have been alive at this time. But God has been very merciful, and to Him we would render our most earnest thanks."

Proceeding northward, the Dacca and Chittagong mutineers have, as might be expected, been plundering, right and left, as they went along, spreading panic and consternation through the surrounding districts. If not speedily arrested in their depredatory career, there is no calculating the amount of mischief which they may effect, or the extent to which the

sparks of rebellion may ignite the combustible materials all around. Soon after the tidings reached Calcutta, a steamer was dispatched to that quarter with four hundred men. Had this measure been adopted a few weeks earlier, it would almost to a certainty have prevented any outbreak of the mutinous spirit at Chittagong and Dacca, and saved the loss of our prestige in regions which bring us into perilous proximity with Burmah and its unfriendly frontier tribes. But our authorities continued, unhappily and blindly, to trust in the fidelity of the "*staunch and loyal*" sepoys, though thoroughly distrusted by all besides. And so it has been very much all along. And hence "too late" or "insufficient" may well be said to have been the leading characteristics of most of our public measures. We trust, however, that a brighter day will soon dawn upon us.

While the extreme east of Bengal has thus at last become the scene of mutiny and anarchy, the extreme west continues to be in a very troubled state. Sumbulpore is still in the hands of the rebel chief who seized it some time ago; and between that and Cuttack on the south, some European medical officers have recently been murdered in attempting to pass from one station to the other. The condition of the whole of Behar, bounding Bengal on the north, is still very unsettled.

In ordinary times such a state of things all around Bengal would be fraught with stirring interest. But even here, in the centre of such encompassing troubles, all interest in them has been well-nigh swallowed up by the more absorbing interest in the greater events now transpiring in the North-West, particularly at Cawnpore and Lucknow. Of these I need say little, as the public journals will convey to you all that we know about them. Full details of any of the vast and complicated operations have not yet reached our authorities. As yet, therefore, we know little beyond the leading facts. These, however, are of a momentous character. At Lucknow, Sir Colin Campbell, forcing his way through masses of highly defensible buildings, occupied by enemies ten or twenty times outnumbering his own men, enemies, too, fighting behind stone walls, and firing from loop-holed houses, with every advantage which a strong position and local knowledge could supply, succeeded in releasing the garrison, which, with starvation inside, and death and treachery all around, had held out for six months, in the face of hostile myriads! Leaving behind him a division under Sir James Outram, Sir Colin next conducted six hundred helpless women and children, with two thousand sick and wounded, through a country literally swarming with armed foes, and safely landed

them at Cawnpore. Taking it all in all, this is an achievement which the most experienced here consider as greatly outrivalling any of Sir Colin's feats on the Alma or at Balaklava.

It was on the evening of November 28th that Sir Colin reached Cawnpore, and he did not reach it an hour too soon. On the preceding day the Gwalior contingent, increased by other levies of mutineers, to the number of twelve or fifteen thousand, with a splendid park of artillery, compelled the small British force to retire within the entrenchments, and burned their camp, with its two or three thousand tents—itself no small disaster at such a time! The arrival of Sir Colin and his force, which guarded the convoy from Lucknow, soon changed, as we now learn, the aspect of things.

But the anarchical state of the country may be inferred from this, that the communications between Cawnpore and Lucknow were so interrupted, that *for a whole week* not a word reached Calcutta from Sir Colin's camp. Of what transpired between the day on which he relieved the Lucknow garrison and the day of his arrival at Cawnpore nothing whatever was known here. So you may readily imagine the state of anxious suspense in which all here were kept. Again, from the 1st inst. until this morning (8th) nothing whatever was heard of the proceedings at Cawnpore, so completely had the communica-

tions been interrupted between Cawnpore and Allahabad. Again, you may readily imagine the state of fearful suspense in which we have been kept for the last seven days ; more especially as, in the absence of all authentic intelligence, the spirits of evil were abroad with their legion of wildly-exaggerated and disastrous rumors.

This morning, however, thanks be to God, our minds have been relieved of a distressing burden by the twofold intelligence, *first*, that the ladies and children of the Lucknow garrison have safely reached Allahabad, whence we may expect them soon to proceed by steamers to Calcutta ; and *second*, that the brave Sir Colin—having finally completed his arrangements for putting the remainder of the sick and wounded, numbering nearly nine hundred, in safety—the day before yesterday (6th), attacked and routed the Gwalior contingent and its allies, capturing sixteen guns, with immense quantities of ammunition, grain, bullocks, and the whole baggage of the force ! Verily, many a voice of thanksgiving, flowing from many a grateful heart, will be heard this morning in the dwellings of this great metropolis. Remembering the case of Moses, who was praying on the hill when the armies of Israel were fighting in the vale below, I may note the pleasing coincidence, that while the battle of Cawnpore was raging on Sabbath

forenoon, the people of God, assembled in all our sanctuaries or mounts of devotion, were engaged in fervent prayer for the success of our noble commanders and heroic men. And Sir Colin reports that his loss was "insignificant"—only one officer being reported as killed.

There is, however, nothing like unmingled joy to be found in such a world of lights and shadows as ours. The relief of Lucknow and the victory of Cawnpore are, in themselves, joyous events. But the former was accomplished at the cost of scores of officers and hundreds of men, killed and wounded, bringing sorrow and bereavement into the bosom of many a family circle. And amongst the killed we have now to reckon one whose death will be felt as a *national* loss. At the the close of my last letter, I found myself writing under an uncontrollable impulse of sadness, at the bare thought of the friends or acquaintances (then unknown) who might or must have fallen amid the terrific conflicts at Lucknow. It now turns out that the foreboding or presentiment under the influence of which I then labored was not illusive. For, at the very time I was writing, another of our immortal leaders, General Havelock, was expiring from fatigue and wounds, in the midst of those whom his own intrepid bravery had relieved. I knew him personally, having been privileged to make his acquaintance many years ago, under the hospi-

table roof of the late revered Dr. Marshman, of Serampore, whose son-in-law he was. Somewhat stern and reserved he was in manner, yet you could not be long in his presence without finding that he was a man who feared God, and that, fearing God, he feared nought else besides. It was this holy reverential fear of God that was the real source of his undaunted courage in the discharge of duty, at whatever peril to life or fortune. His, in this respect, was the genuine spirit of the old English Puritan, the very spirit of Oliver Cromwell and his compeers. And the tendency was to turn the British soldiers, under his exclusive moulding, into a phalanx of modern Ironsides. He was the first of our Generals who distinctly recognized the hand of God in his surprising victories over the mighty host of rebel mutineers. "By the blessing of God, I have captured Cawnpore," were the first words of his memorable telegraphic dispatch from that scene of one of the strangest and bloodiest tragedies ever enacted on the stage of time. Faithful as a patriot warrior to his earthly sovereign, he lived to receive from her gracious Majesty a first instalment of honor and reward, and to hear how a grateful country had hailed his great services with unbounded admiration and applause. But faithful also as a soldier of the Cross to his Sovereign in the skies, he has now gone to receive a far greater

honor, and inherit a vastly nobler recompense of reward. He has gone, ripe in grace, to fructify in glory! What a transition! From the confused noise of battle, to the hallelujahs of angels! From garments rolled in blood, to the pure white robes of the redeemed in Immanuel's Land!

December 10.—The mail which closes to-day will carry to the British shores intelligence of a cheering and re-assuring character. But I almost tremble lest it inspire the general mind with far too favorable impressions of the progress that has been made in suppressing this dire rebellion. Deeply thankful do we feel to a gracious, overruling Providence, that things have not been worse than they are; that there have been already great achievements and great deliverances; that great cities like Calcutta, Benares, Patna, and many more, once threatened with all but inevitable destruction, have been mercifully saved; that the important fortresses of Allahabad and Agra was almost miraculously delivered from the enemy's grasp; that central stations like Jubbulpore, Saugor, and others, still sorely beleaguered, have hitherto been able to hold out; that Delhi, the imperial city and focus of the mutinies, has been re-captured, Lucknow finally relieved, and Cawnpore twice re-taken; and that so many notable victories

have already crowned the unrivalled prowess of our gallant soldiers.

But, notwithstanding all these successes, we who live out here, with no interests to serve but those of truth and righteousness, and eyes undimmed with the haze of red-tapist officialism, feel intensely that comparatively little has yet been done towards an effectual suppression of the rebellion. To many this may sound a very disheartening statement; and it is an invidious and ungracious office to attempt to force it on the notice of those who are unwilling to believe in the possibility of a prolonged struggle. But to the really conscientious there is but one course open; and that is, to tell what is the naked truth on the subject.

The fall of Delhi has not been attended with the effect which would have been produced had it fallen at the outset. However incredible it may appear to people at home, it is nevertheless true, that letters from all quarters assure us that multitudes of the natives will not believe that it has yet been re-captured by us. It is the policy of all inimical to our sway—and their name is legion—to encourage scepticism on the subject to the uttermost; yea, and to fabricate and circulate the wildest and most exaggerated stories about the defeat of the British in every encounter with the sepoys. Even the almost daily arrival of so many troops does not inspire

the terror which was anticipated. Those who reside along the grand trunk road, when they see such numbers of red coats constantly passing, have been heard to exclaim, "Ah, we have touched a hornet's nest, and lo, the result!"—or, "The sea is spawning soldiers to help her children." But the multitudes, who have not witnessed the imposing spectacle with their own eyes, when they hear of the landing of such numbers from the ships, are made to believe that the actual strength of the force is not increased; that the same men are landed, reshipped, and landed again and again, merely for deception and show! It ought also to be kept in remembrance, that while at every station occupied by British troops there is tolerable order, the reports from one and all of them are to the effect that, at very short distances from them, yea, in their immediate neighborhood, civil and military authority alike is quite *nil;* that internecine war prevails, and lawless anarchy reigns supreme; atrocious crimes and robberies being the order of the day! At some small stations, not far from the central ones, where order was supposed to be restored, accounts have reached of the Thannas and Jehsilis, the police offices and local treasures, being plundered by the *villagers!* Even in the vicinity of Delhi, weeks after we were undisputed masters of the city, what was the

state of things? All around, within a short radius of a few miles, there were, and still are, "a host of fortified villages with a wide ditch and high mud bank, swarming with thousands of *budmashes* (or habit and repute ruffians) from the city, and wounded sepoys." As an instance of the state of the neighborhood of Delhi, in consequence of the existence of these nests of hornets, we may mention, that the camels of Coke's regiment were out foraging about *two miles* from the city, when a *party of villagers* attacked the guard, wounding one, and were carrying off the camels, when they were rescued by a party of horse under an officer, out on escort duty. Nothing was done to punish the villagers. None of our people could approach those villages without the certainty of being fired on; and this, weeks after a shot had been fired at Delhi! But, as a counterpoise to such statements, it has been asked, Did not the inhabitants of Agra celebrate the downfall of Delhi by an illumination of their houses? Yes, they did, we reply; but in circumstances which convict them of consummate hypocrisy. This exhibition of mock sympathy with us only took place *after* the rebel hosts—which vauntingly boasted that they would blow the Agra fort to pieces, and not leave a *Feringhee* alive in it—had been fairly routed and dispersed by Greathed's column from Delhi! Then, when

the British ascendancy was again paramount in the city, the illumination took place in honor of the Delhi triumphs. But that the whole affair was a piece of hollow mockery, appears incontestable from the fact that these after-illuminators of their houses not only knew of the near and stealthy approach of the ten thousand Gwalior and other rebels, but, on the evening before they so suddenly attacked the British cantonments, actually sent out to them quantities of sweetmeats, and other means of regalement; while *not a native in Agra offered to aid the British, or even furnish them with so much as a hint of the approach of the rebels.* These, and facts of a similar kind, ought assuredly to open the eyes of the most sceptically blind as to the latent feelings of a large proportion at least of the general populace towards us.

And yet, in the face of these, and all similar facts, there are those at home and abroad in high places, who still infatuatedly cling to the delusion that it is an exclusively "military revolt" with which we have to deal; that we have "a secure place and solid foundation in the confidence and good-will of the people," and that "the mutineers have not the confidence or sympathy of the general population." At the risk of being accounted a prophet of ill omen, I must solemnly protest against the mischievousness of so deadly a delusion. This is not

merely to underrate the gravity, it is positively to mistake the nature of the present momentous crisis. And if its very nature, not less than magnitude, be entirely mistaken, how can we expect the adoption of measures commensurate with its present exigencies or prospective outgoings? Why, if it had been a "merely military mutiny," in the midst of an unsympathizing, unaiding populace, a few decisive victories, such as we have already had, might quash it; or, as the phrase goes, "stamp it out." But, so far from being quashed or "stamped out," it seems still as rampant, and, in some respects, more wide-spread and formidable than ever. And it is the fact that it is *not* a mere "military revolt," but a rebellion—a revolution—which alone can account for the little progress hitherto made in extinguishing it, and, at the same time, precludes any reasonable hope of its early complete suppression. That it is a rebellion, and a rebellion, too, of no recent or mushroom growth, every fresh revelation tends more and more to confirm; and a rebellion long and deliberately concocted—a rebellion which has been able to array the Hindu and Mohammedan in an unnatural confederacy—a rebellion which is now manifestly nurtured and sustained by the whole population of Oude, and, directly or indirectly, sympathized with and assisted by well nigh half that of the neighboring provinces—is not

to be put down by a few victories over mutinous sepoys, however decisive or brilliant.

To earn for the present revolt the designation of "rebellion," it is surely not necessary that the entire mass of the people should have risen in active hostility against us. We talk of the rebellion of "Forty-five" in our own land, though only a section of the general population actually took up arms—known, however, to be sympathized with by numbers of partisans throughout the land. And is not the sway of the rebels at this moment vastly firmer and more extensive in Northern and Central India, than ever was that of Prince Charles and his followers throughout the British isles?

That there is, even in Northern and Central India, an ordinarily quiet, simple industrious race, who, if left alone, would live on, under under any paramount power, in profoundest apathy and unconcern, is what I have heretofore, again and again, asserted. But, from the first, it was strangely forgotten by many of our officials and leaders of public opinion, at home and abroad, that, throughout our Northern and Central Provinces, there are whole tribes of banditti, professional robbers and murderers—hosts of *budmashes*, ever ready for any work of violence and rapine—endless discontented chiefs with crowds of retainers, the descendants of marauders who, in their day, founded petty

thrones and principalities—and that all of these, together with the *multitudinous armed populace*, long kept in check or under repression by the strong hand of a righteous Government, the mutiny at once released and turned adrift, as surging elements of mischief, to scour and scourge a desolated land.

Even by those who were not altogether incognizant of the peculiar constitution of native society, it has been strangely forgotten how vast a proportion of the general population in Northern and Central India consist of those very elements of mischief which have now been let loose, freely to follow their predatory instincts, and issue forth to mingle in the sanguinary fray. Aye, and it has been strangely overlooked how, in such a general *mêlee* of anarchy, the active or passive sympathies of numbers of the ordinarily peaceable and industrious population must of necessity be excited in favor of the rebels, and against us—leading them readily to supply the former with provisions and information, while provisions are reluctantly doled out to us, and useful information never—thus greatly augmenting our difficulty in defeating their desperate enterprises, and rendering the task of quelling rebellion a far more formidable one than the persevering assertors of a mere military revolt can be prepared to anticipate.

That there is a "military revolt" is, alas! far

too conspicuously written in characters of fire and blood through all the military stations of Northern and Central India. But what all the friends and advocates of right measures for the restoration of settled peace and order must persist in reiterating is, that it is *more* than a mere "military mutiny;" that, from the very outset, it has been gradually assuming more and more the character of "a rebellion"—a rebellion, on the part of vast multitudes beyond the sepoy army, against British supremacy and sovereignty—and that our real contest never was wholly, and now less than ever, with mutinous sepoys. Had we only sepoys for our foes, the country might soon be pacified. But, having far worse enemies than the sepoys to overcome—even anarchy or utter lawlessness, the extinction of rule and authority, the dissolution of organized society, and the hereditary taste for war and rapine, on the part of millions, which has been evoked and exasperated by a very plethora of indulgence—we may expect the patience, the disinterestedness, and the energy of Christian principle to be taxed to the uttermost before the tremendous conflict shall issue in a solid and satisfactory peace.

The representation now given I do believe to be, in its leading features, the only true one. And if men were seriously to reflect, it is the only one that can adequately account for the

phenomena of the unparalleled struggle which has been carried on for months past. Never has the enemy been met without being routed, scattered, and his guns taken; but though constantly beaten, he evermore rallies, and appears again ready for a fresh encounter. No sooner is one city taken or another relieved, than some other one is threatened. No sooner is one district pronounced safe through the influx of British troops, than another is disturbed and convulsed. No sooner is a highway re-opened between places of importance, than it is again closed, and all communication, for a season, cut off. No sooner are the mutineers and rebels scoured out of one locality, than they re-appear, with double or treble force, in another. No sooner does a movable column force its way through hostile ranks, than these re-occupy the territory behind it. All gaps in the numbers of the foe seem to be instantaneously filled up; and no permanent clearance or impression appears anywhere to be made. The passage of our brave little armies through these swarming myriads, instead of leaving the deep traces of a mighty ploughshare through a roughened field, seems more to resemble that of the eagle through the elastic air, or a stately vessel through the unfurrowed ocean.

Surely facts like these ought at length to open the eyes of incredulous politicians and dreamy

speculators to the dire reality of the condition of things with which we have to deal, and the prodigious magnitude of the task of subjugation and reconstruction that lies before us. I say not this under the influence of any depression, but rather of buoyant hopefulness. Believing, as I have always done, that the God of Providence has given India to Britain for the accomplishment of noblest, divinest ends; believing that the present calamities are righteous judgments on account of our culpable negligence in fulfilling the glorious trust committed to us; believing, at the same time, that our nation, with all its shortcomings, had enough of Christian people to cause it, under the breath of Jehovah's Spirit, to awake, arise, kiss the rod, repent, and return to God in the path of appointed duty. I never for a moment doubted our ultimate success in re-establishing the British power on a grander and firmer pedestal than ever throughout these vast dominions. Even during those awful nights of panic-terror, when, looking at the radiance of the setting sun, one did not know but its morning beams might be reflected from his dishonored blood, the uppermost assurance in my own mind was, that were Calcutta, the most conspicuous monument of the ascendancy of Great Britian in the East, burnt to the ground, and her sons and daughters buried amid its glaring ashes, such a catastrophe would only

cause a mightier vibration to thrill through the heart of the British people, and rouse them to exertions for the reconquest and evangelization of India such as the world has never witnessed before. And this impression of the ultimate issue is now more confirmed than ever, by the greatly improved tone of the speeches of your public men, and especially by the lofty evangelistic strain of your humiliation-day services. But, here I must pause.—Yours ever affectionately,

ALEXANDER DUFF.

P.S.—The official report which this mail will convey of the three months' siege of Lucknow, will, I am sure, be perused with thrilling interest throughout the British isles. Truly has the Governor-General in Council declared that "there does not stand recorded in the annals of war an achievement more truly heroic than the defence of the Residency of Lucknow." The narrative, in its simple, graphic faithfulness, seems to read like a grand heroic poem or modern Iliad. Never perhaps before has there been such a condensed embodiment of the unrivalled energy and daring, the undaunted and sustained courage, the untiring and indomitable perseverance, of British men, in the face of disadvantages so utterly appalling, odds so literally overwhelming. And what intensifies our

interest as Christians in the narrative is, that its brave-hearted author distinctly recognizes "the blessing of God" as that which alone enabled himself and his intrepid band of warriors so long and so successfully to sustain so desperate a struggle. Surely the country, whose noble sons the God of battles has so highly favored and honored in the face of a whole world of spectators, is not yet done with India. No! We have been sorely humiliated as a nation on account of our manifold sins and shortcomings. But this is the Lord's way, to humble his people in order that they may be made capable of bearing to be exalted. Let us only be faithful to our God, and He will render us still the instruments of highest blessing to the benighted millions of this sorely-distracted land. As surely as the British banners, after perhaps the most terrific struggle on record, were made to wave triumphantly over the shattered relics of the Residency of Lucknow, so surely will the banners of the Cross, after a correspondingly desperate contest with the Antichristian powers and principalities of earth and hell, be one day made to wave in triumph, and that, too, through British agency, over the downfall of the Crescent, and the ruins of the mightiest fabric of idolatry and superstition under the sun.

A. D.

LETTER XVII.

CALCUTTA, 24th December, 1857.

MY DEAR DR. TWEEDIE,—This mail will convey further accounts of successes gained over the rebels in different parts of India. For these we cannot be too thankful to a gracious superintending Providence. The nature of these successes, and the vastness of the field over which they range, ought to open people's eyes at home to the real magnitude of the contest in which we are now engaged. Everywhere we read of "hard fighting," "desperate fighting," "severe struggles," or "masterly retreats," on the part of the rebels. When routed and dispersed, they have hitherto contrived soon to re-appear in threatening bodies in some other quarter, being aided and abetted by the active or passive assistance of numbers at least of the villagers. And as to the vastness of the field, one has only to cast one's eye over a good map, and note the scenes of Colonel Durand's recent successful operations at Mhow, Dhar, and Mundessor, to the west and north of Indore, in the great province of Mulwa, Central India; then, at the scenes of Brigadier Showers' equally

successful operations at Kurnoul, and other places to the west and north of Delhi; then at the great heart of all our troubles, Oude, with its adjacent provinces, where our brave Commander-in-Chief has of late been adding to his immortal laurels; and, lastly, run along Jubbulpore, Saugor, and other stations in the Nerbudda territories, where our countrymen are still helplessly hemmed in on all sides; or around the western, northern, and eastern frontiers of Bengal, where bands of mutineers and rebels are scouring the country, plundering the villages, and perpetuating a chronic state of consternation and panic, one has only calmly to survey all this, to be impressed with a deep sense of the greatness of the work that is before us, ere we can look for the complete restoration of tranquillity and order. And surely it is right that the greatness and difficulty of the undertaking should ever be kept distinctly in view, not for the purpose of daunting men's spirits, or of shaking their confidence in the ultimate result, but of rousing them to commensurate efforts, and so rendering that result at once more speedy and more sure.

And here I cannot help noting, with gratitude to the great Overruler of all events, how, when men's hearts were beginning to fail, one has been raised up whose recent exploits have tended suddenly, and in an astonishing degree,

to re-assure our minds—exploits which stand out in striking contrast with some of the feeble, inadequate, or inapposite measures of the civil authorities. That man is Sir Colin Campbell. For brilliant dash and daring all are ready to give him the amplest credit; but scarcely was any one prepared for such an exhibition of some of the very highest qualities of generalship as he has lately furnished—at once falsifying the forebodings of foes, and surpassing the expectations of friends. The consummate skill with which the relief of Lucknow, in the face of the most stupendous difficulties, was planned, and the masterly tact and precision with which it was so successfully executed, have inspired all classes with unbounded admiration and confidence. It is now universally felt here that the presence of such a man, in such a crisis, is worth more than half an army. And the prevalence of such a feeling as it regards the army, the British community, and the natives at large, is itself more than half the victory. Our prayer to God therefore is, that a life so invaluable to British India may be saved from the smitings of the sun by day or the moon by night, from the enginery of deadly foes, or the pestilence that walketh silently and invisibly through the circling firmament.

We are all the more thankful for the advent of such a man amongst us, when we see how a

general of Crimean celebrity has already, by one grand stroke of military imprudence, dashed in pieces his reputation as "the hero of the Redan." Doubtless his position at Cawnpore was a difficult one. The Gwalior contingent had so long threatened to cross the Jumna and visit that city, without carrying the threat into execution that, in the extreme imperfection of our "intelligence department," when the cry of their actually coming was at last raised, men might be disposed to treat it very much like the boy's cry of "wolf, wolf," in the well-known fable. And when they did make their appearance at last, at the time most favorable to them, when the main bulk of our little army was absent with its Chief at Lucknow, few would have been prepared for the advent of so mighty a force as that of *twenty thousand* men perfectly organized and disciplined, with forty or fifty guns, and all military stores in amplest profusion—and that, too, upwards of *two months* after the fall of Delhi! But surely the very fact of such a vast armed force being able to assemble so many months afterwards on the very scene of Havelock's triumphs; to re-capture and hold possession for several days of the city of Cawnpore; to seize on and destroy the camp of three British regiments, driving the British troops pell-mell into the entrenchments, where, had it not been for the seasonable arrival of the Chief

with re-inforcements from Lucknow, the most fatal catastrophe might speedily have ensued; surely such a fact alone ought to satisfy the British people that the task of "stamping out" the rebellion is a more formidable one than many were willing to imagine or believe!

This I say with all the greater emphasis, because, judging from the lively and deep impression produced at home by the announcement of the fall of Delhi, it is to be feared that a speedier issue in the way of final triumph was anticipated than the facts of the case, if better apprehended, could warrant. Doubtless, had Delhi been carried by a *coup de main*, within a few days, or even weeks, of the outbreak of the revolt, the moral effect of its early and swift re-capture would in all probability have stunned and paralyzed the traitor-mutineers and their rebel associates throughout India. But the rumor of its fall was so often heralded and so often falsified, and it stood out so stoutly and so long, that the belief in its impregnable strength gradually gained ground, and became as imbedded in the general native mind, and apparently as irremovable, as the gigantic hulk of a man-of-war when fairly sunk in the quicksands. Accordingly, when the imperial city did fall, the moral effect was not only not immense, but in reality scarcely perceptible on the surface of native society, just because the proclamation

of it was by millions received, not only with doubt, but downright incredulity. Yea, up to this very hour, thousands and tens of thousands of natives even in the city of Calcutta cannot, or will not, believe that Delhi has really fallen. The report of its fall they coolly declare to be an imposition on the part of Government and the English newspapers. Such is a characteristic specimen of the state of mind of the singular people with whom we have to do. Of course, the more enlightened portion know and believe as we do on the subject: I now speak of the more unintelligent masses, whom wily traitors have an interest in deluding.

Well do I remember the inveterate prevalency of a similar disbelief with reference to the defeat of the *Sikhs* by the British in the campaigns of the Sutlej. Such was the popular persuasion as to the utter invincibility of the Sikh power, that, even after the sanguinary battles of Mudki, Ferozshah, Aliwal, and Sobraon, and the military possession of Lahor by the British army, the natives generally would not believe that the Sikh invincibles were fairly routed and overcome. This it was which determined the late Lord Hardinge to order the two hundred and fifty captured Sikh guns to be conducted in stately procession for *twelve hundred* miles, from the banks of the Sutlej to Calcutta. Stopping at every principal city or town along the whole

of the Gangetic valley, they were drawn up and arranged with military pomp for the inspection of the inhabitants. The novel proceeding, erroneously viewed as a mere vain ostentatious parade, was treated with shouts of derision by the heedless and inexperienced ; but by those who had a keener insight into native habits of thought and feeling, there was discerned, in its adaptation of means to an end, one of the special characteristics of practical wisdom. The main object contemplated was answered. By the time the guns were received with military honors on the plain in front of Fort William, Calcutta, the actual sight of them had dissipated the scepticism of millions. All doubt as to Sikh vincibility and British supremacy was dissipated for ever. Of course, a captured city cannot be dealt with in the same way as captured guns ; but were the palace of the Great Moguls, which recently witnessed the brutal slaughter of our countrymen and countrywomen, and served for many a day as the burning focus of treason and rebellion to all the disaffected throughout the provinces, to be razed to the ground, and were the famous *Dewan khas*, or hall of audience, with its celebrated inscription, to be carefully taken to pieces, removed to Calcutta, and thence conveyed to London, nothing perhaps could more infallibly impress on the fatalized mind of India the absolute assurance

that the seat of imperial grandeur and supreme dominion had at length been transferred from the banks of the Jumna to the banks of the Thames. Then farewell to any further rebellions on any imposing scale in our day!

Having on former occasions dwelt so much on the magnitude and difficulties of the task before us, not with a view to alarm or discourage, since of the *ultimate* result I never entertained the slightest doubt, but with the opposite view of preventing, if possible, the great alarm and discouragement of after disappointment—and finding the subject to be a somewhat distasteful one, I shall refrain from any further remarks now. In all that has been written I have aimed at rigid and discriminating faithfulness. Eschewing all mere political or blinding partisanship of any kind, and desiring to see things, not in the light of fond wishes or ardent hopes, but in the light of reality and truth, my representations of the state of things could not fail to give umbrage, now to the out-and-out adherents of one party, and then to the out-and-out adherents of another. This I cannot help. With me truth and reality are far beyond the objects of any mere partisanship, connected with either Church or State. Having been over the greater part of India—having endeavored to penetrate beneath the smooth upper surface of things, which is as often deceitful to the eye of the

superficial observer as was that "deep Serbonian bog, where armies whole have sunk,"—I have of necessity gathered impressions, the grounds and aggregate force of which I cannot adequately communicate to the inexperienced. Situated also here in the centre of official intelligence, meeting with refugees from all parts of the disturbed districts, and holding converse with natives who have their correspondents throughout the Northern and Central Provinces, I may have very naturally formed conclusions with which many at a distance may be unable to sympathize.

As regards individuals, I have on principle abstained from naming any, except when I have had something good to say of them. Of the present head of the Government I have written in strong terms, where his measures were such that I could conscientiously do so. This I can truly say, that I believe no Governor-General ever came to India with a more sincerely honest desire to do what he could towards the material improvement of the country, and the intellectual and social advancement of the people. His conduct relative to the admission of the evidences of revealed religion into the examinations for degrees in our Indian universities was altogether admirable. In the subject of native female education, and the re-marriage of Hindu widows—thousands of whom are mere children

—he took the profoundest interest. For months before the outbreak of the mutinies, he was laboring to secure full and accurate information relative to the exposure of the sick on the banks of the Ganges and the monstrous system of Kulin polygamy, with a prospective view to possible legislative measures. His manly bearing and prompt energy, after tidings had reached of the awful massacres at Meerut and Delhi, gained for him at the time general admiration. And if, in the subsequent course and progress of the great rebellion, measures have been proposed and adopted, with at least his sanction—measures which, to most of the non-government British residents here, appeared incommensurate with the requirements of the terrible exigency—still, I could not join in the hue and cry raised against him—could be no party to the memorial for his recall—because I felt that sufficient allowance had not been made for the unexpected novelty and extraordinary difficulties of his position—difficulties more than enough to try the nerves of a Clive or Warren Hastings. Had not all incipient projects of an ameliorative character been suddenly arrested by the volcanic eruption which has upheaved the very foundations of the long established order of things, my decided impression was, and still is, that he would have proved one of the most useful and successful peace-governors which India ever

had. And in a crisis so very peculiar, if not unprecedented, it is undoubtedly easier to find fault with the doings of one man, than to point unerringly to another who could have steered the vessel of State with less damage through the breakers.

But whilst the proceedings of individuals, especially in situations of great and complicated embarrassment, ought to be treated with the utmost possible leniency and forbearance, little favor need be shown to persistence in a wrong or mistaken policy. Now, it is the old "traditional policy" of the Home and Foreign Indian Government, and the system of action which has naturally sprung out of it, under which we have been really groaning. Perhaps the most distinguishing quality of "the policy" has been its shrinking dread, if not actual repudiation of Christianity, and its co-relative pandering to heathenish prejudices; while the unworthy system of which it is the parent has been partly nurtured and consolidated by the past exclusiveness and high predominance of the civil service, with the peculiar airs and habitudes of thought, feeling, and action, which such exclusiveness and predominance could not fail to generate. But such a representation of the policy and the system does not in any way impeach the personal honor or integrity of the men who are its chief hereditary upholders. Far from it. On

every fitting occasion have I cordially testified to the undisputed claim of the civil service, as a class, to the possession of these qualities. There have, too, at all times been individual members of the service preëminently noted for meekness, gentleness, and amiableness of disposition; men who have nobly risen above its caste-conventionalities, distinctive usages, and marked tendencies to over-weening conceit and overbearing arrogance. Still, the system, as a whole, both as regards its own intrinsic nature and intrinsic working and development, is generally felt out here to be very much what I so freely and bluntly characterized it in a previous communication. And it is from the shackles of this system that all independent minds, for the sake of India and the cause of truth and righteousness, are sighing for deliverance.

As a recent exemplification of the nature and working of the "traditional policy," I may here refer to the case of the Sontals. After the late calamitous insurrection of these barbarous tribes, a scheme for civilizing them by means of Christian and secular education was said to be suggested by the Civil Commissioner of Bhagulpore. But, by whomsoever suggested, certain it is that the Local Committee of the Church Missionary Society (with the eventual full approval of the Home Committee) came

forward and offered to Government to undertake the work on certain reasonable conditions. The leading features of the scheme were, that the Society would appoint a missionary, whose chief business would be to superintend the working of the whole, his salary to be paid by the Society, and travelling expenses by the Government; that two inspecting masters, chosen by the Home Committee, should be sent from England, and subordinate teachers appointed by the Local Committee, their salaries to be paid by Government, &c. The amount of secular instruction was allowed to be fixed by the "Director of Education;" and the schools were to be open at all times to Government inspection. In short, on condition of the Government's bearing the main part of the pecuniary expenditure, the Society undertook the management and direction of a comprehensive scheme of religious, secular, and industrial education for the barbarous Sontals.

It is but justice to Mr. Halliday, Governor of Bengal, to state, that he fully approved of the scheme, and strongly recommended it to the Supreme Government. And it is but justice to Lord Canning to state, that he took a most liberal view of the case, and recorded his entire approbation of the measure, giving it as judgment that it differed in *degree* only, not in *kind*, from grants already made to individual mission-

aries under the celebrated educational dispatch of 19th July, 1854, and that the proposed grant-in-aid to a *missionary body* for the *secular* education of an uncivilized tribe was a wise and legitimate application of the principle of that dispatch, seeing that Government was in no way to interfere with the *religious* instruction given. This approval of the head of the Indian Government is dated 28th November, 1856. On the 22d July, last (1857), a dispatch was forwarded from the Court of Directors, formally and decidedly *disapproving* of the whole scheme. That dispatch is the very embodiment of the "traditional policy" of the India House. According to the Court, the Sontals do not *exclusively* occupy separate regions or tracts of country, so as to form isolated communities locally separated, as well as socially distinct, from the *Hindu* and *Mussulman* populations. They are, on the contrary, employed freely by zemindars, and speculators in land of all classes, for jungle clearance and for other agricultural purposes, and are thus often located in close vicinity with well-inhabited towns and villages, and mix with the general population in many of the relations and concerns of life. The Court, therefore, did not feel that, in dealing with the Sontals, they were "exempt from the necessity of maintaining that *cautious* line of proceedings which they ought always to deem essential in establish-

ments founded or supported by Government for the education of the people of India." Thus, although they by no means objected to the amount of expenditure proposed for the purpose of civilizing and instructing the Sontals, they could "not improve that part of the scheme which identified the Government with measures prosecuted by the missionaries, and so expose the arrangement to the risk of perverted misconstruction." The Church Missionary Society was entitled to all confidence; but the Court must "adhere to the conviction that it would be altogether opposed to the rules to take any steps which might have *the appearance of uniting the Government with such a Society, in measures having the aim of converting any class of the population to Christianity.*" The Court, therefore, directed that a scheme "should be prepared for affording to the inhabitants of the Sontal districts the means of education through the agency of Government officers, who must be *strictly enjoined to abstain from any attempts to introduce religious subjects in any form.*

After the receipt of so peremptory an order, the Local Government had no alternative but to request the Civil Commissioner of the districts concerned to prepare a new and revised scheme of education for the barbarous Sontals. The Commissioner happens to be a man of singularly independent spirit. And among well-informed

circles here, he is understood to have in substance replied, that he neither would nor could prepare another scheme; that the present disturbed state of the districts rendered the introduction of any scheme utterly impracticable; and that, by the time that peace and order were restored, he hoped a *new policy* would be inaugurated, which would no longer exhibit us as cowards in the eyes of man, and traitors in the eyes of God.

On this characteristic illustration of the "traditional policy" I shall make no comment beyond remarking, that what adds emphasis to the whole is, that whatever may be alleged or pretended in the case of the civilized Hindu and Mussulman races on the score of treaties and such like, nothing of the sort can, by the utmost stretch of ingenuity, be alleged or pretended as an extenuation or excuse in the case of the uncivilized Sontals.

By last mail we learn that the alleged conduct of the honorable Mr. Grant, acting Lieutenant-Governor of the Central Provinces, had attracted a good share of public attention. Some, we perceive, have affirmed that he was appointed expressly to control the military authorities; and that, in reality, he had ordered one hundred and fifty of the Cawnpore mutineers to be liberated; while others have as stoutly maintained that his own judgment was

adverse to such interference, and that, in point of fact, he had never so interfered at all. Now, the truth, as usually happens, seems to lie intermediately between these extremes. So far as we can learn, he never ordered one hundred and fifty mutineers to be liberated; but that he did, to a certain extent, interfere with the military authorities, is believed to be undoubted.

With the British community his appointment from the first was an unpopular one. His antecedents were against him. The real or supposed imperiousness and haughtiness of his personal demeanor had created against him not a little enmity and ill-will. At the time of the annexation of Oude also, one portion of his conduct was exposed to grave censure. The Lucknow authorities urgently pressed on the Supreme Government the expediency, and even necessity, of *disarming* the whole population of Oude, as had been done so successfully, and with such salutary effect, in the Punjaub. This politically wise measure was negatived by the Supreme Council; and Mr. Grant was understood to be one of the members who stoutly opposed it, on the technical ground that, as the people were not a *conquered* people, we had no legal right to or warrant to disarm them!—as if a Supreme Legislative Council could not make any measure legal which might be deemed really necessary for the maintenance of social order and

the preservation of the public peace! Some of his proceedings also, after reaching Benares—such as the appointment of several native Mohammedan judges to stations which were then, and still are, in the hands of the insurgents—were little calculated to allay previous suspicion and distrust.

General Neill, on the other hand, was a man who enjoyed the unbounded confidence of the British community, because of his firmness in decision and promptitude in execution; and, above all, because of the instinctive sagacity which he had so often shown in doing the right thing, at the right time, and in the right way. Being left in full military charge of Cawnpore and its neighborhood, he had immediately before his very eyes the unparalleled horrors of its slaughter-house—the pools of curdled blood—the clotted ringlets of hair and torn shreds of raiment which once adorned the persons of British matrons and maidens—the shoes and other red-spotted memorials of little children, who had been savagely hurled into the well with the mangled carcases of their poor mothers! In the view of such horrid butcheries, General Neill, though naturally a mild, gentle, quiet, inoffensive man, seems to have irresistibly felt that an exhibition of stern justice was imperatively demanded. His Scottish Bible-training had taught him that justice was as absolute an

attribute of Deity as mercy—that magistracy was "an ordinance of God," and expressly designed to be a "terror to evil-doers." His sentiments appeared to harmonize with those of Lord Palmerston, who is reported to have said that "to punish the guilty adequately exceeded the powers of any civilized man; as the atrocities which had been committed were such as to be imagined and perpetrated only by demons sallying forth from the lowest depths of hell!"—with those of Lord Shaftesbury, who "called aloud for strict, stern justice on the miscreants who deluged our towns with the blood of women and children—declaring the exaction of such justice essential, not only for the maintenance of our tenure of India, but to the future safety of the natives themselves;"—and with those of the American ambassador, who solemnly averred, that "the crimes were such as to constitute their perpetrators what pirates are—what cannibals in the Feejee Islands are—enemies of the human race, and meriting from the whole of the human race summary and peremptory extirpation." Dismissing, therefore, from his mind all thoughts of harmful lenity, all feelings of maudlin sentimental pity, he sternly grasped the sword of retributive justice; and, as "the minister of God, who ought not to bear the sword in vain—a revenger to execute wrath on them that did evil"—(Rom. xiii. 4)—he resolved to strike

terror into the souls of the evil-doers and their miscreant sympathizers. Nor did he regard it as torture or cruelty, in the ordinary sense of these terms, to cause murderers who were still reeking with the gore of innocent women and children, to wipe up a portion of the blood which they had no scruples of conscience or of caste in so profusely shedding. Neither, may I add, need any enlightened Christian shrink from avowing that he has felt no special indignation at a procedure so unwonted in such strangely unwonted circumstances.

Well, Mr. Grant took it upon him, from whatever motives, as civil governor, to address a communication to General Neill on the subject of his proceedings as military chief. The precise terms of the document have not been published. But at the time, it was understood to be in the way of questioning the General's warrant for such proceedings, of finding fault with his acts of summary justice, and of requesting a reference in future to the civil authorities; on which the General was understood to have replied in the way of repudiating all such interference on the part of Mr. Grant, reminding the latter that the district was under military law, and that the Act of Council distinctly authorized the military authorities to deal summarily with offenders, and recommending his reprover to attend to his own business, while he would

to his. Such, at least, is the version of the matter which has been current among the best-informed parties in this metropolis. And after what has been already said, I need scarcely add, that the approving sympathies of the British community generally have hitherto been very decidedly with General Neill; while all are cheerfully ready to attribute to Mr. Grant the very best intentions, and to render due homage to his great mental ability and energy of character.

For upwards of a fortnight no official intelligence from the Commander-in-Chief's camp has been made public; and very little of a private nature. The Chief is understood to be waiting till he can organize an army of 30,000 or 40,000 men—including some 15,000 of the new Sikh levies from the Punjaub—for the successful invasion and conquest of Oude alone! This shows what his impression must be of the magnitude and difficulties of the task still before him, though one-half of our cold weather is already ended. Nevertheless, by God's blessing, sooner or later victory is sure.

If the tidings of our Indian mutinies, with their panics and disasters, have tended to convulse British society at home, the tidings brought us by last mail of your home commercial panics and failures have tended to agitate and distress our Indian mercantile com-

munity. It looks as if we were not yet sufficiently humbled under the successive strokes of Jehovah's outpoured judgments. Verily, *He* will not be mocked. Here, the savage conduct of the mutineers and their native sympathizers was from the first made a pretext for withholding much of the wonted aid from all educational and directly evangelistic operations, instead of being, as it ought to have been, an additional reason, of mightiest potency, for vastly augmenting all former contributions. And what was thus unrighteously withheld from God and *His* great cause on earth, seems now to be threatened with annihilation in the gulf of a general bankruptcy. Verily, "there is that scattereth and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty."

Surely the signs of the times are more significant than ever! Yours ever affectionately,

ALEXANDER DUFF.

LETTER XVIII.

CALCUTTA, 4th January, 1858.

MY DEAR DR. TWEEDIE,—Our regular mail does not close till Friday, 8th ; but as I expect to be absent from Calcutta for at least a fortnight, I purpose writing a few lines now relative to the present aspect of affairs.

From the Southampton mail of 20th November, which reached us a few days ago, it would appear that a very general impression prevailed at home, that with the re-capture of Delhi and the relief of Lucknow the great rebellion was well-nigh ended ; that further organized resistance was scarcely to be anticipated ; that the rebels were utterly dispirited and paralyzed ; and that little else remained for the vast reinforcements from home than to hunt them down as fugitives from justice, and consign the shattered and scattered fragments of them to the dust of annihilation. Some months ago, at the risk of being rated as an alarmist, and the cherisher of morbid and gloomy views, I ventured solemnly to warn against all such fond imaginations and eager over-sanguine hopes. I did so, not in the spirit of gloomy alarm, but of truth and faithfulness. I did so, because, hav-

ing good reason for believing that all these eager expectations of an ***immediate, speedy, and triumphant issue*** of the great contest would prove delusive. I wished to do my little all towards obviating the disastrous effects of the re-action usually consequent on disappointment.

And have not events amply justified me in the course pursued? At home, in the ***early*** part of November, the rebels were represented, by at least a very large and influential portion of the public press, as scattered, pursued, and incapable of any farther organized resistance! Towards the ***end*** of November, the Commander-in-Chief had to encounter, according to ***his own*** estimate, an ***organized force of fifty thousand*** fighting men at Lucknow, besides an endless rabble of partially armed followers, plentifully supplied with all the munitions of war! All that he could effect, by the most masterly tactics and the most brilliant feats of arms, was to draw off intact the sorely-beleaguered garrison, leaving the British Residency and entire city of Lucknow in the absolute possession of the rebel army! And the last reliable account from that quarter is, that the rebels are busily employed in repairing the entrenchments evacuated by the British, and have not fewer than ***twenty-seven thousand*** men at work on them. Again, in the ***first week*** of December, the Commander-in-Chief had to encounter at Cawnpore ***another*** organized

army of rebels, that had recently crossed the Jumna from the west, estimated by himself at *twenty-five thousand*, with fifty guns. After a sharp conflict, this large army was happily routed, dispersed, and driven beyond the Jumna again, with the loss of its guns and ammunition. Still, the greater part of the men themselves escaped ; and the history of the last six months proves that the military stores in possession of the rebels are immense, and seemingly inexhaustible, while there is apparently no end of their varied artillery.

For the last month there has been a perfect lull and pause in the active operations of Sir Colin Campbell. He has been compelled to remain at Cawnpore, simply engaged in re-organizing his central force, and waiting for fresh recruits. This may surprise the people at home, who overlook the fact that already several of the British regiments have been reduced to fragments by climate, exposure, sickness, fatigue, and battle, and at the same time forget the territorial amplitude of the regions over which the rebellion has spread, and the necessary slowness of the transport of troops, guns, and ammunition in a country where we have little more than a hundred and fifty miles of railway. Think of moving an army, with all its appliances, from Land's End to John O'Groat's House a century ago ; and it may give some

faint conception of the difficulty of moving an army and its stores by land from Calcutta to the capital of Oude now! And, at this season of the year, the river route to Allahabad is slow, circuitous, and extremely uncertain. This is a difficulty in the overcoming of which sufficient allowance has not always been made for our rulers and generals.

Meanwhile, it is an unspeakable consolation, that for some weeks past the rebellion has not been enlarging its boundaries; that, on the contrary, the rebels, in different and far distant quarters, have met with decided reverses. The last mail sent home intelligence of the discomfiture of the Joudpore legion beyond Delhi, and of the rebel army in Malwa, Central India, under the able conduct of Colonel Durand. And this out-going mail will convey the farther intelligence of the defeat and dispersion of the Chittagong and Dacca rebels, who were spreading consternation and committing great ravages along the eastern frontier of Bengal; of the defeat of a large body of Oude rebels near Myrwa, in the Sarun district, about fifty miles to the north-west of Chupprah; and of another large body of rebels at Puttiala, about forty miles to the north-west of Futtehghur, by Colonel Seaton, who was on his way with a detachment from Delhi to Cawnpore. All these are unmistakable signs that the great wave of

rebellion has fairly spent the strength of its aggressive fury—that its outspreading career of desolation has been arrested by the Almighty fiat, in connection with the prompt and energetic use of means—"Hitherto shalt thou come, and no further." Still, in its rebound back again in broken fragments, many a smaller barque will be wrecked; and the great central, gurgling maelstrom—Oude—has scarcely yet been reached, far less quieted.

Thither, however, all is tending now for a last desperate struggle. The British legions and their auxiliaries are fast closing in upon it on all sides. Jung Bahadur and his Gurkahs are coming down upon it from the north-east, in the direction of Gorruckpore, which is still in the hands of the rebels; Colonel Franks, with a British column, is approaching it from the south, in the direction of Juanpore and Azimghur; Chamberlain and the new Sikh levies are believed to be nearing it from the north-west, in the direction of Bareilly; while the Commander-in-Chief himself is concentrating his principal force in the west, in the direction of Cawnpore. When all may be ready for the grand attack none here can tell, except perhaps the Governor-General and his Council. Sir Colin is as prudent a man as he is brave. With entire self-control he keeps his plans very much to himself, and quietly makes his preparations, till the decisive

moment for action comes; and then, down he comes with a blow so tremendous as scarcely to need a second. This, at least, has been his way hitherto; and all have now such unbounded confidence in him, that, in his apparent inaction, they only see the sure precursor of some sudden, swift, resistless, thunderbolt stroke. You may expect then ere long some mighty, though perhaps far from consummating, doings in Oude. For, when Lucknow is fairly wrenched from the grasp of the rebels, and the eddying eye of the whirlpool thus fairly closed, you may see the broken waves recoil and dash off, though with greatly diminished power of mischief, in all directions over a revolted and rebellious territory. Then there *may* follow a critical period of twelve months or more for Northern and Central India. The enemy being as powerful in cavalry as we are at present weak, may, Pindarie-like, with a swiftness of locomotion with which we cannot now cope, disperse in small bodies over the land, carrying rapine, massacre, and conflagration in their train. Then there are the *sequelæ* of the great rebellion, which we have much reason to dread, even after not only its neck, but its very heart, is broken. For, let it not be forgotten, as I have repeatedly on former occasions tried to point out, that, besides multitudes of active and passive sympathizers with the sepoy rebels, there are everywhere great numbers of a rest-

less armed populace, whose spirit, traditions, and profession are military, ever ready to join with them and swell their ranks, and, indeed, are almost sure to do so wherever the arm of the British Government is found relaxed or removed altogether.

Still, of the ultimate issue I never once for a single moment doubted. This I have reiterated almost to very nauseousness. But my hope has not sprung from any desire or attempt to minimize the amount of danger on the one hand, or maximize the amount of preparation to beat it down on the other. No! But solely from my unshaken persuasion that the God of Providence has, in a strange way, given us India in trust for the accomplishment of *His* grand evangelizing designs concerning it. In the discharge of this solemn trust, we, as a people and nation, have been shamefully, criminally negligent. Hence it is, mainly, though by no means exclusively, that the Lord has admonished us in the way of sore judgments. We have been brought to the very brink of the precipice; the gulf of destruction has yawned terrifically beneath us; India has been within a very hair's-breadth of being severed from our unfaithful grasp for ever; but having, as a people and nation, when brought into the very depths of trouble, and all but inevitable ruin, in some measure humbled ourselves before the Lord, and cried unto *Him*

in our trouble, *He* has been graciously pleased so far to deliver us from our distresses, yea, out of the very darkness and shadow of death. And now, when manifestly about to grant us a new lease of India, He, in condescending mercy, appears thus, in effect, to address us: "On you, as a people and nation, I have bestowed the treasures of gospel knowledge and grace, as well as the treasures of earthly substance, together with territorial dominion, beyond those bestowed on any other realm in the Old World. My purpose in so doing has been to constitute you the almoner of my bounties of providence and grace to the many kingdoms and peoples which now have been made to acknowledge your sovereign sway. For this end was India committed in trust to you; but having proved faithless to your great commission, I was about punitively to tear it from you in a way of ignominy and shame. Having, however, bowed before me in contrition for the past, with resolutions of amendment for the future, I propose to try your fidelity by restoring it to you once more, with a view to your realizing under the ministration and aid of my Holy Spirit, the great object of the everlasting covenant, even the subversion of Satan's empire, and the establishment of the Messiah's kingdom instead. Be again faithless to your great commission, and you have now had your last warning; when

next visited in my hot displeasure, it will be in the way of exterminating judgment. Be faithful henceforth to your great commission, and your tenure of India, as a material dominion, is sure, until it can become a source of immeasurably greater benefit to you as a spiritual possession, redeemed from the bondage of its idols, its falsities, and lies." God, in mercy, grant that the salutary monition may be joyously and effectively responded to; and that the future may make ample reparation for the sins and shortcomings of the past!

Are these sentiments, or are they not, in accordance with Scripture? Are these words, or are they not, the words of truth and soberness? If so, why should they be regarded as needlessly gloomy and cheerless? Whatever they may appear to others, to my own mind they are the very sheet-anchor of hopeful and joyous anticipation for the future. As a nation, we have openly admitted and avowedly confessed that the calamities which have overtaken us are judgments from God, on account of the sins and criminal negligence of the past. Now, surely the wound, the bruise, of judgment does not consist merely in the awful massacres of our unoffending countrymen, women, and children; but also, and very specially, in the deap-seatedness, malignity, and extent of that rebellion, which has so nearly cost us the most magnifi-

cent viceroyalty under the sun, and the effectual quelling of which must involve the shedding of such fresh torrents of human blood. Now, in the severity and extent of the Divine judgment, ought we not to behold something like a measure of the Divine estimate of our sins as the procuring cause? To make light, therefore, of the judgment, in its wide-embracing comprehensiveness, or make it appear less than it really is, must be to make comparatively light of our own sins, or make them appear less than they really are in the sight of God. And if so, how can we be duly penitent before Him? And if not duly penitent, how can we expect the wound to be properly healed? or how can we be duly grateful for the greatness of deliverance? They who feel that their sins are many, and have been forgiven much, can alone love much; and they who know that they have been helplessly in the very depths of trouble and distress, can alone truly rejoice in their salvation. Let us, then, strive to realize the whole of our calamity—massacres, rebellion and all, with the antecedent sins which have led to them—in its utmost amplitude and bounds, that our contrition may be the deeper; our gratitude for unmerited deliverance the greater; our hope, from the very magnitude of the Divine favor, the brighter; our joy, in contemplation of our new lease of the empire, the purer and more ecstatic.

Much of the erroneousness of the estimate formed at home relative to the facility of crushing the rebellion has arisen from persisting in the first-formed conception of it as a *purely military* revolt. But whatever it may have been at the outset, nothing is more certain than that it soon extended far beyond the ranks of the sepoys. To what extent it affected the general population in the North-West and Central India, it was my endeavor on former occasions to point out—the object having been to show that it was neither an exclusive military revolt on the one hand nor yet a rebellion of the whole population on the other. As this is a subject which still appears to be but imperfectly understood by many at home, it affords me much satisfaction to be able to quote a passage from the last number of the *Friend of India*, which briefly and substantially expresses the view of the case which I have so often tried to represent as alone the accurate one: "The revolt has ceased to progress, though *its spirit has settled down on whole provinces.* It breaks out now and then wherever the fear of Europeans is not maintained by a large and active military force. It results occasionally in the murder of those residing in unprotected stations, or travelling through new districts. Thus in the Punjaub it has been found necessary to prohibit officers from travelling down the Sutlej rivers, and the

garrison at Agra do not deem it expedient to wander far from the town. As late as the 15th November, Mr. Yates and his family, with the exception of one daughter, were murdered within twenty miles of Agra. They had thought that it would be safe to return to their factory, but were surprised by the Joudpore legion, and beaten to death. Mr. Phillip, the magistrate of Agra, a very short time since, nearly lost two field-pieces. He had set out with a small escort to join a party of horse who had been dispatched to expel some rebels from a fort at Futtyabad. The whole party narrowly escaped being cut off *by the villagers*. It may thus be politic to admit that, in those districts, the inhabitants of which had perfect cognizance, and were in many cases, eye-witnesses of the indignities suffered by Europeans, are to a man inclined to the rebels. Such an admission saves us from two absurdities—the one supposing the revolt to be now purely military, and the other assuming that we have arrayed against us the population of the whole of India—the one the official idea, and the other held perhaps by none except Mr. Malcolm Lewin."

The last mail brought us notifications of the honors conferred by her Majesty on some of the leading actors in stemming the great rebellion, such as Wilson of Delhi, Havelock and Neill of Lucknow. All here rejoice in the conferring of

these honors on heroes who jeoparded their lives in their country's cause, and two of whom have fallen victims on the high places of the field; but in their name and example they have left a precious legacy and a tower of strength. There is, however, a very general feeling of disappointment at the meagreness of the new honor conferred on Sir John Lawrence, unless, indeed, the present be considered a mere first instalment of what is in reserve for him. His really preëminent services do not as yet seem to be adequately apprehended or appreciated at home. Relative to these a local journalist has given the following just and compendious statement: "Sir John Lawrence, with few European troops, and the largest division of the native army, met the great rebellion face to face, drove it back, and annihilated its authors. Without money or orders, he raised a loan on his own responsibility, and in three months created an army of 40,000 men. No man knew better than Sir John Lawrence the critical position of the Punjaub, but he knew also that Delhi *must* be taken, and he accepted the danger, roused the old Khalsa spirit as far as it was safe, struck the key-note of the national pride in his order giving the Punjaub to Punjaubis, and saved not only his own province but Bombay. And when on that terrible week in the end of August the balance swung slowly back, and it seemed that

once again Providence had declared against the empire, he alone stood firm. His last regular Sikh regiment was dispatched to Delhi, and the chief stood alone surrounded by new levies and a quaking population. He supplied the generals with troops and ammunition for the siege, filled all vacancies and all arrears, kept all communications open, restrained the frontier tribes to an unwonted quietude, found his merits acknowledged by the Government of India, and yet receives only an honor which has no attribute of permanence." Now, I believe that I express the general mind of the European community out here, when I say, that if the man who laid the foundation of British dominion in India became Baron Clive of Plassey, the man who, within the last six months, has virtually saved an empire—more extensive far than the daring imagination of a Clive ventured to grasp, and his sober reason actually pronounced it madness to attempt to create—has nobly earned the title of Baron Lawrence of Lahore, a title which it is hoped he will yet live to receive and enjoy. Not that I attach any peculiar value to mere earthly titles; they are in themselves, and weighed in the balance of eternity, little better than glittering gew-gaws, or the evanescent transparencies of a dissolving view. Nevertheless, on the equitable principle of giving to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and

rendering honor to whom honor is due, if it be legitimate to bestow them at all, they ought to be conferred on the most worthy. Now, at this moment there is not within the bounds of our British Indian empire a more deserving subject of the British Crown, nor one whose transcendent services to the State more justly entitle him to the highest favor of a gracious sovereign, than Sir John Lawrence, the Chief Commissioner of the Punjaub.

The year 1857 opened upon us with incipient symptoms of disaffection and mutiny in certain portions of the Bengal army. The year 1858 has opened upon us with nearly the whole of that once redoubted army—after having committed atrocities that have made the ears of the whole civilized world to tingle—fiercely and defiantly arrayed in a life-and-death struggle against us. Even now, the hosts on both sides are silently and sullenly, and with the pent-up energies of mutual hate and wrath, mustering for a final conflict. That conflict, when it does come, may be expected to be a tremendous one. Still, no one who understands the subject at all can, as regards the ultimate issue, entertain the reasonable shadow of a doubt. It is the Lord who, in a strange way, and for the accomplishment of one of the noblest of ends, even that of the evangelization of its people, gave India to Britain. It is the Lord who, on account of

our culpable misimprovement of the awful trust, in His sore displeasure, suffered India to be nearly lost to us. And it is the Lord who alone can effectually restore it. And my firm persuasion ever has been, and is now, that, after having, by a prolongation of judgment and disaster, constrained us, in some adequate degree, to acknowledge the real extent of our criminality and danger, *He* will restore India once more to us on probationary trial; in other words, will re-commit to our hands, for careful culture, the most extraordinary wilderness within the whole realms of heathenism, but destined one day to become one of the most glorious vineyards of that renovated earth where truth and righteousness shall for ever dwell. Oh for the needful wisdom to devise the right new policy, originate the right new plans, inaugurate the right new institutions! Oh for the needful faith and faithfulness to carry these on in a course of development ever forward—ever progressive! Yours ever affectionately,

ALEXANDER DUFF.

LETTER XIX.

SUKSAGOR, NORTH OF CALCUTTA,
21st January, 1858.

MY DEAR DR. TWEEDIE,—As the regular mail will have left before I return to Calcutta, I propose writing shortly from this retired spot.

Of the course and progress of events connected with the suppression of the great rebellion, the public journals will sufficiently apprize you. The fact that, two or three months ago, Greathed's column opened the way from Delhi to Cawnpore, and that two months afterwards, Seaton's column had to open the way anew by fighting two or three battles, might help to open the eyes of people at home to the real state of things in Northern India. But of that, and the fact that Allahabad has been threatened by a rebel army of some thirteen thousand, as also the fact that the Commander-in-Chief had to encounter some severe contests before he could re-occupy Futtehghur, where a Mohammedan Nawab had set up for king—collecting revenue and administering justice in his own wild way—I shall say nothing more now. Jung Bahadur, the Nepaulese chief, as our ally, with his Gurkhas has occupied, after some fighting, Gorruck-

pore, to the east of Oude—dispersing the forces of the self-installed pseudo-ruler of that place. A column has advanced from Benares towards the south of Oude, which has gained some signal advantage over the rebels. And when the Commander-in-Chief has cleared the Cawnpore, Futtehghur, and other northern districts, of the organized hosts of the enemy, the probability is that there will be a combined movement from all sides on the doomed capital of Oude, which, since the re-capture of Delhi, has become the grand rendezvous of the mutineers and rebels. And unless Providence interpose in some utterly unanticipated way, the struggle there may be expected to be the most tremendous one that has yet occurred.

It surely cannot be any longer concealed or denied, that the grand original mistake of our Government was, in regarding the revolt as a partial and purely military one; and that the grand subsequent mistake lay in persisting in the original one so long. Connected with this mistake has been what has been somewhat infelicitously termed "the policy of conciliation," but in reality the polity of *undue concession to native feelings and prejudices.* From the combined influence of both these causes sprung some, if not all, of those measures which, by the great majority of Europeans in this country, have been pronounced as unsuited to, or incom-

mensurate with the great emergency. I impute no wrong motives, no sinister intentions, to any one. On the contrary, I am persuaded that Lord Canning and his counsellors acted from the purest motives and the very best intentions. But the traditional policy hitherto pursued by the Home and Indian Government was fitted to produce and perpetuate a *state of mind* which at first could see nothing in the revolt but a partial and purely military outbreak, and no more likely way of putting it down than the adoption of measures supposed capable of conciliating native prejudices.

It was too long overlooked, that there were at all times busily at work myriads of intriguers connected with fallen dynasties and depressed nobilities; that throughout Northern and Central India, in particular, there were literally millions of an armed populace, of varied nondescript sects and designations, belonging alike to the Hindu and Mohammedan races, to whom anarchy was life and enjoyment, and settled order an intolerable nuisance, while there were millions more whose passive, if not active sympathies, would be sure to be with native anarchists and rebels, rather than with foreign exactors of revenue. Those servants of the East India Company who had mingled most freely, familiarly, and confidentially with all classes of the natives, obtained long ago shrewd

glimpses of insight into the real state of native feeling towards their British conquerors. Of this description were the late Sir Henry Lawrence, Sir S. Sleeman, and Sir John Malcolm. The former two I have heard express themselves very freely on the subject. And there is a passage in a speech delivered by Sir John Malcolm *upwards of thirty years ago*, in a debate at the India House, which, viewed in connexion with recent events, is singularly significant. After remarking that "even the instructed classes of natives have a hostile feeling towards us, which was not likely to decrease from the necessity they were under of concealing it," he thus proceeds: "My attention has been, during the last five-and-twenty years, particularly directed to this dangerous species of secret war carried on against our authority, which is always carried on by numerous though unseen hands. The spirit is kept up by letters, by exaggerated reports, and by pretended prophecies. When the time appears favorable, from the occurrence of misfortune to our arms, or from mutiny in our troops, circular letters and proclamations are dispersed over the country with a celerity that is incredible. Such documents are read with avidity. The English are depicted as usurpers of low caste, and as tyrants, who have sought India only to degrade them, to rob them of their wealth, and subvert their usages and

religion. The native soldiers are always appealed to, and the advice to them is, in all instances I have met with, the same—'Your European tyrants are few in number, murder them !'" But from them, as so apt to excite discordant feelings, I may be excused for momentarily turning aside to another subject, which is well fitted to mellow and subdue.

On the morning of the day when I last wrote (6th January), the mortal remains of Bishop Wilson were consigned to the tomb, amid the sorrowing regrets of the whole of the leal-hearted Protestant community of Calcutta. It is not for me to attempt to delineate the character and labors of such a man. And yet I should be false to my own convictions, and a traitor to the great cause of the communion and brotherhood of saints, were I to pass over in silence the departure from amongst us of such a "master in Israel."

When he arrived here a quarter of a century ago, he was in the very zenith of his powers of active usefulness. And, certainly, few men have toiled more, or to more good purpose. Naturally endowed with great energies of mind and body—energies, in his case, happily sanctified and consecrated exclusively to the promotion of God's glory—he kept all around him in a state of constant friction and glow. About his manner of speech and action there were some

peculiarities, and even eccentricities, which might have proved fatal to the credit and influence of a less ordinary man; but in him, like the somewhat corresponding qualities in Rowland Hill, of whom he was said to be a great admirer, if not partial imitator, these served only to impart a certain spicy zest to all his appearances, alike public and private.

While fondly and conscientiously attached to the government and discipline of his own Church, he had a large catholic heart, which eagerly embraced and sympathized with whatever was really good, holy, or excellent in the membership of any other. Of this trait or feature in his renewed nature, one characteristic exemplification now occurs to me. About the end of July, 1847, shortly after tidings of the sudden death of Dr. Chalmers had reached us, I happened to visit a poor countryman of ours, who had been confined to the great jail for debt. On my return from jail, passing the new cathedral, which was at no great distance from it, and seeing the door of it open, I turned aside to have a look at the interior. There, unexpectedly, I encountered the Bishop himself, and his excellent chaplain, Mr. Pratt, now Archdeacon of Calcutta. The Bishop, saluting me in his own usual frank and hearty way, took me by the arm, and, walking up and down for a little, making a few friendly inquiries, he sud-

denly stopped, and with much feeling addressed me as follows: "Ah, dear friend, what a loss has your Church, and not your Church only, but the whole Christian world, sustained in the death of that great and good man, Dr. Chalmers! How singular, that the Lord should be pleased to leave me behind, who am three years older than he was! Is it not a warning to me to be ready? Dr. Chalmers was a man whom I not only admired, but loved. I have all his works in my library, and have not only read, but studied them. And what think you? I myself once became a Dissenter in order to hear him preach. That is, I rushed with the crowd to a Dissenting chapel in London. And, though it is thirty years ago, I never think of that wonderful sermon without feeling the thrill of it here still,"—laying his hand on his heart—"and I seem as if I felt it now."

But the most distinguishing peculiarity of his character, and that which constituted the real secret and fountainhead of its catholicity, indefatigable laboriousness, glowing warmth, and athletic force, was his remarkably vivid apprehension of and resolute adherence to the doctrines of pure primitive apostolic Christianity. On the fundamental Pauline doctrine of "justification through faith alone, without the works of the law," never did Luther's own trumpet give a clearer or more certain sound. On the

sovereignty of Divine grace in salvation, so glorifying to God and so humbling to man, Augustine, Calvin, and Knox would have hailed his utterances as those of a kindred spirit. Pelagianism, in all its forms, by repudiating the inherent depravity of human nature, and the consequent necessity of the Holy Spirit's regenerating power, was the object of his special abhorrence. On Socinianism, under its varied Proteus-like modifications, which, by denying the Lord that bought us with His own atoning blood, would degrade the Eternal Word, the Son of God, the brightness of His Father's glory, into a mere creature, and so reduce Christianity to the baldness and the barrenness of at best a mystic Mohammedanism or æsthetic Deism, he was wont to cast the most withering frown. Into the anti-scriptural character of Popery no Reformer had a more penetrating insight, or with intenser aversion denounced its malignant, soul-destroying tendencies. In modern Tractarianism, with its patristic and high-sounding mediæval pretensions, he, from the very first, was led to discern the very germ and rudiment of the whole Popish system; or, as that noble champion of Protestantism, Captain Gordon, late M.P. for Dundalk, once, with rare felicity, termed it "*the tadpole of Popery;*" and hence the frequency and vehemence, the severity and success, of his exposures of it. For his

eminent services in this department alone, not his own Church or other Churches in India only, but all the Reformed Churches throughout the world, owe him an everlasting debt of gratitude. But without enlarging any farther, as my heart would prompt me, I may compendiously express my own conception of his character as a Christian man and evangelical bishop, by asserting my firm persuasion that, had his lot been cast in less favored times, he would, for "the testimony of Jesus," have been found marching joyfully to the stake, in company with Ridley, Latimer, and Cranmer, and, by the fires of his own martyrdom, helping to light up that torch of evangelism in England which all the powers of darkness never can extinguish.

Besides his services in the cause of Christ generally, those which he rendered to the cause of missions must ever be conspicuous. The evangelization of the world at large, and of India in particular, was ever uppermost in his heart as a subject of prayer and exhortation. Under this head, perhaps his most notable achievement was the authoritative repudiation and ejection of the *caste system* from the native Churches of Southern India. His task was all the more difficult from its having been tolerated in modified forms by Schwartz and his associates, and treated and connived at as a *civil* rather than a *religious* institution by the gentle

Heber and his successors in the Indian Episcopate. But the principle of caste being evil and heathenish to the very core, and entering into the very essence of Hinduism, did not fail, however guarded and fenced, gradually to issue in intolerable practical abuses. With these Bishop Wilson was called upon, at an early period of his career, officially to grapple. And it redounds to his eternal credit that he did so in a Josiah-like style. Having fairly mastered the subject, and satisfied himself of its utterly antichristian character, he proposed no mere half-measures—no merely modifying limitary regulations. No ; his firm and resolute decree was, that the system must be extirpated, root and branch, from the membership of the native Churches, or the membership of the native Churches must be ejected from their bosom, until they heartily abjured and flung out the evil thing from among them. This decree swept through the Churches like the blast of a hurricane through an ancient forest. All that was crazy with age, or gnawed into cankers, or crusted with the moss of rottenness, fell before it. But the cause of truth and righteousness was all the better for the clearance. And the future sons and daughters of India's expurgated Churches will rise up to bless the memory of Bishop Wilson.

But I must bring this meagre notice to a

close. In the days of his greatest vigor Bishop Wilson blazed like a sun in our Christian firmament; but, like a tropical sun in the meridian, while he always illumined, he was apt at times to scorch. In his decline he shone like a sun still; aye, and like the natural sun, he not only seemed, but really was, "larger at his setting." But, oh, with what ineffably mild and mellow lustre he did shine! No words of mine can convey any adequate idea of his firm and faithful, yet soft and tenderly affectionate disposition—his ripe and rich, yet simple, childlike piety. All the loyalty of his spirit towards God, and all the sympathies of his heart towards man, were powerfully awakened by our recent judgments and disasters. Under them he seemed to feel and speak as a Nehemiah or a Daniel would have felt and spoken. When, not very long ago, he last called at our house, in his own easy, friendly, familiar way, never can I forget the simple earnestness with which he again and again declared that he felt that the great work of the remainder of his days would be to do what he could in bringing his people, in connection with the present awful condition of India, to a state of heart-felt humiliation and prayer. And in this high and holy vocation he assiduously labored, and not without good fruit, to the very end. But the Master whom he so loved and served on earth has now called him to no-

bler services in the realms above. And now that he is gone, the fervent prayer of God's people in behalf of poor, distracted, bleeding India, should be, that his mantle may fall on his successor, aye, and a double portion of his Elijah-like spirit.

In the stillness which reigns around us in this quiet rural district, a quietness which, contrasted with the ceaseless din and bustle of Calcutta, with its annual commerce of twenty millions sterling, seems quite Sabbath-like; there is something wonderfully congenial with the feelings and reflections which such an event is so well calculated to awaken. This is the period of the year when all the ordinary operations of husbandry are suspended. The time has not come for the reaping of the cold-season crops; and the rich clayey mould of the extensive fields not under crops has, under the cloudless, showerless, copper sky of the last three or four months, been baked into something like unburnt brick, so that no wooden anchor-shaped plough, in the hands of a lean emaciated ryot, and drawn by two bare-ribbed bullocks, is anywhere seen scratching the surface. The fisherman, with his hand-nets along the banks, or long nets across the river, is busily plying his vocation, whether by night or by day; but his is a singularly noiseless one. Beyond the occasional harsh creaking of the rough rustic carts,

conveying along roadless tracks their loads of grass and straw to the river's side, to be there piled into stacks on bamboo frames laid across two side-long boats, and thus floated down to the great metropolis, there is little to break in on the prevailing silence, save what is connected with the superstitions and idolatries of the people. Here the ear may at times be assailed by the loud death-wail of professional mourners, who marvellously dramatize the plaintiveness of agonized nature. There, at yonder rural ghats, consisting of steps rudely cut out of the hardened muddy banks, may every morning be heard the confused hum of voices, proceeding from the mixed multitudes engaged in their ablutions and prayers. Here, as the shadows of evening close in on our brief twilight, one's spirits may be jarred by the dissonant sounds of instrumental music and song, emanating from heathen temples embosomed among groves of noblest foliage and stateliest growth. And there, at the dismal spots for the exposure of the dying and burning of the dead, close to the waters of the desecrated Ganges, may at all times be heard, amid volumes of smoke, the horrid growl of the pariah dogs and hoarse croak of the ravenous vulture, fiercely contending for the mutilated, half-consumed remains of poor humanity. Amid the most gorgeous scenes of external nature in these orient

climes, one is constantly reminded of Heber's simple but expressive words, "Where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile." Verily, heathenism has done its work in making man "vile" in Bengal, which, from the exuberance of its products, and inexhaustible fertility, the Mohammedan rulers, even in their official documents, were wont to style "the paradise of kingdoms." And to the vitiating influences of heathenism must be added the cruel tyranny and oppression of man, diversely exhibited through long ages. Physically, as well as morally and religiously, the great mass of the Bengal ryots or peasantry is strangely degraded. Instead of light-hearted joyousness, there is for the most part, about them the look of dejection and melancholy. The real truth is, that, as a race, they are ground down into the dust by oppressors on all sides. The rural police is worse than none ; the courts of justice are practically closed against them ; the system of sub-letting, and sub, sub, sub, sub-letting, each sub-letter of course making his own profit, drains out of them all but the few rags that barely cover their nakedness ; and the twenty-five or more per cent. of the *Mahajan*, or native money-lender, on money borrowed to meet the exactions of the landholder, crushes them inextricably under a load of debt. Hence want and semi-starvation in the midst of plenty, and a

darkness of ignorance that may be felt, clinched by a hand of unimpressible apathy. Among these ryots there are multitudes even now who neither know nor care aught about the terrible war that is now raging in the North-West. But on this large subject I must refrain from saying more at present.—Yours ever affectionately,

ALEXANDER DUFF.

LETTER XX.

MEETING OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY.

CALCUTTA, 20th February, 1858.

MY DEAR DR. TWEEDIE,—The Southampton mail of the 4th January, which arrived a few days ago, among other items of intelligence brings us a report of a meeting of the Court of Proprietors of the East India Company, at which the present aspect of affairs in India was discussed. With the *extreme* views of parties on either side, I have no sympathy whatever. To say, with some, that the *entire* population of India is either disaffected or rebellious, is an extreme of error on the one side; to say, with others, that the *entire* population of India is well-affected and loyal, with the exception of the mutinous sepoys, is just as violent an extreme of error on the other. Having on former occasions stated what I still believe to be the *true medium view* of the subject, I need not enlarge upon it now. Only I may add emphatically, that conversations with military, civil, and medical officers from Central and Northern India, since my former letters were dispatched, tend to strengthen and confirm me in the persuasion that I represented the actual reality of things

with as near an approximation to truth, as the huge, tangled, and many-sided complexities of the subject can well admit.

At the meeting now alluded to, a gentleman, for whom personally I entertain, from past observation and experience, very high respect, was led into a line of argument which, to us who live on the spot, appears in no other light than a garish bead-roll of transparent fallacies. His argument, with the whole of the illustrative facts designed to support it, simply amounts to this, that in such and such provinces, districts, or cities, there was no actual outbreak of popular violence, no insurrectionary movement of the people against the constituted authorities, and, *consequently*, that in these provinces, districts, and cities, there existed no feeling of disaffection towards our Government! A more thorough logical *non sequitur* I never met with. Every one who is not positively and hopelessly blind knows that in hundreds and thousands of places where, through precautionary and other measures, and special overrulings of Providence, no actual outbreak occurred, there was much discontent, much display of treasonable and rebellious feeling, and much real dread and apprehension on the part of the authorities.

The speaker in triumph remarks, "Yet neither at Chittagong nor Dacca, nor, indeed, any other of these stations, except Dinapore, had there

been an insurrection!"—and, at the very time he was speaking, insurrection had actually broken out at Chittagong and Dacca! and the mutineers and rebels were spreading devastation and ruin through the neighboring districts! Such is but one specimen of the reply which facts have given to the speaker's glowing and triumphant confutation!

Not less unhappy is he in his reference to the memorial of missionaries, which, about a year and a half ago, declared that a feeling of dissatisfaction to a considerable extent prevailed among the people of Bengal—his conclusion being, that the absence, for the most part, of any outbreak of insurrectionary violence proved the non-existence of any such feeling. In the name of notorious truth and fact, in the name of justice to the people of Bengal, I must repudiate such an inference as illusory, and, if persisted in by our high authorities, as sure to lead to ultimate mischief and danger to our empire. It was not as enemies, but as true and staunch friends, alike of the people and of British sovereignty, that the missionaries felt themselves bound to testify to what *they heard with their own ears and saw with their own eyes!* It was in order that the knowledge of the fact might lead to an investigation of the inciting causes, and the timeous adoption of wisely-remedial measures. It was as British patriots

and Christian philanthropists, that they deemed it a duty to sound the note of warning, even at the risk of being for a season misunderstood, hooted, ridiculed, or calumniated. And what was begun from a sense of duty towards God and man will not be desisted from, despite the frowns of those who, for the time, may be wielding the thunders and the lightnings of imperial power.

The real truth is, that the people of Bengal are proverbially passive, with a capacity for enduring wrongs without resistance more wonderful than that of the Russian serf or American slave. But even with such a people there may be a limit beyond which wrongs may not be tolerated. That there is a feeling of discontent, more or less definite in its nature and producing causes, very widely diffused, no one who mingles freely with the people can possibly deny. This is a feeling, however, which Government officials are usually the very last to discover or to believe. Their object very naturally is, to have it proclaimed that all is quiet—all right; that all are contented, all satisfied, all happy; since such a state of things would redound to their own credit, flatter their self-complacency, and earn for them at once promotion and renown. And even if they wish honestly, from personal observation, to know the true state of native feeling, the distance between the members of

the Civil Service and the degraded, cowering masses around them, is so great and overawing, that they seldom or never can sufficiently understand it. And thus it happens that many a man has risen to the dignity of a member of the Supreme Council, without knowing anything aright of the mental, social, and physical condition of the multitudes for whom he is to legislate—their wants, their grievances, their ways of thinking, and feeling, and suffering. Those alone with whom they ordinarily come in contact are native officers, native zemindars, and other natives of respectability. From their intercourse and conversation with these, they are apt to form their impressions of the rest—forgetting that these have a deep interest in concealing from their British superiors the real condition and feelings of the masses, who may be the victims of their own cruel exactions and oppressions.

Thus also it happens that a disaffected feeling towards the British Government, of a kind more or less definite, has been gradually growing even among the timid and passive inhabitants of Bengal. And yet, when any of the British residents who really know the people, from constant and familiar converse with them, and who, at the same time, are conscientiously among the most loyal subjects of the British Crown, try to enlighten the Government on the subject, they

only get cold rebuffs or insolent rebukes for their pains. It was, as already stated, their sympathy with the oppressed millions of Bengal, and their feeling of hopelessness as to the possibility of obtaining any redress elsewhere, that led a body of disinterested men, some time ago, to appeal for a commission of inquiry, to the justice of the British Parliament. And it is their intense persuasion still, that if matters be not properly rectified in time, the people, finding the burden of their wrongs to be intolerable, may one day suddenly rise *en masse*, and take the redress of grievances into their own hands. It is in deprecation of the scenes of violence and bloodshed that must in such an eventuality ensue, that all who have the best interests of India and of Great Britain sincerely at heart would unite in beseeching the Supreme Government to break through the drowsy routine of old formalism, and address itself in right earnest to the great and glorious work of effective reform.

At present, the position of Government, or its apparent aspect towards the people at large, is deplorable in the extreme. With, it may be, the kindest and most equitable intentions on its part, the Government, too much and too often, appears towards them in the attitude of a severe, unrighteous, and inexorable tyrant. They have no direct way of knowing the mind of their rulers, the motives by which they are actuated,

or the objects of rectitude and beneficence which they may contemplate. They can only judge of them through the conduct and proceedings of men who may be clothed more or less with Government authority, and with whom all their practical dealings must be carried on. The native police, for example, are indescribably treacherous and cruel; these are the servants of Government, and for their acts of cruelty and oppression the Government, of course, gets the credit. The native officers that swarm about magistrates, judges, collectors, and courts of justice, are indescribably venal and corrupt; they are the servants of Government, or Government officials; and for all their dark deeds of falsity, perjury, and bribe-taking, the Government, in popular estimation, is held responsible. The zemindars, as a class, are indescribably avaricious and oppressive; they are upheld by Government in the exercise of rights that bear with extreme harshness on the wretched peasantry, and of all their extortionate exactions and other deeds of violence, the blame is almost universally imputed to the Government. Why, then, should not the Government, for its own sake, and for the sake of an outraged but patient and enduring people, interpose at once, and with a high hand, to terminate such a doubly disastrous state of things? Instead of patching up a false and fatal peace—instead of

silencing the cry of millions for redress by a volley of contemptuous and derisive but idle scorn—why should they not truthfully admit that things are just what they are ; and then, with the straightforwardness of Christian honesty, and the manliness of British energy, strive, with the nerve and grasp of high statesmanship, to remodel the police, the courts, the zemindary system? Thus proving themselves to be the best and truest friends, alike of landholder and people, why should they not earn for themselves renown instead of infamy—a character for justice and benevolence, instead of a reputation for tyranny and wrong? It is surely time that we should be done with the shams and trickeries of mere statecraft ; and that all should unite in inaugurating a new reign of good sense and good feeling, with truth and righteousness for the pillars of its throne, and kindliness and good-will to men for its overshadowing canopy.

Again, reference was made by the speakers to certain native chiefs, who, to outward appearance, have proved faithful. Who ever doubted or denied the fact? But the fallacy of the reference lies in this, that it is made in such a way as to imply or insinuate that *all* native chiefs have proved faithful, than which nothing can be more contrary to the reality. Such a suppression of the true, as every moralist can tell, is tantamount to an assertion of the false,

He who referred so vauntingly to the apparent fidelity of certain chiefs—as if these were only specimens of the whole class—must have known at the very time that many others had become rebels, heading vast hordes, not of mutinous sepoys, but of armed retainers. Of these, several, alike Hindu rajahs and Mohammedan nawabs, have already been seized and executed, while others are still abroad, setting our authority at defiance. The other day, when Sir Hugh Rose was on his way to the relief of Saugor, he attacked the fort of Katghur, one of the strongest in Bundelkund. By whom was it held? Not by mutinous sepoys, but by three or four Hindu and Mohammedan chiefs, at the head of a powerful body of desperate followers. For six days and nights Sir Hugh kept up a constant fire on its walls; at last, when a practicable breach was effected, and an assault was about to be made, it was found that the fort was suddenly evacuated—all having escaped by a subterranean passage! The existence of this passage, though unknown to Sir Hugh's force, must have been well known to every native in the neighborhood. And yet not one manifested loyalty enough to disclose the fact to the British chief. Does not a fact like this significantly show on whose side the hearts and wishes of the citizens and peasantry were? And yet we are told that the recent revolt was *nothing* but a *military mutiny!*

Again, Suraj-a-jung, the minister of the Nizam of Hyderabad in the Dekhan, hastened to a mosque, and arrested a fanatic who was inciting the people to insurrection; and it is asked in triumph, Did that show any feeling of hostility towards the English Government? Certainly not on the part of the minister. But what has that to do with disproving the main allegation as to hostility on the part of numbers at least of the people? Plainly nothing at all. The minister, like the late Reschid Pacha of Constantinople, happens to be a wise man, who has a clear apprehension of the power and resources of the British Government; and to him, humanly speaking, we are mainly indebted for the prevention of an outbreak or popular insurrection at Hyderabad and the Dekhan generally, where every well-informed man in India knows that, at one time, a general insurrectionary outbreak seemed all but inevitable. But, according to the speaker's logic, because, by the personal influence and repressive measures of one man, endowed with a master-spirit, an actual outbreak was prevented when all the elements were ready for explosion, no elements for rebellious explosion ever existed!

The allusion to the districts around Delhi—to their settling down into a state of order, and paying their revenue without irregularity or deduction—is perhaps the most unfortunate of

all, when almost every one here knows how British forces had to go out and crush and destroy village after village of armed rebels, to compel others to pay the revenue, until, when it was felt that further resistance was impossible, the inhabitants made a virtue of necessity, and continued to give what was due. And their doing so, in such circumstances, is characterized by the epitnets of "gladness and spontaneousness!" That many of the quieter and better disposed of the villagers did so contentedly I have no doubt; but that *all* of them, as is insinuated, or rather broadly asserted, did so gladly and spontaneously, is just as true as that *all* the citizens of Paris at this moment gladly and spontaneously recognize and render homage to the Emperor!

As if to pour contempt on the oft-reiterated allegation that the revolt was nothing but a military mutiny, look at the state of things in the North-West, as lately expounded by Mr. Harrington, in his place, as member of the Legislative Council of India. During the months of anarchy and disorder, when the whole country, beyond the limits of the few stations occupied by handfuls of British, was exempt from the control of all law, civil and military, the native inhabitants, not the sepoy mutineers, set about adjusting matters according to their own ideas and tastes. Among other things,

Mr. Harrington stated, that since the breaking out of the mutiny in May last, there had been a considerable unauthorized disturbance of possession of land and other real property in the North-West Provinces. "Indeed," said he, "to such an extent had this been the case, that in one of the districts through which he had passed in his recent journey from Agra to Calcutta, he had been informed that during the comparatively short interval that had elapsed, nearly one-half of the *zillah* (equivalent to a large English county) had changed hands." How was this? It was in direct subversion of the legal rights which had been guaranteed in connection with our compulsory sale of land in satisfaction of revenue and other money decrees. The parties whose possession had been thus forcibly disturbed had been "chiefly persons who had acquired their title to the property at public sales, held either for the recovery of Government revenue, or in execution of the decrees of our civil courts. The persons by whom they had been dispossessed had been, for the most part, the old or former owners, whose proprietary right had thus become extinguished." These persons, imagining, from the extinction of all civil and military authority, that "our rule was drawing to a close, and that, in all probability, it would soon cease altogether, took advantage of the temporary suspension of

authority to eject the parties whom we had put in legal possession of the property, which formerly belonged to themselves, and had reëstablished their own possession therein. In many instances the ouster had been attended with great personal violence." But the dispossession of our legally installed proprietors having been once effected, it would appear that in almost all cases the ryot-tenants cheerfully paid their rents to the dispossessors, as being the old proprietors, or descendants of the old proprietors, whom our vigorous and summary sales for satisfaction of revenue claims, &c., had deprived of their ancestral estates. Surely there are some lessons of singular significance which our statesmen might derive from all this! And now that public order and tranquillity are being gradually reëstablished, Mr. Harrington has introduced a new legislative measure to enable our legally constituted proprietors summarily to recover the properties of which, during the reign of anarchy, they have been dispossessed, since the attempt to recover their rights by regular action in our civil courts would occasion "great and vexatious delay." Here, then, by the public confession of one of our Indian legislators, during the last few months of general lawlessness in the North-West, we find a very large proportion, in many extensive districts amounting to nearly one-half, of landed

and other real property, violently seized and alienated from the owners who, under our administration, had paid down the purchase price, and been invested with legal titles! that is, violently alienated from *our* legally constituted proprietors and transferred to others whose legal titles had previously been by us extinguished! alienated and transferred, too, not by mutinous sepoys, but by the heads of villages and villagers themselves, under the full persuasion that our reign was at an end! the new proprietors and their ryot-tenants, in absolute contempt of our laws and authority, cordially coöperating in the alienation and transfer! And yet we are assured, on high official authority, that during these doleful months of riot and rapine, there has been nothing, nothing in the North-Western Provinces and elsewhere, but an *exclusively military mutiny!* Verily, the extravagance of official legerdemain, or the credulity of official hallucination, seems to recognize no limits!

Once more, allusion was made by the speaker to the province of Behar, and to its people, as a military, manly, self-reliant race. And because of the fidelity exhibited in a few special cases, the inference, as in other similar cases, is intended illegitimately to be drawn, that the whole of the inhabitants were loyal to the British sway. Such an inference astounds me fully more than

any of the rest. All Calcutta knows with what trembling anxiety we were looking out, day after day, for the intelligence from Behar; and how all, except a few blinded officials, knew that Behar generally was ripe for revolt, and was saved mainly through the energetic but irregular extra-routine measures of one man. That man—as all Europeans in the Company's service and out of it, except the members of a small clique that shall be nameless, that is, all Europeans in Behar, are ready to testify, and, indeed, have testified—is Mr. W. Tayler, the Civil Commissioner of the province. Let us then attend to the testimony of this high-spirited, high-talented officer.

"Patna," says he, "Patna, the capital of the province of Behar, as is notorious, has for many years been regarded as the *principal seat of disloyalty and intrigue. Ten years ago, a deep-laid plot was discovered in the city, which included many of the influential people.* The town contains an immense Mohammedan population. When first the mutiny broke out at Meerut and Delhi, the most serious alarm was entertained for Patna. The opium agent, Mr. Garret, and the lamented Dr. Lyell, made strong and frequent representations to the Government and the General commanding the division, on the subject. Mr. Farquharson, the Judge, wrote to propose that we should be prepared to leave the place on the first alarm,

and put ourselves under the protection of the guns and English soldiers at Dinapore. Every letter I received spoke of the danger apprehended at Patna—*all believed that if Patna went, the whole province would follow*. Anonymous letters and petitions came to me every day, speaking of plots, conspiracies, and traitors; no one knew whom to trust, or whom to fear; the great sect of the Wahabees, numbering some thousands between Patna and Dinapore, were observed to be unusually busy; private meetings were held at night at mosques, and in private houses; *all was uncertainty, suspicion, and fear*. The inward consciousness of danger, not the less alarming because not distinctly understood, pervaded all hearts. A great city, a large Christian population, and a noble province, were in my hands, to save or to lose."

Such is the picture, *drawn on the spot*, by the officer entrusted with the onerous task of preserving peace and order in the great city of Patna and province of Behar. Need I say how very different the reality was from the imaginative picture so complacently drawn by the magnate on the banks of the Thames! But with the candor of an honest and brave soul, Mr. Commissioner Tayler does not scruple to tell us, that "when the intelligence of the distant mutinies was first received, he himself for a short time *hoped* it might prove to be a merely

partial and military revolt, and that the contagion might not spread to the people or citizens of Patna; but that circumstances very shortly afterwards occurred which induced him to alter his opinion." At the same time, he positively testifies, that "the dangers which existed, and which *subsequent events proved to be real*, were *slighted or ignored* by the Governor of Bengal, *in opposition to reason, fact, and evidence.*" And it is doubtless the "peace, peace, when there was no peace," spirit of the latter which inspired the potentate of Leadenhall Street.

Amongst other weighty matters, Mr. Tayler states that he wrote demi-officially to the Governor of Bengal, telling him that he "*knew* that the 5th Cavalry were in a state of mutiny, prepared to rise when the opportunity suited them, and begged that they might be disarmed without delay." The answer was, that "some other officers *trusted* them, and that the Government could not afford to lose anything in the shape of cavalry until their *absence* was *proved* to be preferable to their presence!" as if such proof is ever given till the remedy is too late! Shortly afterwards the trusted 5th Cavalry rose, attacked Gya, defeated the Sikhs under Captain Rattray, dashed into the town, liberated the prisoners, subsequently ravaged the district, and went off in triumph to join Kooer Singh!

Again, Mr. Tayler reported what he says was

known "to every man, woman, and child in Behar," viz., that the three native regiments at Dinapore, a few miles from Patna, had resolved openly to mutiny. To this the reply of the Governor of Bengal was—"I cannot satisfy myself that Patna is in any danger. It is *inconceivable that the native regiments at Dinapore should mutiny in the face of the European troops!*" Though what was thus inconceivable to the Governor had already actually happened at Meerut and Lucknow, and soon afterwards, with disastrous results, at Dinapore itself!

Indeed, as Mr. Tayler tells us, the mutiny was first planned for 7th June, and intimation was sent to him by the military authorities, that a disturbance was expected. All the Christians, in consequence, assembled at his house, and preparations were made for defence. While they were thus congregated, two letters from the regiments were intercepted, addressed to the men of the *police local battalion*, telling them "that all had agreed that they were coming down towards Patna, and begging the guards to take the treasure (amounting to twenty lacs, or £200,000), and meet them." The design having been discovered at Dinapore, and great efforts having been made by the officers, the mutiny was staved off at that time by a hair's-breadth.

From that date Mr. Tayler tells us that "his

own eyes were fully opened." The fact of a communication having been carried on between the regiments and the local police guards was palpable. He also soon found that "constant intercourse was kept up between the two stations, Patna and Dinapore;" and he "plainly perceived, after some secret observation and inquiry, that serious mischief was brewing under an unruffled surface." Then it was that, "after carefully pondering the several sources of danger, after weighing and comparing the information brought to him from various sources," he resolved "to adopt a series of coercive measures which would anticipate and nullify any movement that might be contemplated, and draw the teeth of the disloyal before they had opportunity to bite." These measures are thus compendiously summarized by Mr. Tayler himself: "The city was disarmed; the dangerous and disaffected were rendered powerless; the people were compelled to keep in their houses after nine o'clock at night; conspiracies were detected and baffled; an attempt to raise the city failed; the chief criminals were hanged or imprisoned; the villains of the town fled in terror; so that when the day of the mutiny arrived—*which it was intended, should be the signal for a concerted outbreak*—the entire city of Patna was unmoved, except by fear." All these prompt and vigorous, and, under God, success-

ful measures, he assures us, were adopted solely "on his own conviction of what was right," and "*in opposition to the Governor's views!*" And yet these were the measures which, according to the universal testimony borne by all the British residents, saved Patna and Behar from the horrors of insurrection, massacre, and rapine. For, adds he with emphasis, "had I adopted the Governor's views, making nought of the danger, and slighting past experience, I should have folded my hands, satisfied with the report from the magistrate and the police that *all was well.* The plots of Ali Kurim, Pir Ali Khan, and other conspirators, would have been matured; the coöperation of the disaffected townsfolk and the native guards would have been obtained; the people would have kept their arms, and enjoyed unrestricted liberty at night; time would have been allowed for the sepoys and the citizens to adjust their difference of opinion as to *the particular day of the week on which we were all to be murdered*—the townsfolk, as confessed by several of the detected conspirators, wishing to clear us out on a Friday, and the sepoys on a Sunday; and when the day of mutiny came, Cawnpore, Jhansi, and Shahjehanpore might have been outrivalled by the tragedy of Patna."

Surely the man who could display such penetrating sagacity, such confident self-reliance, and such fearlessness of all personal conse-

quences, as to assume all responsibility, and, in so terrible a crisis, boldly act on his own paramount convictions of duty, in opposition to the avowed policy and expressed views of his civil superior, and, by so acting, succeeded, under God, in saving the great city of Patna, and important province of Behar, from the horrors of insurrectionary violence—can be no ordinary character, and must be held entitled to no ordinary reward. If ever man earned the honors of British knighthood at the hands of his Sovereign, that man is Commissioner Tayler. And yet, it is mortifying to add that, at the very time when he was hailed by all competent witnesses, with united voice, as, under Providence, the protector of Patna and the saviour of Behar, the Governor of Bengal was pleased to seize on a *supposed* error of judgment in *one single particular*, and employ it as a pretext for removing him with disgrace from the exalted station in which he had rendered such momentous services to India and the British Crown; the *real* ground of the dismissal being, as he himself has declared, "the obvious, if not the avowed, antagonism between his policy and the policy of the Government, in dealing with the events of the present crisis."

Trusting that the justice-loving and generous-hearted people of Great Britain will, through their representatives in parliament,

demand satisfaction for the ill treatment of so faithful and distinguished a public officer, I proceed to remark that the matured and deliberate opinions of a man of such sagacity and enlarged experience ought to outweigh, in substantive value, a hundredfold the opinions of merely theoretical, inexperienced politicians at home. What, then, are Mr. Tayler's sober and decided opinions respecting the *real nature* of the rebellion which has been so fiercely raging through so many of the fairest of our Indian provinces? Here they are, expressed in brief, terse, unmistakable terms: "Whatever victories," says he, "may be achieved in the field by the strength of our bayonets, the strategy of our leaders, or the indomitable valor of our brave soldiers, there is a greater victory and more permanent triumph to be looked for, without which the gain of a battle, or the defeat of a foe, however brilliant or decisive, will be of little use—a triumph with which the whole future of this great country—the true interests both of England and India—are indissolubly united. For the achievement of that victory, it is, above all things, necessary that we should first *see the truth*, and then *manfully meet and grapple with it;* that all our measures should be conducted on principles *ruled* and directed by *that truth;* and that in the light of it, as a sure guide, we should deal with the nation under

our rule, resolutely and righteously, as in the fear of God, trusting to *Him* for the issue.

"What this truth is, I may, I think, venture to say, is patent to all thinking men who have eyes to see and ears to hear ; and may thus be briefly stated : *Firstly*, That the present outbreak is no *military revolt alone, no soldier mutiny, no mere rising of an army.* It is the issue of a long-meditated and deeply-laid scheme, the deliberate purpose of which was *the extermination of the whole Christian race, the overthrow of the British Government, and the reëstablishment of Moslem rule. Secondly*, That the *army*, bought over by bribes and promises, and moved by the fears and fanaticism of the sepoys on religious points, has been the *instrument used* for the accomplishment of this large purpose of treachery and extermination. All the reasons so frequently assigned for its revolt—the paucity of officers, the relaxation of discipline, and such like matters—being merely secondary causes, which, though important in themselves, as rendering the *seduction* of the regiments more *easy*, have yet *nothing* to do with the *origin* or *purpose* of the insurrection. *Thirdly*, That the Mohammedans are those who, as a body, have *originated* the scheme, have brought it to maturity, and have secretly, and with marvellous cunning and consummate adroitness, pulled the strings, and set the puppets in motion. These I conceive to

be the *main facts* of this great truth; facts which, if I mistake not, are daily becoming more patent, at least to the observing few."

These views of the real nature and character of the great rebellion, so recently expressed by Commissioner Tayler as the final result of all his observation and experience, are substantially the very same to which I was led to give expression so far back as *May last.* They are views which, in the main, have been corroborated by many subsequent disclosures. Even within the last few days, they seem to acquire considerable confirmation from the proceedings at the trial of the ex-King of Delhi, now in progress. Among other documents, the translation of a letter, dated 24th March, addressed to the late Mr. Colvin, Governor of the North-Western Provinces, was read, disclosing the fact that, *as far back as a year and a-half ago, secret emissaries were sent by the now ex-King of Delhi to Persia*, through the agency of one Mohammed Hussun Uskiri, *the main object of which was evidently to obtain assistance to complete the overthrow of the British power in India.* The perusal of the letter, which bears both the Delhi and the Agra post-mark, excited considerable sensation in the court, &c., &c. But as the trial is not yet ended, and the reports of it which have hitherto reached us are somewhat meagre, it is not expedient to refer to it at greater length

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now. Meanwhile, let all that has now been advanced be candidly pondered, and I trust it will be found to contain a sufficient counterpoise to the one-sided statements and plausible fallacies recently announced with such an air of oracular dogmatism from the chair of the East India Company in Leadenhall Street.

It is no small matter that is involved in the difference between what I may designate as *the open-eyed policy* and *the shut-eyed policy*.

The *latter*, or *shut-eyed policy*, by turning away from and shunning *the truth*, merely because it is unpalatable to official taste, humiliating to official pride, or discreditable to official management, would, in its easy selfishness, skim lightly along the surface, and satisfy itself with isolated snatches of loyalty and thin semblances of security. It would fain cover over the wounds, bruises, and putrifying sores that rankle so foully beneath, with the slenderest film of seeming healedness. And, thus rocking itself to rest amid dreams of fancied safety, would complacently slumber on, confessing no faults, learning no lessons, and originating no real reforms, until some day suddenly aroused by the crash and rebound of a more terrific explosion than that which has recently replenished the land with tears, and agonies, and blood.

The *former*, or *open-eyed policy*, seeking supremely the glory of God and the good of man,

would begin with confession of past errors and sins, past mistakes and shortcomings; and then, piercing beneath the deceitful upper surface, would searchingly explore the whole lazar-house of loathsome maladies, for the express purpose of devising and applying appropriate remedies. Reversing the blinded and blinding *régime* of the past, it would, without a single atom of intolerance or persecution, studiously eschew the slightest patronage of heathen shrines or their idol-tenants, fixedly resolved, on high principle, "to taste not, touch not, handle not," the "accursed thing." Instead of fondling and fostering caste-usages, it would ***simply ignore its existence altogether***, by authoritatively proclaiming that, in the future selection of candidates for ***all*** Government situations, civil, military, naval, police, judicial, and fiscal, ***mental and moral qualifications***, with ***aptitude for the business***, ALONE would be ***considered or attended to***. As one means of giving practical effect to such a proclamation, it would, in formally registering the parties chosen, record ***only their names***, and ***not***, as for the most part hitherto the ***particular caste*** to which they belonged, and in which they might be arrogantly priding themselves. Mental qualifications and aptitude for office being nearly or wholly equal, it would, contrary to the practice of the past, give decided preference to those who were, ***not of the highest***

caste, but of *the highest moral character*, and whose *religious principles furnished the best guarantee for an enlightened and healthy conscience in the discharge of duty.* In its treatment of races, so greatly diverse as those which are now under British rule in India—including all extremes, from the cowering, timid Bengali to the manly, warlike Rajput, or fierce, intractable Mohammedan—from the intelligent and philanthropic Anglo-Saxon Christian, to the ignorant and revengeful demi-savage Cole, Khond, or Sonthal—it would shun the actual inequalities of a spurious equalizing liberalism, by carefully studying its peculiar idiosyncrasies, and adapting its varied measures accordingly. More especially in its treatment of the Mohammedans, who, while "feeding on our bounty, and fawning on our persons—impelled by personal hatred, national antagonism, the impulses of fanaticism, and the direct precepts of their religion"—could deliberately plan and mercilessly carry out schemes of unparalleled atrocity, it would hold "no paltry, hesitating parley, no cowardly, half-hearted compromise." Towards all it would maintain an attitude, not of tyranny, or haughtiness, or selfish indifference, or of equally selfish and degrading concession, but of even-handed and righteous dominancy, tempered with the influence of kindliness, goodwill, and self-denying charity. Above all, with-

out violating in the smallest degree that liberty of conscience and freedom of worship which has uniformly been conceded to our native fellow-subjects, and without permitting or sanctioning any approach to proselytism by force or fraud, it would—while no longer tolerating the humiliating homage which has too often been rendered to the idolatries and caste-prejudices of old heathendom—solemnly and for ever abjure the official supercilious contempt which has too often been cast on the glorious and one only divine faith of old Christendom ; yea, and not only so, but strenuously employ all legitimate means for the universal diffusion of its awakening, enlivening, renovating principles throughout the myriad masses of this benighted land.

But, even when a better policy shall be devised and adopted, it cannot be disguised that there will be stupendous difficulties in the way of *practically carrying it out.* Where are the fitting instruments or agents to be found, sufficient in number, and in possession of the right quality ? To most of the functionaries brought up under the bias and tincture of "the old traditional policy," the proverb of "putting new wine into old bottles" may not unaptly be applied. Even now, when the land is still reeking with the blood of thousands untimely slain, and still ringing with the noise of marches, sieges,

storming assaults, and sanguinary battles, we constantly hear of a lamentable return, in many quarters, to the old official propensities and ways. Already, in some well-known cases, have wily sycophantish Mohammedans, who played no minor part in the tragedy of rebellion, been restored to places of trust! Already have the leanings towards an obtrusive countenance of caste been deplorably manifested. Of this a striking instance recently occurred, which took us all by surprise. When the notoriously insubordinate 70th native infantry at Barrackpore, which has been kept from open mutiny solely by the overawing presence of British troops, at length condescended to consent to proceed to China, the Government officials requested a deputation of their own number to visit the ship, and see that the tanks for water and all other arrangements were in accordance with the rules and usages of caste! The men themselves are credibly reported to have declared that such a visitation was unnecessary; since, after all that had occurred, they would trust their gracious masters. Nevertheless, the old school and unchanged officials insisted that they should satisfy themselves by actual inspection.

What could be expected from such servile truckling to caste, but that the men should be swollen with fresh gusts of vanity and self-conceit? And so it has turned out. The other

day, the letter of a correspondent at Singapore was published in one of our local journals, from which the following is an extract: "The scoundrels were noisy and insolent continually; but the climax of insolence was almost amusing. They made a request, in a most insolent manner, that *the dinner should not be brought aft for the officers from the galley to the cuddy, as the steam or gravy from the dishes might be emptied over them, and take away their caste!* To the astonishment of the commander of the transport, instead of such insolence being put down, as he had been used to see in the British army, the officers of the regiment *temporized* and *soothed* them, with *Subar, baba, logue, durust hoga* (Patience, children, it will be all put right); and actually asked the captain if it could not be remedied. He evidently was hugely disgusted, and replied, Nothing easier, gentlemen, if you wish it; we will change places; let these *babas* take up your quarters in the after-cabin, and we will mess in the pig-styes in the forecastle. This bluff reply shut them up for the time; whether anything else as absurd has occurred, you may perhaps hear."

A better or more intelligible illustration could not perhaps be furnished to the British people of what is meant by caste-prejudice—of the nature and mode of its practical working—of the insolence, insubordination, and indiscipline

which it necessarily tends to generate—and of the timid and slavish submission to its preposterous claims by British officials of the old school. But its recurrence at this late hour painfully raises the question, How can the military and other Government officials, imbued with such a spirit of *caste-deference*, be fitted to become the proper agents in inaugurating the new and improved policy which, it is to be hoped, the people of Great Britain will, with a voice, if not as loud, at least as resistless, as ten thousand thunders, insist on demanding?

It is not by any great or bold measure of legislation that the timid unchristian policy pursued by the Indian Government is manifested to the world; but by a hundred little petty, peddling acts, which but too clearly exhibit its predominant leanings and tendencies. To the instances given in a former letter I may now add one or two more.

In recently appointing additional chaplains to the augmented British army in India, the Court of Directors conclude their dispatch to the Governor-General in Council with this emphatic caution: "*The gentlemen appointed to these duties should be specially warned against any interference with the religion of the natives.*"

The authorities at Belgaum, in the Dekhan, *declined* to reward a native police officer, named Mutu, who saved the province from insurrec-

tionary outbreak. And why? Because it turned out that *he was a Christian!* And any reward to him, it was thought, might excite native prejudices.

Again, Mr. Mason, the able missionary at Toungbu, in Burma, proposed to Government to enlist the *Christian Karens* into a police battalion. The offer was rejected, as consent would, it was alleged, establish an invidious distinction!"

Once more, towards the east of Bengal, in the district of Burrisal, considerable numbers of the peasantry have of late years embraced Christianity, or put themselves under Christian instruction. That whole region being peculiarly defenceless, and no confidence being reposed in the native police, the judge, magistrate, and other civilians, turning to the native Christians as the only reliable and trustworthy class of the native community, formed about two hundred of them into a temporary police corps, for the protection of life and property. They then applied to the Governor of Bengal for his formal sanction, as also for some suitable pecuniary remuneration to the newly-formed corps, so long as they were retained on public duty. But, true to the instincts of the "traditional policy," the Governor repudiated the enlistment of such a body of men at all in the public service, and refused any remuneration. The formation and payment of a police corps of ***native Christians***

by the State would be apt to prove offensive to the feelings of *Mohammedans* and *Hindus!* But so imminent were the perils which appeared to hang over the district, especially during the paroxysm of our terrible crisis, that the judge and his civilian compeers were but too glad to retain the *native Christian police* force for two or three months at their own private expense. What a commentary does all this furnish on the suicidal infatuating influence of the genuine old Indian policy! And what significant evidence of the real value of an enlarging native Christian community, even as regards the continued welfare and stability of the British empire in India!

In a recently published letter from Mr. John Marshman, the original projector, and for many years the able and talented editor, of the *Friend of India*—a man who knows perhaps more of Indian affairs generally than any other British subject; a man, moreover, who never was accused of the slightest tincture of hostility towards the Indian Government or any of its members—we find this emphatic utterance: "The *refusal* of the Government of India to accept the services of the Kishnagur Christians in the hour of need, *on the ground that they were Christians*, has been reprobated throughout the country. Perhaps no one circumstance has done, or is doing, so much damage to the Government of Bengal as the course pursued in regard to a *treatise on*

geography, published by the Deys (native Hindus), at Serampore, which was offered for the patronage of Government, and referred for their opinion to some Pandits, who said that it contained *assertions directly opposed to the Hindu creed;* upon which the Government *refused to encourage it!* And what Government can stand the odium of being represented as truckling, through mere timidity, to the idolatrous prejudices of the Hindus, to such a degree as to discourage a treatise on geography, because it affirmed that the earth moved round the sun, instead of stating, according to the Puranic system, that it rested on a tortoise? I wish you could impress on the Government and its officers that they are on the brink of a precipice, so far as their own characters are concerned; that it behooves them to act with the utmost courage, to exchange timidity for confidence, and never to forget that it is no longer sufficient for them to rest satisfied if their conduct is approved of in Leadenhall Street."

Again, with reference to the unpopular appointment, as Deputy Commissioner of Patna, of Amir Ali—a Mohammedan attorney in Calcutta, the paid agent and servant of many of the Patna malcontents, and more especially the close ally and confidential adviser of the well-known Luft Ali Khan, a wealthy banker at Patna, a man of *notoriously bad character*, who

was arrested and tried on a charge of harboring a mutineer, and *two of whose household servants* were proved to have been actively concerned in the brutal murder of Dr. Lyell, and were hanged in consequence—Mr. Marshman thus writes: "The appointment is unequivocally and universally condemned. I have had circumstances related to me which, if brought forward, would scarcely leave the Government of Bengal a leg to stand on. It appears, after all, that he did nothing to pacify Behar. But the very idea of endeavoring to keep the peace among the Mohammedan malcontents, by enlisting the services of a Mohammedan pleader, and not by means of our troops, is considered so utterly derogatory to our national character as to admit of no palliation. The deference paid to the Mohammedan turban by the rulers of British India, from the time when we dethroned the Mohammedans, and incurred their unquenchable hate, is one of the most unaccountable idiosyncrasies of the last hundred years. It seems as strong at the present time as in the durbar days of Warren Hastings: stronger after the revolt than before it."

Surely, then, in devising a new and better policy for India, it behooves the British people to ask themselves the question, Who are to be the *fitting agents* employed in introducing it? Is Lord Shaftesbury prepared to become Gov-

ernor-General? Is the home Government prepared to nominate him? And if so, are the Arthur Kinnairds, Dunlops, and other enlightened advocates of the new policy prepared to accompany him as his advisers, and the executors of his high behests? Are the really Christian capitalists of Great Britain prepared to come out, and not only stimulate the natives by their enterprise, but elevate and ennoble them by their pure, upright, consistent example? Are the young and really Christian lawyers and political aspirants of Great Britain prepared to come and act in carrying out the prodigious reforms that are required throughout the whole of our judicial, magisterial, and fiscal machinery? Are the really Christian young preachers of Great Britain prepared to come, and, with the living voice giving utterance to the breathings of gracious souls, help in transfusing a vitalizing influence through the dead and utterly inert masses of this great land? Are the really Christian young educators of Great Britain prepared to come, and, with unconquerable patience and perseverance, buffet the all but insuperable difficulties connected with the "godly up-bringing" of the millions of juveniles now literally rotting in the charnel-houses of a rampant heathenism? Are the really Christian possessors of wealth in Great

Britain prepared to stoop from the loftiness of luxurious regalement, and stint and deny themselves for the sake of bringing to a glorious consummation the new and improved Christian policy of British India?

These, and questions like these, ought to be fervently asked on their bended knees before God, by all the disciples of Christ, and true friends of India in this the hour of her sore travail. And if no way be found to a satisfactory reply, let their heads droop, their hands hang down, and their tongue cleave to the roof of their mouth! For, what is the practical use of merely proclaiming that the Indian Government should advertize itself Christian; and demanding that the entire administrative machinery of Government shall be Christian; and insisting upon it that all education shall henceforth be Christian—with many other Christianizing measures besides—*if the living agents are wanting, commensurately to carry out the whole into actual realization*? But let us hope that the question will be put in right earnest, and that satisfying replies may be found in the rush of really Christian candidates to occupy every diversity of position in the momentous enterprize of regenerating idolatrous, superstition-ridden India. Let us, in short, hope that mighty words may soon fructify into mighty deeds, and

mighty promises into mighty performances; and then, by God's blessing, may we look for such a harvest as this world has not yet seen!

Monday, 22*d*. — For some weeks past our journals have been teeming with notices of minor skirmishes and engagements with the rebels, along the eastern and western frontiers of Bengal, in Northern Behar, and in Central India, as also with notices of the vast preparations for the final attack on Lucknow.

The mention of Lucknow brings to mind what was designated "an interesting incident in the first relief," which appeared in the *Witness* of 16th December, extracted from a Paris paper. The statement, as purporting to be given by the Frenchman, has been pronounced by parties who were in the residency at the time, a highly-colored romance, having, however, a certain foundation in fact. The simple and unadorned fact itself is so highly characteristic, and so creditable to the kindly feelings of our brave Highlanders, that I may give it as supplied by an intelligent gentleman who actually witnessed the scene. "The *first*," says he, "who rushed in were some Highlanders out of breath, covered with the dust and smoke of battle. They at once rushed to the ladies, and shook hands with them again and again, took up the children, and passed them about from one to another—crying and

sobbing, and the scene of joy was beyond all description." There seems no end to the anecdotes which we hear connected with that most wonderful siege and deliverance. The gentlemen already referred to declares that the engineers calculated that during the first fortnight of the siege seventy balls a second, day and night, were sent into the Residency. After the first fortnight, there was not literally a minute in which some balls were not sent in. How they survived is indeed a matter of astonishment. During Havelock's *first* advance, when the garrison was daily expecting his near approach, it rained with tropical copiousness incessantly for two days. This immense fall, by swelling the torrents and inundating the country, helped to necessitate his falling back on Cawnpore. Then, for a little, the hearts of many in the apparently doomed Residency sunk into a momentary despair. But note the overruling of Providence! It was *afterwards* discovered that the rebels had laid several mines that were nearly ready for explosion, when the rains descended, filled up the mines, and thus saved the garrison!

On the morning of the 3d inst., the fort of Saugor, on the Nerbudda, was at last relieved by the force under Sir Hugh Rose. From its remoteness in Central India, and from its not being closely besieged and unceasingly assailed, like the Residency at Lucknow, it of late at-

tracted little attention. At any other time in our history its condition would have occupied and absorbed the public. For the last seven weary and anxious months, upwards of four hundred Europeans, of whom at least *one hundred and ninety* were women and children, have been shut up in it, with the entire population all around it in a state of rebellion, and threatened everlastingly with an assault from armed masses of the enemy. What added to the anxiety of all here was, that the fort was known to be a weak one, which could not hold out long against the play of heavy guns if brought to bear upon it. From its known weakness and exposedness to the violence of a multitudinous foe, its relief must be regarded as another of the marvels of providential deliverance so signally realized during the few last awfully eventful months.

A few days ago, some four thousand of the rebels were defeated and dispersed at Buheri, in Northern India, and several guns captured. On the 17th inst., the fort of Rhotasghur was at last taken possession of by our troops. This fort lies on the west of the district of Shahabad, between the river Sone and Benares—Arrah, first the scene of tragic disaster and ultimately of glorious victory, lying to the east of the same district. The position of Rhotasghur, which figures alike in Hindu and Mohammedan

history, is most commanding, and might be rendered impregnable. It stands at the height of 1000 feet, on a spur or promontory of the hills that shoot out from Central India, and there look down abruptly on the great plain of the Ganges, with the river Sone running under a vast precipice on one side of it, and another river washing it on the other side, before its junction with the Sone; while on the third side is a deep ravine, clothed with impenetrable forests and jungles—the only available access to it being by a narrow pathway along a steep acclivity of about two miles. It is now in a shattered and ruinous condition, with only the remains of vast battlements, temples, and palaces. Since the outbreak of the great rebellion, it has been occupied by Umer Singh and other rebel chiefs, with their hordes of armed followers, as a central rendezvous; and from it parties have ever and anon been sent forth to scour the country, and especially to plunder and cut the telegraph wires along the Grand Trunk which passes within sight of it. Besides the dispersion of the rebel hosts congregated there, its possession at length by our troops is of no small importance, as regards the keeping open the line of communication between Calcutta and Benares.

Our regular mail closes to-day, and by it we had hoped that tidings would have been trans-

mitted of the final fall of Lucknow. But it is now understood that the grand attack will not be made before the 27th inst., the Commander-in-Chief having deferred operations till Brigadier Franks and Jung Bahadur's columns from the east and south-east be in proper position to cooperate in surrounding the city, and thus preventing the enemy's escape. By that time a force of 50,000—one half British—with 250 guns, many of them of the largest calibre, will be before and around the devoted city. The result must be either total destruction or unconditional surrender.—Yours affectionately,

ALEXANDER DUFF.

LETTER XXI.

ON CASTE.

CALCUTTA, 6th March, 1858.

MY DEAR DR. TWEEDIE,—The subject of *caste* is a tremendous one. The more thoroughly any one studies it, the more intensely does the conviction grow upon him that it very much resembles a tangled wilderness without a pathway, a boundless labyrinth without a clew. But as events in Providence have now too clearly shown that something must be done with it, I lately drew up a brief statement, which, on Tuesday last, was submitted to the Calcutta Missionary Conference. In now forwarding it to you, with a few expansions rather than additions, it affords me sincere satisfaction to be enabled to add, that having obtained the entire concurrence of the Conference, it is now to be regarded as going home with the weight and authority which ought to attach to the sanction of that learned and influential body. It is as follows:

The recent disasters which have befallen our Indian empire, while attracting and engrossing the attention of the whole civilized world, have tended to shed new light on the momentous evil

of pandering or truckling to the prejudices and pretensions of caste.

The importance and necessity of inaugurating an entirely new line of policy, and of reconstructing our whole Governmental machinery—legislative, executive, and administrative—having been violently agitated, the question has been raised with some degree of vehemence, "*What are we to do with caste? How are we practically to deal with it?*"

On this subject, as on most others, which have awakened or inflamed the sympathies or antipathies of men, extreme opinions have been enunciated.

Some would regard caste, or the division of society into separate and well-defined masses, as purely secular and civil in its origin, design, and purpose, and would be disposed to put down with the high hand of imperial authority, many at least, if not all, of its peculiar usages, as the embodiments of mere insolent arrogance and domineering pride.

Others, again, would regard caste as so pre-eminently sacred and divine in the eyes of the people, that, so far from intermeddling with it, they would, on the score of liberty of conscience, not merely tolerate but cherish it.

Without taking up or combating the arguments of either party, it is deemed better to attempt briefly to set forth what we conceive to

be the predominant native view on the subject of caste, and to suggest the best way of practically dealing with it under a new system of things.

First, then, from the study of Hindu works on the subject, from the observation for many years of its modes of working, and from repeated conversations with intelligent natives concerning it, we have no doubt at all that, in the Hindu conception of it, caste involves distinctions, not of secular occupation or of civil condition only, but distinctions of a sacred and religious kind—distinctions neither arbitrarily imposed by mere human power, nor casually assumed as the result of social contract or conventional usage, but distinctions absolutely radical and fundamental in the very nature and constitution of man.

All this is necessarily implied in the ancient and well-known account of the origin of caste, which declares that, at the time of creation, the highest, or *Brahmin* caste, proceeded from Brahma's mouth; the *Kshatriya*, or warrior caste, from his arms; the *Vaisya*, or industrial caste, from his loins; and the *Sudra*, or servile caste, from his feet. For whatever may be alleged by *us* against the *literal* reception of this genealogy, nothing is more certain than that it has from earliest ages sunk deep into the inner convictions of the national mind of

India, and up to this hour continues powerfully to appeal to, and more or less influence, the religious consciousness of individuals and whole classes.

In other words, though the different castes may now to superficial observers appear under the exterior aspect of merely natural social distinctions, and though connected with these there may be much in the way of superadded usage or custom that is purely civil in *our* sense of the term, no one who has studied the subject to any purpose can have failed to discover that, in the theory of caste as unfolded in writings, that are universally reputed sacred and divine, and in the belief of the most authoritative expounders of these writings, a religious doctrine lies at the root of it; that caste, as regards its essential nature, is not a merely human or capriciously superinduced distinction, but a positively divine and primarily created distinction, being itself originally derived from a divine fountain-head, its peculiar rights and privileges conferred and firmly established by divine power—its peculiar duties, personal and social, civil and sacred, enjoined by divine authority, and the whole closely guarded and upheld by the unalterable sanctions of divine law.

Coincident with this theory and belief is the ordinance which decrees that the distinctions

of caste can be transmitted by hereditary descent, and successively derived from *birth* alone; that it is utterly untransferable from one class to another; that it cannot be gained as a reward for merit, however transcendant, or bestowed as an honorary title or rank by the most powerful monarch, and that, being distinct in its origin, and incommunicable as to its intrinsic qualities, it is designed to be preserved inviolate through this life, and to regulate the destinies of departed spirits in the life to come.

It is difficult, if not impossible, for Europeans—even for those living in India—fully to understand the feelings, mental habitudes, and principles which have given birth to, and still maintain the distinctions of caste. Perhaps an illustration from natural history may serve as a convenient means of giving a popular idea of the matter. As birds, beasts, fishes, and other tribes of animated being are divided into *genera* or *orders*, which must have sprung from so many different originals, so, in the Hindu conception of it, the race of man was, from the very beginning, divided by the Creator himself into *four genera orders* or *castes*, which did spring from an equal number of different originals. In our belief, founded on authentic revelation, all the race-lines of the human family, however widely dissimilar or divergent now, if traced backwards, would be found to *converge* towards

and ultimately meet in a single primordial stock or procreative centre; but, in the belief of the Hindus, founded on what to them is a revelation, all the race-lines of the human family, if traced backwards, would be found, not to converge towards a common point, but to *run parallel*, and ultimately terminate in distinct and independent stocks or centres of production.

Accordingly, as in the case of animals, notwithstanding the similarities of shape, instincts, and habits, the great families of birds, beasts, and fishes are composed of a number of different genera, and these again of multiplied species, which are easily distinguished by learned naturalists, though they may be more or less confounded by the ignorant; so, notwithstanding the resemblances of bodily shape, and apparent mental and moral attributes, the great family of man, in the opinion of the Hindus, is made up of different genera and species, each as essentially distinct from the rest as one genus or species of birds, beasts, or fishes is from another. Each such genus of man constitutes what is reckoned one of the four primeval castes; and each such species one of the subsequent divisions or subdivisions, which now amount to many hundreds. However closely different birds, beasts, and fishes may resemble each other in outward appearance and general characteristics, each *kind* will keep itself distinct

by its food, its habits, and its sympathies; will associate and congenialize with those of its own kind, in preference and to the exclusion of others. It would be monstrous if the members of one genus would cease to resemble and unite with the members of its own genus, and mix with and adopt the distinguishing marks and habits of another. It would be strange indeed were the lion to graze like the ox, or the ox to slay its prey like the lion. The special capabilities also of service to be derived from any particular genus or species of animals cannot be transferred to another. A sheep or an ox, for example, cannot be made to answer the the same purpose as a horse. It would be unnatural to expect that an ox should carry a rider as swiftly as a horse can, and wrong to make the attempt to train him for the race-course.

Ideas somewhat akin to these seem to form the groundwork in the Hindu mind of the prevalent notions of caste, and may help to account for the fact, that the points considered most essential in caste are food and its preparation, intermarriage within the same caste only, hereditary occupation, and a peculiar sympathy with the whole caste, which, taking the form of imitativeness, leads an individual Hindu to follow the example of his caste, just as a sheep or a wild pigeon follows the example of the

flock.* These ideas also may so far explain the ground of the *local* variations observable in the customs and usages of the same caste. In one place a Hindu will consent to do what in another he would peremptorily refuse to do, simply because in the former he is countenanced by the example of his brethren, and not in the latter; just as a flock of sheep or pigeons may, from accidental causes, somewhat vary its habits or movements in different localities. These ideas also seem to account for the supreme contempt with which a high caste Brahmin usually looks down on individuals of low caste or no caste, as if they really were not human beings at all. Before any of these, the lordly Brahmin will expose his person in ways utterly shameless, and contrary to all proper notions of decency. His defence, if expostulated with, will in substance be, "What! would there be any harm in thus exposing yourself before cats, dogs, or cattle? And don't you know that these low caste or no caste people are *mere animals?*" These ideas further show how to a Hindu every violation of caste presents itself in the light of a hateful sin against nature. The raven in the fable who assumed the plumes of the peacock appears ridiculous to Europeans; and if the peacock made an attempt to pass

* This mysterious sympathy, generated by caste, has probably had much to do with the late rapid but secret spread of disaffection and mutiny among the sepoys.

himself off for a raven, he would appear still more ridiculous. That fable, however, gives only a very inadequate idea of the kind of impression which the violation of caste produces upon a pure Hindu of the old traditional school. The impression is rather somewhat analogous to that which would be made upon us by an attempt on the part of a man to become a woman, or of a woman to become a man. And lastly, the prevalence of these ideas may serve to account for the peculiarly abominable nature of the sin which, according to Hindu notions of morality, attaches to intermarriages between different castes, as well as for the dread of familiar contact with Europeans, who are regarded as the offspring of such foul marriages, and consequently *Mlechchas*, or *wholly unclean*.*

Theoretically, and at a distance, plausible, and to all appearance resistless objections may be urged against the accuracy, validity, and force of the whole of this representation. But all to no purpose. Among the millions of Hindostan it were strange if bold, reckless, scepti-

* If it did not go beyond the scope of the present paper, it would be easy to show how these feelings of caste extend even to religion. The Hindus think that Hinduism, like a dark skin, is the natural concomitant of their race; and Christianity, like their fair skin, the inseparable concomitant of the European races. And hence they conclude, that although the latter in itself were even allowed to be a better religion than the former, yet it can be no more meant for them than white feathers are intended for the raven, or the great and strong squared scales of the crocodile for a lap-dog, or the slender horns of a stag for a buffalo!

cal, or indifferent professors did not ever and anon arise, to repudiate the anti-social dogma, and fling aside, in whole or in part, the cramping shackles of caste. It were passing strange if, in the course of thirty centuries, over so wide a region, teeming with such countless myriads, there were not sundry departures from the rigidity of caste rules, and sundry abatements or relaxations of its exclusive spirit. But, in the vast multitudinous ocean-like stream of mind rolling on from age to age, and ever increasing in magnitude and swell as it rolls along, all these exceptions arrest not, interrupt not, the mighty flow, but appear as little else than a few scarcely perceptible disturbing ripples on the surface.

It is in vain therefore for us to plead—and our appeal is not to speculators and theorists at the other ends of the earth, but to those who are living amongst and have striven to make themselves conversant with the inner workings of the Hindu mind, and the outer habits of the Hindu life—it is in vain, we say, for us to plead, as some have done, in opposition to the despotic claims and aristocratic pretensions of caste, that, judging from the analogy of the old Egyptian and other races, the narrative which gravely asserts that the different castes proceeded full-formed from different parts of Brahma, the Creator, must be a gross enough myth, or vulgar,

whimsical allegory, and not a recital of actual matter of fact at all; and that in India, as in other ancient countries, distinctions of caste may have gradually arisen as the natural result of division of labor or variation of profession, aided, perhaps, by differences of race, and contingencies of conquest, and not as the instantaneous product of a Divine ordination.

It is in vain to plead, in corroboration of this more rational view of the subject, that the *most ancient portion* of the four *Vedas*—the *Mantras*, or prayers, hymns, and liturgic formulæ * of the *Rig-Veda*—makes no distinct mention of the four castes at all; that, in not one of the first four books already published, being the half of the whole, is the word *Sudra* to be so much as once met with; that the term *Vaisya*, the designation of the *third* caste, is not to be found, but only its root or rudiment, *vis*, which is applied as a synonym for men or people in general; that *Kshatriya*, the designation of the second caste, is only to be found *once*, and is there used to denote, not a class or race, but simply the im-

* The aggregate assemblage of these is termed the *Sanhita*, in contradistinction to the *Brahmana*, or collection of rules for the application of the *Mantras*, with other kindred compositions, which the greatest Orientalist of the age—Professor Hayman Nelson of Oxford—has pronounced to have not "the slightest claim to be regarded as the counterpart and contemporary of the *Sanhita*, as an integral portion of the original Veda." So that the *Sanhita* of the Rig-Veda is indisputably the most ancient portion of indisputably the most ancient of the Hindu sacred writings.

mediate dependant of a rajah; and that, though the denomination *Brahmin* not unfrequently occurs, its specific application may be questionable: "Certainly," as Professor Wilson remarks, "*in no sense indicating any exclusive privilege, or implying a Brahmin by caste as distinguished from that of other castes.*"

It is in vain to plead that all this marked absence, in the most ancient portion of the most ancient Hindu books, of appropriate appellations of absolutely distinct and divinely ordained classes of men, is a reasonable and weighty argument against the recognition or existence of the orders to which they belong at the time when these books were written.

It is in vain to plead that in these most ancient portions of the *Vedas*, instead of the four castes or classes, which begin to appear in the *later Brahmana*, and figure so conspicuously in the Institutes of Manu, the heroic poems of the Mahabharat and Ramayan, and throughout the whole vast pile of Pouranee and Tantric literature, there are but *two races* distinctly named and constantly alluded to, viz., the *Aryas* and *Dasyus*, the former being evidently the more civilized and conquering race, described as coming from the north, white complexioned, wealthy, respectable and religious; the latter being manifestly the indigenous or conquered race, characterized as dark complexioned, bar-

barian, addicted to robbery and plunder, and impious disturbers of the sacred rites of their more enlightened but intrusive neighbors.

It is in vain to plead that the strong line of demarcation, originally drawn by alleged divine authority between the first three castes severally, and especially between all of these and the fourth, has, in innumerable ways, been violently traversed and broken in upon ; so that the Miltonic dance of chaotic atoms might not inaptly represent the resulting seemingly complex and inextricable confusion.

It is in vain, for example, to plead that, if ever the four great castes existed in their integrity, they have long since ceased to do so ; that, while all have more or less degenerated, some have completely disappeared—their place being supplied by hundreds of new ones, arising from forbidden mixtures or schismatic separations ; that, of the fourth, or *Sudra* caste, it is doubtful whether any really pure specimens are anywhere to be found, the whole having become blended with the hybrid or nondescript classes; that the *Vaisyas*, or third caste, have notoriously dropped out of distinctive existence ; that it is debatable whether the *Kshatriya* or second caste, are truly represented by the *Rajputs* and other military tribes of Northern and Central India ; that even the first caste has not only lost its proper unity, but much of its affected

purity too—the southern Brahmins holding in contempt those from the north, and not even admitting them to the honor of eating in their houses; while the northern Brahmins as proudly resent and reciprocate the contemptuous feelings of their confreres of the south; yea, the Brahmins of the same province, such as those of Bengal, splitting up into several *srenis* or species, that will neither intermarry nor exchange hospitalities, and each *sreni* or species into so many *sub-species*, that may exchange hospitalities, but will not freely intermarry.

It is in vain to plead that the supereminent prerogatives and exclusive privileges of the Brahmins no longer exist; that they are not what the supposed divine theory of their origin prescribes and demands, the chief of all created beings, the real potentates of the land, by being the sole councillors of the Sovereign, the sole judges, the sole magistrates, the sole expositors of divine law; that their persons and property are no longer inviolable, the former exempt from exile and death, and the latter from confiscation and revenual dues; that their own offences are no longer treated with a lenity which amounts to actual impunity, while the most trivial offences against them are visited with severities as cruel as they are extraordinary—such as slitting up the tongue that would abuse them, dropping hot oil into the mouth that

would venture to advise them, pouring melted lead into the ear that would so much as listen to any reproaches against them, thrusting a red hot iron from behind into the Sudra who would recline on their seat, and hewing off the hands and the feet that would push against them ; and lastly, that the curse of the Brahmin, who, "whether learned or ignorant, is a powerful divinity,"—the curse, which was wont to be a source of terror, desolation, and misery to the celestials, not less than the inhabitants of earth, has now become to many an object of supreme indifference or derisive scorn.

It is in vain to plead that the distinctive occupations and professions assigned to the original castes, and intended to be strictly hereditary—as at once characteristic badges and perpetual conservators of their relative position and rank in the creation—have long ere now been strangely blended and confounded ; that the limitations, once imposed with so much stern solemnity, far from being rigorously upheld, have given way to an almost unrestrained latitude ; that royalty, for instance, so far from being restricted to the *Kshatriya* or military class, has even from earliest times been chiefly in the hands of other castes—all the greater princes of India, the Salivahanas of former and the Holkars and Scindias of later times being *Sudras*, and the Peishwa a Brahmin ; that the

base born have, in numberless instances, entered unchallenged on the special profession of the twice born—Sudras becoming merchants, landlords, soldiers, and scholars, while poor Brahmins actually stoop to discharge the menial office of cooks to wealthy Sudras; that even the profession which was reserved to the Brahmins as their peculiar and incommunicable privilege, and guarded by the most awful sanctions, has been openly usurped by others—the Brahmins, who ought to be the sole depositories of divine knowledge, and the exclusive teachers of the Vedas, having lost that monopoly, while Sudras, who ought to be put to death for reading these most sacred of the Hindu writings, are referred to by some of the Shastras with commendation for their distinguished knowledge, not merely of the Mimangsa, Sankhya, and Vaisheshik philosophies, but even of the Vedas themselves.

It is in vain to plead with the learned Buddhist Pandit Ashwaghosh, that *caste-birth* theory of the Brahmana of the Vedas and other accredited Shastras, is flatly contradicted by other equally accredited Shastras; that it is contradicted by such constantly reiterated announcements as these: That a Brahman falls instantly from his caste if he eats flesh; and, in three days, becomes a Sudra by dealing in shell-lac, salt, or milk; and, more generally, that it is

contradicted by all that is affirmed of the loss or forfeiture of caste that is entailed by transgressions of special rules respecting social intercourse, food, or intermarriages—transgressions which are alleged not merely to sully its purity, impair its integrity, and subvert the ends of its institution, but to destroy it altogether! since, if *birth-caste* were what constituted a Brahmin, Kshatriya, Vaisya, or Sudra, it could not be wholly lost, being in that case inherent and indefeasible. For, as has been pointedly asked, How could a horse, though never so bad a one, ever become a pig?

It is in vain for us to plead that it is contradicted by other Shastra announcements which import that it is *superior excellence* which constitutes a Brahmin. Of this description are the following, culled from the Mahabharat and other Shastras: "When a man is void of selfishness and pride, free from attachment and covetousness, emancipated from anger and envy, the gods themselves acknowledge him to be a Brahmin." Again, "Caste is not regarded by the gods, but rather those virtues that promote universal happiness; and even an out-cast, if he possesses these, is owned by *them* to be a Brahmin." Again, "He who has excellency of disposition and purity of conduct, even though a Sudra, may become a Brahmin." Once more, "A Brahmin is not such by descent, or birth, or

by works of merit; and if a *Chundal* or outcaste but practice the duties of his position, he is a Brahmin. This entire world was formerly overspread by men of one caste; till, from the varieties of occupation and profession, a distinction of four castes or classes came into use. All are alike born of women, and mortal; all subject to the same necessities of nature; all possessed of the same senses, intelligence, and passions, exercised on the same objects. Wherefore, excellency of disposition or character, and the virtues, alone constitute the true Brahmin. The Sudra, if possessed of a virtuous disposition and excellent qualities, becomes a Brahmin; while the Brahmin by birth, if he be destitute of goodness, and neglect the duties proper to his station, is even inferior to a *Sudra*."

It is in vain to plead that, in strict accordance with these Shastra authorities, which all go to prove that caste by birth or descent is not necessary to Brahminhood, we have, in the Mahabharat, expressly recorded examples of "hunters, forest-deer, and ruddy geese of the *Manasa* lake, in the Himalaya mountains," becoming learned Brahmins; that, in the *Smriti* and other Shastras, it is expressly asserted of certain renowned sages, who are universally accounted to have been true Brahmins, that one was the offspring of a female elephant, and that the owl was the mother of another; that one arose from

the *Agasti* flower, and that another sprang from a plant of the *Kusha* grass; that one was born of a tawny monkey-mother, and that another had his birth from an earthen water-pot; that one was produced from the dust, and that another was the son of a female partridge; and lastly, that men born of *Sudrani* low-caste, and even of *Chundalini* out-caste mothers, became Brahmins and celestial sages by the force of religious austerities alone.*

It is in vain for us to plead that, in these and many other ways, Shastra stoutly contradicts Shastra, and divine ordinance is pitched directly against divine ordinance; that rules and regulations the most sacred and binding have been

* Here, in passing, it may be noted, that while the great bulk of the Hindus swallow all these and other similar fictions in their grossest literality, without a question and without a doubt, a few of the more thoughtful try variously to account for them. Some content themselves with saying, that, as a good ox is in its way as valuable as a good horse, and as its place would not be supplied by the latter, so a man of low caste who truly upholds the real nature of his caste, or who performs extraordinary austerities, is, in his own way, as valuable and virtuous as one of the higher caste may be.

Or they simply say, that in former ages there were these examples of individuals miraculously transformed or promoted from a lower to a higher caste; but that such miracles afford no rule for the ordinary conduct of men.

Or taking advantage of the doctrine of metempsychosis, they profess to believe that virtuous men of lower castes may, in some future birth, be exalted again as men of higher castes! And many of the miraculous cases of transformation just referred to are by them though subject to this explanation, that the same human soul which in one birth inhabited the body of a low cast man, in a later birth dwelt in the body of a high caste man, but that the trifling circumstance of his death and transmigration has been passed over in silence for the sake of brevity!

modified, changed, or abandoned altogether, while others of untraceable origin and authority have gradually and silently been substituted instead ; that a thousand divinely prescribed rites, forms, and usages have fallen into total desuetude, while a thousand others of uncertain parentage have, with an elastic capriciousness, sprung up in their place ; that a thousand things are consequently now done, in connection with caste, which, according to the strict tenor and object of its constitution, ought not to be done, while a thousand things are left undone which assuredly ought to be done ; yea, that to such an extent has all this been carried,* that comparatively few even of the Brahminical order, if rigidly tested by the old fundamental principles of caste, could anywhere make good their title to caste-purity.

It is vain, however, to plead all these and a hundred other anomalies, improbabilities, inconsistencies, self-conflicting and mutually destructive contrarieties ; as if thereby we had succeeded in demolishing the citadel of caste, and

* Hindus, when pressed on the subject, usually satisfy themselves with saying that, though they can quote no *Shastra* authority for present usages different from those which the old Shastras prescribed, it is to be presumed that they must have some *Rishi* or *Muni*, *i. e.* holy inspired sage for their author. Manu himself says that "immemorial usage is transcendant law." The case of the Romanists, who insist on their being the only true Christians, in spite of their almost infinite departures from the teachings and practices of the apostles, may help the European thinker somewhat better to understand the present subject.

razing it to its very foundations! Vain, preposterously vain expectation—if ever fondly or seriously cherished! The concrete vitality of caste has outlived them all, and now shoots into well-nigh as ponderous branches, with a prodigious increase of miner ones, and laden with as baleful fruit as in the golden age of Hinduism! No matter though the old castes should be split up into fiercely discordant sects, and these should be further divided and subdivided without number and without end. No matter though some of them should evanish out of existence altogether, and others should be multiplied a hundredfold. No matter though old rules and regulations, old forms and usages, should be changed or wholly flung aside for new ones. *The spirit of caste never dies!* Rather, like a bird dropping its moulted feathers, or a snake its worn-out slough, the spirit of caste, in laying aside old embodiments with their abolescent appendages, seems only to renew the vigor of its youth; and, entering, as by a species of transmigration into new caste-combinations,* new sects, new forms, new usa-

* This extraordinary peculiarity of the spirit of caste is strikingly illustrated by the fact, that even the masses of out-castes soon aggregate into new and varying castes, and even out castes from these into others still; that resident Jews and Mohammedans soon become infected with the spirit of caste and addicted to many of its practices; yea, and that the spirit of caste has entered into, and tainted, and well-nigh destroyed, many of the native Christian Churches with the deadliest poison of its heathenism.

ges, seem to animate them all with the breath of a new life, and fire them with the energy of a new being!

Clearly, then, the spirit of caste ought to be distinguished from its outward modes and accessories. These may vary and be ever-varying, from the whims of waywardness, or the caprices of fashion or of power, from the weariness of monotonous repetition, or the tear and wear of corroding time. But the fact of *the spirit of caste itself* remaining unchanged and unchangeable amid every variety of change in its outward modes of manifestation, would seem to indicate that it is not of an arbitrary or accidental nature, but is rather a *necessary form of the inner life of society*, and especially Oriental society, in its earliest anti-historical stage of development. This is the stage of society in which matter is confounded with spirit, and the powers of nature, inspiring sentiments of wonder and awe, are mysteriously communed with by priests and poets, who thus become arrayed with the sacredness of earthly divinities—the stage of society in which real mental freedom has not been gained, and supposed revelations from the gods supersede that energy and activity of the speculative and practical reason, the exercise of which might have emancipated the subject masses from their servile degradation—the stage of society in which doctrines and

in character and action, in chance and change, in incident and legend—the strangest and most incongruous jumble of idealism and realism, spiritualism, and materialism, theism, pantheism, and atheism, which look more like the phantasmagoria of a feverish, delirious dream, than the sober realities of rational existence, or the veritable delineations of the historic or philosophic muse. Such being the strange nature of Hinduism generally, we may cease to wonder why the spirit and practice of caste, despite a load of anomalies that would have crushed and shattered to pieces any other system in any other land, still continue so tenaciously to hold their ground, and to exercise so apparently an undiminished sway over tens of millions of the benighted, bowed down, superstition-ridden people of India.

What, then, is to be done? or can anything be done by a professedly Christian Government towards mitigating or eventually abolishing the evil?

Many, looking at the fact, which to a certain extent must be admitted to be true, that Europeans in general have too much allowed themselves to be imposed upon by the plausible allegations of natives concerning the rules and requirements of caste—allegations too often cunningly devised merely to furnish a ready excuse for declining any duties that might be incon-

venient or disagreeable, would propose a searching investigation into the whole subject, with the view of ascertaining what the rules of caste really are, and what its supposed divinely imperative requirements.

This point being once authoritatively settled, it is thought that we might then be enabled to discriminate between what constituted an actual and what a fictitious violation of caste, and so shaped our own conduct towards it with unerring precision, without any risk of offending prejudice or wounding conscience, or unnecessarily scarifying the religious feelings of the people.

But supposing such an *end* to be expedient, we must hold any investigation capable of furnishing the requisite data to be impracticable. So violent and so varied have been the deviations of caste usages and customs from those prescribed by the ancient Shastras—so widely divergent, anomalous, and contradictory are the prescriptions in the Shastras themselves; so strangely diversified are the current interpretations and applications of important passages, and the degrees of deference attached to antagonistic authorities; so singularly capricious are the variations in the observance of its rules in different branches of the same generic family, and by the same class divisions and subdivisions in different localities, that the piercing sagacity

of an Œdipus and the patient philosophy of a Bacon, would be alike at fault in arriving at any definite or satisfactory conclusion.

The proposed investigation, then, is utterly impracticable. But, even were it otherwise, we must hold the *end* to be wholly *inexpedient*. For, supposing we could definitely fix the boundaries between violative and non-violative caste customs and usages, and be thereby enabled to mould and fashion our conduct towards it accordingly—slighting the latter, and scrupulously attending to the former—would not such a course of action place us, as a professedly Christian Government, in a false position? Would it not be virtually to acknowledge, or rather directly to sanction, all that is *religiously* most odious in caste? However specious our representation of the matter, would it not, in the estimation of the natives, be lending our countenance and authority to that which we professed to believe to be a lie against God the Creator, and a lie against the authoritative revelation of His Holy Word? Would we not thus be committed to the sinister policy of upholding much at least of what we know to be wrong in itself and injurious in its effects? For, in point of fact, has not caste, even in the judgment of many of the more candid of its favorers and palliators, *tended*, in all ages, under all changes of dynasty, and amid circum-

stances the most diverse, to cramp and paralyze the vigor of the mental faculties—to retard, if not wholly obstruct, the progress of civilization, to arrest and freeze up the genial current of benevolent feeling, and saturate the whole soul with an isolating, accursed selfishness—to extinguish every spark of true patriotism, and quench all zeal in the promotion of joint enterprises of public utility—to banish alike the conception and reality of human duties and virtues, or duties and virtues pertaining to man, as man ; to defeat the ends of truth and righteousness between man and man, and aid and abet the notorious national habits of cruelty and perjury ; to form and consolidate, as by the spell of a free-masonry, those harpy-like fraternities of religious mendicants, and other unproductive classes, that gorge themselves on the very life-blood of the industrious throughout the land—to facilitate the associated aggregation of Dakoits, Thugs, and other desperate confederacies for the commission of deadly crimes ; to foster and encourage secret cabals, plots, and conspiracies, that may burst forth in a tempest of conflagration and rapine, massacre and blood ; to externalize all morality, converting it into a ceaseless round of forms, rites, and ceremonies, the most puerile, unmeaning, and degrading ; thus practically annihilating all moral distinctions, leaving the people without a

conscience, and the universe without a God or Righteous Moral Governor?

Are we, then, prepared knowingly to incur all this tremendous guilt? And yet incur it we must, if we voluntarily assume the office and encounter the task of attempting to bring caste within even the most moderate dimensions, and reduce it to the reputedly divine standard of the Shastras; or, what is the same thing, if we attempt merely to limit its claims, curb its pretensions, and regulate its usages—deciding which we shall own and permit as lawful, and which we shall disown and forbid as unlawful!

We cannot with safety, credit, or consistency, pursue such a *regulating middle course;* since to attempt to *regulate,* whether it be to adjust by rule or subject to rules, is surely to ratify and confirm the thing regulated—to give it at once validity and authority. And, in the case of caste, what would this be, but, as a Christian Government, formally to sanction a vast deal of what we know to be false and mischievous, derogatory to the honor of God, and subversive of the best interests of man; and, consequently, with a bold and impious audacity, to assume all the guilt that is involved in it?

We could not, like the nominally Christian rulers of a former generation, regulate the forms and ceremonies of the Hindu temple

worship, without plainly infringing the letter and spirit of the first table of the Decalogue.

We could not, as the British Government once did, regulate the rite of *Suttee*, or widow-burning, so as to restrict it to cases of purely spontaneous self-devotion, without sanctioning palpable transgressions of the fifth and sixth commandments.

We could not, like the old Hindu legislators, or the modern Parisian and other Continental authorities, undertake to regulate houses of infamy and wages of iniquity, without seemingly countenancing systematized infractions of the seventh commandment.

We could not, like the Indian rajahs and petty chiefs, regulate the proceedings of professional robber bands, without manifestly conniving at the open violation of the eighth commandment.

We could not, like the Hindu Shastras, regulate the instances of legitimate and illegitimate lying, with reference to particular castes and contemplated benefits, without lending our sanction to many positive violations of the ninth commandment.

We could not, like the former European Powers, regulate the odious slave-trade, without setting at open defiance the tenth, and almost every other commandment of the second table of the moral law.

In like manner, we could not attempt to regu-

late caste, with its heathenish usages and customs, without, in reality, conceding the truth of what flatly contradicts the clearest dictates of Jehovah's holy oracles, offers the most fatal obstacles to the humbling lessons of the gospel, and stoutly contravenes the purposes of heaven, in working out the regeneration and ultimately ensuring the manifested brotherhood of universal man.

And let it not be attempted to set aside or weaken the force of this conclusion on the ostensible ground of its being one-sided, or of the nature of a special pleading. We are not ignorant of what has been advanced in favor of caste, alike by natives and Europeans. But after having carefully pondered the whole matter, we have no hesitation whatever in saying, that to set up any or all of its alleged benefits as a counterpoise to its real, manifold, and terrible evils, is neither better nor wiser than it would be to throw a mole-hill into one scale of the balance, as a fitting counterpoise to the Alps, the Andes, or the Himalayas, in the other!

What, then, is to be done with caste? After all that has now been stated, and much more to the same effect that might be adduced, it would seem that, as a Christian Government, we are *shut up to but one consistent and practicable line of action*—even that of *solemnly resolving to have*

nothing whatever to do with caste, to wash our hands in innocency concerning it, and, in every possible way, simply to ignore its existence altogether.

Not that we would urge an exterminating crusade against caste or its peculiar usages; far, very far from it. Let there be no direct or violent attack, by the arm of secular power, on it or any of its usages. So long as our native fellow-subjects are in darkness, and know and feel, and believe no better, let them retain and freely practice what usages and customs they please, so far as these do not interfere with the peace and order of society, or openly trench on the grand fundamental laws of general morality. But, while we would studiously abstain from all forcible or sinister means of inducing or compelling them to tear asunder and cast away the encumbering fetters of caste, let us be scrupulously careful, both in word and deed, to refrain from aught that would confound bare tolerance with favoring approbation — simple liberty of conscience with formal sanction of law.

Instead of fencing round caste, as heretofore, with favors and prerogatives, let us, by practically not recognizing it at all, denude it of all special favors and prerogatives. Instead of scouting, as formerly, the most ordinary claims of religious toleration—instead of fawning on Mohammedans and high-caste Hindus, and in-

flicting the grossest stigma and injustice on all bearing the Christian name, declaring the former alone to be eligible to all offices of respectability, emolument, and trust — civil and military—and ignominiously extruding the latter by prohibitory regulations; yea, and when any of the laws on the subject may have been relaxed, modified, or annulled—instead of still throwing, as in times past, all possible encouragements in the way of the former, and all imaginable discouragements in the way of the latter—let us henceforth proclaim it to all India and the world, that in future we are, as a Government, to have nothing whatever to do with caste, as such—that we are to ask no questions concerning it—that we are to look to the *highest qualifications* for the particular business in view, and to *these alone*, as the determining elements in the selection of candidates. Let us honestly act out the spirit and intent of such a proclamation, by practically proving to India and the world, that whosoever brings the most eminent qualifications into the labor market throughout every department—military, judicial, fiscal, police, or educational—must thereby ensure a decided preference, and fetch the highest price. And let it further be made to be felt, that mental attainments original and acquired, as well as official aptitude actual or potential, being equal, he will be the object of choice whose

moral character, not in the Hindu ceremonial sense, but in the true European or Christian sense, is best established; or whose openly avowed and consistently professed moral and religious principles may furnish the surest guarantee for uprightness and conscientiousness in the discharge of duty.

In actually carrying out such an ordinance, let it be decreed that in *registering* the names of successful candidates, their *proper names alone*, and *not*, as most frequently hitherto, *their caste* be *officially recorded;* or if, in addition to the bare name, there be columns for place of nativity, seminary of education, or any other item of identification, let it still be *peremptorily forbidden to have any separate column for caste.**

In these several ways, let caste, without any violent or forcible interference, be simply and absolutely ignored by our Christian Government in connexion with the hundreds of thousands of offices at its disposal throughout every branch of the public service, and the effect will, in time, be found vastly to exceed the apparent smallness and simplicity of the means. The mere fact of such universal and continuous non-recognition of caste by the paramount and sovereign power will silently operate on the Asiatic mind

* This is meant to apply exclusively to the registering of the names of successful candidates for office; and is not designed to extend to registers connected with *general statistical* purposes.

as by a slow but steady process of attrition; and, along with other and more potent influences, will eventually succeed in reducing its once lofty and proud pretensions into something like a fluent, or constantly diminishing and finally evanescent, quantity.

Besides its simplicity and practicability, the grand advantage of adopting such a course is, that it obviously involves no violence to religious scruple—no restraint on liberty of conscience. The real nature of every particular service, its requisitions, its peculiarities, its advantages and disadvantages, must be well known. Every man who thinks himself qualified is free to offer himself as a candidate. There is no compulsion, direct or indirect. Only, if any one does enter on any special line of service, he must be prepared faithfully to discharge all duties associated with it, and bear with, or conform to, all its resulting accessories and inseparable concomitants. Let him be made assuredly to understand that, having once been admitted into any post or office, from the lowest to the highest, no excuse for the non-performance of any of the duties properly connected therewith, on the score of interference with caste, or any other usages whatsoever, will for a moment be listened to or tolerated. Of the nature of any such interference, real or supposed, he himself is left to be the sole and

indisputable judge. If he has settled it in his own mind, previous to engagement, that the discharge of the required duties is compatible with what he considers as the maintenance of caste-purity, good and well; but if otherwise, then he has only to hold back, and not bring himself within the fatal circle of temptation, to stain or tarnish it by contact with aught that is weakly or credulously imagined to be polluting.

What has been here suggested as the proper practical course to be pursued accords substantially with the recent order of Sir John Lawrence in the Punjaub. "The system of caste," says that noble document, "can no longer be permitted to *rule* in our services. Soldiers and Government servants of every class, must be entertained for their merits, irrespective of creed, caste, or class. The native Christians as a body have, with rare exceptions, been set aside. I know not one in the Punjaub (to our disgrace be it said) in any employment under Government. A proposition to embody these in the public service six months ago would have been received with coldness; but a change has come, and I believe there are a few who will not eagerly employ those native Christians competent to fill appointments. I consider I should be wanting in my duty at this crisis if I did not endeavor to secure a portion of the numerous appointments in the judicial department to na-

tive Christians; and I shall be happy (as far as I can) to advance their interests, equally with those of the Mohammedan and Hindu candidates. Their future promotion must depend on their own merits. I shall therefore feel obliged by each missionary favoring me with a list of the native Christians belonging to them, who, in their opinion, are fit for the public service."

What is now required is, that an order, somewhat similar to this in its spirit, scope, and leading object, but still more comprehensive in its range, and explicit in its terms, should be authoritatively promulgated for all India.

The case of jail discipline is the only one not included in the preceding remarks. But though in some respects peculiar, it ought to form no exception from the general rule of action now laid down. That in times past, caste, notwithstanding some partial attempts at reform, has been basely and indecently succumbed to in our Indian jails, is as lamentably humiliating as it is true. To prevent contamination, the prisoners have been allowed to purchase their own articles of diet, to cook and partake of their own food separately, to drink exclusively from their own *lotas* or brazen cups, &c.—in short, to practice and preserve inviolate all the minutiæ and mummeries of the caste system. The other day the editor of the *Christian Intelligencer*, a clergyman of the Church of England, stated that he

himself had witnessed, about a year ago, a culpable piece of truckling to caste in one of the great central jails of the North-West. Accompanied by a large party, he visited the jail in question. In one of the cells or rooms was a large circular platform made of wood. On this platform two men were busily engaged kneading bread. A little girl, one of the party, *accidentally touched this platform with her foot.* She did not touch the meal, or go within a yard of the men. But they at once became insolent, refused to prepare the bread, and complained to the governor of the jail. The governor *ordered all the meal to be thrown away and fresh to be given!* The governor, poor man, could not help himself. He said if he had not yielded, there would have been a rebellion in the jail, and he had no force at hand to repress a rebellion!

That caste usages should be obsequiously yielded to in the case of otherwise well-behaved citizens, is bad enough; but that these should be so unworthily submitted to in the case of *felons* or *condemned criminals*, must surely be pronounced the very climax of sinful weakness! Verily, it is high time that caste should be *officially ignored in jail*, as well as everywhere else; that the whole of the old system of caste regulation should everywhere cease. Under it jail imprisonment, so far from being dreaded, has become a bed of luxurious repose to tens of

thousands of evil-doing, indolent Asiatics. Let it cease, and jail imprisonment will soon become what it ought ever to be, an object of real terror, fitted, not, as now, to encourage, but to scare away from the commission of crime. Under it, that is accounted sin which is no sin, and that as no sin which is most heinous in the sight of a holy God. Let it cease, and we at least shall no longer be guilty of fostering the fatal delusion that caste is character; that a rigorous attention to its external observances alone constitutes respectability; and that, whereas the contact of a little girl with the very platform on which convict food is prepared must defile the criminal, lying, perjury, theft, and murder, occasion no defilement at all!

It were foreign to the purpose of this paper to refer to the modes in which private individuals, in their domestic and social economy, ought to deal with caste. Suffice it to say, that the grand principle of *ignoring it to the uttermost* is as applicable to them as to the Government. It behooves us all, however, to remember that though this *ignoring*, consistently, and universally acted out, may, and indeed, must, help somewhat to abate its noxious influence, it cannot of itself wholly eradicate it. Ah, no! It is too old, too inveterate, too deeply seated, too widely extended in its ramifications to give way to any power that is merely human. It reaches

to the unborn child; it directs the nursing of the infant; it shapes the training of youth; it regulates the actions of manhood; it settles the attributes of old age. It enters into and modifies every relationship of life; it moulds and gives complexion to every department of society. Food, and raiment, and exercise, and the very functions of nature, must obey its sovereign voice. With every personal habit, every domestic usage, every social custom, it is inseparably interwoven. From the cradle to the funeral pile, it sits like a presiding genius at the helm, guiding, directing, determining every movement of the inner and the outer man. Beyond the ashes of the funeral pile, it follows the disembodied spirit to "the world of shades," and fixes its destiny there. It communicates itself to all the parts of a living idolatry; chains each in an unchangeable position; and cements the whole into one close and rock-like body.

What then can exorcise this Demon Spirit of caste? Nothing, nothing but the mighty power of the Spirit of God, quickening, renewing, and sanctifying the whole Hindu soul! It is grace, and not argument—regeneration of nature, and not any improved policy of Government—in a word, the gospel, the everlasting gospel, and that alone, savingly brought home by the energy of Jehovah's Spirit, that can *effectually root out and destroy* the gigantic evil. And it is the

same energy, in working through the same gospel of grace and salvation, that can and will root out and destroy the other monster evil under which India still groans—IDOLATRY, with its grim satellite Superstition.

As *caste* and *idolatry* sprang up together from the same rank soil of old nature—growing with each other's growth, and strengthening with each other's strength—luxuriating in mutual embrace and mysterious wedlock for untold ages—flinging abroad their arms, "branching so broad and long" as to smite the whole land with the blight of their portentous shadow—both are destined to fall together. The same cause will inevitably prove the ruin of both. The same light of sound knowledge, human and divine, accompanied by the grace of God's Spirit, will expose the utter folly and irrationality of idolatry and superstition, and, at one and the same time, lay bare the cruelty and injustice of that strange, half-natural, half-artificial caste system which has done so much to uphold them. Then will the stupendous fabric of idolatry be seen falling down like Dagon before the Ark of the living God; while the antisocial tyrannous dominion of caste will be resented, abhorred, and trampled under foot with an indignation not lessened by the reflection that, over ages and generations without number, it hath already swayed undisturbed the sceptre of a ruthless des-

potism, which ground men down to the condition of irrationals, and strove to keep them there with the rigor of a merciless necessity.

Oh that the Protestant Churches of Britain, America, and the European Continent would awake and arise to the responsibilities of present duty, the height of present opportunity! What triumphs might we then, under God expect to accrue to the Redeemer's cause in India!

Ever affectionately yours,

32 ALEXANDER DUFF.

LETTER XXII.

CALCUTTA, 9th March, 1858.

MY DEAR DR. TWEEDIE,—In a communication dispatched about a month ago by the unfortunate Ava, now wrecked on the rocks near Trincomalee, off Ceylon, I was led to remark, that the earnest discussions at home had wonderfully quickened the sensibilities of our Indian rulers. To the illustrations then furnished I have now to add another. In my last [which appeared in the *Witness* of Wednesday the 7th April] I quoted a passage from a letter which Mr. Marshman had addressed to the *Friend of India*, relative to a Bengali class-book on geography, in which the conduct of the Indian Government was reflected on. In one of our daily journals appeared, on the 27th February, an elaborate explanatory minute on the subject, by no less a personage than the Governor of Bengal, together with an equally elaborate "Note," by Mr. Buckland, Junior Secretary to the Bengal Government. Having already adverted to the matter, I think it just to furnish the substance of the explanation.

As regards the Governor himself, it is but

right to state that his defence is a complete one. He knew nothing whatever of the transaction. The Secretary does not escape so well. At the outset he states that the "Lieutenant-Governor is aware that in the enormous mass of correspondence which passes through the Bengal office, it is customary for the secretaries to dispose of many cases of mere routine or slight importance, or in which the Secretary has reason to be sure of the opinion of the Lieutenant-Governor, and can therefore state it with confidence." The leading facts of the case were the following: "A *native* publisher at Serampore, Srinath Dey, applied to Mr. Buckland to secure the Governor's patronage to certain vernacular works, including a geography. These were handed over to Pundit Ishwur Chunder Bidyasaugor, Principal of the Sanscrit College, for a Report. The Report, when given in, contained this passage: "As regards the last book—the Companion to Geography—I beg to observe, that the remarks made in the preceding paragraph with reference to the style of the books on the electric telegraph and railways apply equally to this work. *There is, in addition, another serious objection to this book; in several places it reflects on the notions on the subjects as inculcated in the religious books of the Hindus. I cannot therefore recommend its adoption as a class-book*."

A copy of the Pundit's Report was sent to the publisher, who, on the 15th of December last, again thus addressed the Secretary: "I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 9th ultimo, conveying the refusal of the Government to take any copies of my 'Geography in Bengali.' I presume to request that the Government of Bengal will reconsider the matter. The argument offered against the book is by Pundit Ishwur Chunder Bidyasaugor. He says *it is contrary to the Shastras.* Is it desired that *the school geography should be in consonance with the Shastras?*—should speak of *six seas of milk, place Benares in the centre of the earth, and put the earth itself on a tortoise's back?*" The imputation here so distinctly thrown out by the native publisher, it is admitted, *never was repudiated.* Hence, doubtless, the influence of Lord Shaftesbury, Mr. Marshman, and others. But, though the Government, as such, must be held to be guiltless in this matter, one result, as the *Friend of India* has justly remarked, of the controversy is "to demonstrate the utter unfitness of natives for the *higher* educational offices. A man who, like Ishwur Chunder, can assign the *Shastras* as the reason for rejecting a geography, is, by incurable mental prejudice unfit for his position. This is precisely the evil of which the English public complains. Nobody accuses English-

men of believing these absurdities, but *the Governments of India have always had a tendency to submit their own consciences to native dictation in the matter.*"

It was only the other day that the *Lahore Chronicle* brought us the following divisional order, issued at *Multan*, 20th September, 1857:

"No. 459.—The 69th regiment, N.I., have permission to hold their usual 'Nishanka-puja' to-day, this being the Dussera Festival. The procession, with the band and colors, will march round their own lines about five o'clock P.M. *The European officer of the day will be present with the men.*"

By the editor it is added, that "*two officers of the 69th regiment N.I. attended this military display, and were decorated with garlands of flowers.* The corps was disarmed early in June, and the subadar major and ten other men were blown away from guns for mutiny."

Facts like these tend to show how much reason there is still to watch the conduct of our Indian Governments and their subordinates in their practical dealings with idolatry. The office, therefore, assumed by the Societies recently formed in Edinburgh and London is not likely, for many a day, to prove a sinecure one. There is still a great deal more to be done than most people seem to be aware of, in completely severing the connection of our Government with

the mosques, and saintly tombs, and idolatrous shrines of India. Even in Bengal, our hands are by no means so clear as had been imagined. In Jessore, to the east of Calcutta; in Gya, Behar; in Tirhut and Purnea, northern Bengal; in many places in the North-Western Provinces —facts have come to light which will demand serious attention. But to these, at present, I cannot more particularly advert.

JUGGERNATH.

The grand fact to which I now desire to draw special notice is, the *final settlement* of the long outstanding question of our once odious connection with the celebrated temple of *Juggernath* in Orissa. The other day, a deed was drawn up and signed by the Governor of Bengal, which finally disposes of the whole subject. The following extract from this deed clearly sets forth the nature of the terms of this long wished-for adjustment:

1. Whereas it has for many years been the desire of Government that its connection with the temple of Juggernath should cease entirely and for ever, and, in pursuance of such desire, various measures have at different times been taken for the severance of such connection; and whereas it has been considered necessary, for the purpose of completing the said desire of Government, that the money allowance now annually paid from the treasury of Pooree should be commuted for an equivalent in land, the following recital of

the measures referred to, and the orders of Government in respect to the said commutation, is hereby recorded:

2. Previous to the enactment of Act X. of 1840, the expenses of the temple, averaging about Rs. 53,000 per annum, were paid by the Government, who levied a tax on pilgrims, and was also in possession of the former endowments of the temple, which had gradually been reduced soon after the conquest of the province of Orissa in 1803.

3. By the act in question, the pilgrim-tax was abolished, and the management of the affairs of the temple made over to the Rajah of Khoordah for the time being—the annual payments on account of its expenses being continued as before.

4. In 1843 the estate of Sástáees Házáreemehal, yielding an annual revenue of Rs. 17,420, and which was the last remaining portion of the landed endowment of the temple at the time of the acquisition of the province in 1803, was made over to the Rajah of Khoordah, as superintendent of the temple, and the annual money payment by Government was henceforth reduced to Rs. 35,738, 7, 6.

5. In 1845, on an investigation into the nature of the payments to the Juggernath temple, it was proved that 23,321 rupees represented partly certain assignments of revenue granted by former Rajahs of Berar, and constituting, therefore, an endowment; and partly certain Sayer duties, formerly collected on behalf of the temple, and on account of which compensation was due, in the same way as to the other landholders of the province; while the balance was merely a donation, which the Government was not bound to continue the payment of, especially as the pilgrim-tax had been abolished. It was therefore decided that the annual payment should be reduced to 23,321 rupees, being the amount of the resumed endowment and compensation for Sayer referred to.

6. In 1856, owing to the culpable neglect of the superintendent of the temple, it was found necessary, for the protec-

tion of the pilgrims, to appoint a police establishment, at an annual expense of 6804 rupees, which, being deducted from the annual payment by Government, this latter became reduced to 16,517 rupees.

7. The Government has now decided on making no more annual payments, after the close of the present Umlee year, 1264, but to transfer, from the commencement of 1265 Umlee, certain lands yielding an equivalent to the sum of 16,517 rupees.

8. No inquiry will hereafter be made by any of the officers of Government, under any circumstances whatever, regarding alleged injury to the crops or to the land by drought, inundation, or other cause.

9. The lands thus transferred are to be made over to the Rajah of Khoordah, as superintendent of the temple of Juggernath, to be held by him in trust for the temple, and also by his successors, so long as they shall continue to hold the said office of superintendent.

10. In accordance with the orders of Government, the following lands belonging to the estate called Killah Khoordah, the property of Government, are now transferred for the purposes mentioned:

	Sudder Jumma.		
1. Whole of Zillah Tupping . . Rs.	14,327	1	3¼
2. Out of Zillah Ramessur the following three villages:			
(1.) Gur Mantuo, ...	740	1	10¾
(2.) Gur Purrichal, ...	1,612	8	7
(3.) Mavazeat Madhubpore, .	147	9	1¾
	16,827	4	10¾

The total Sudder Jumma, according to a settlement recently made, being Rs. 16,827 4 10¾, being an increase over the present annual payment of 310 4 10¾, which is granted in consideration,

1st, Of the average annual losses from inundation in Zillah Tupping, being Rs. 104 9 4.

2d, Of the Sudder expenses of collection, being Rs. 17 a month, or per annum, Rs. 204.

3d, Of the difference being a fractional one, viz., 1 11 6¾.

11. These lands having been recently settled, and engagements entered into with the Surburakurs and tenantry, any interference therewith will be illegal; no one can be ousted so long as rent is paid according to such engagements, and no increased rent can be demanded.

12. The engagements referred to are recorded in two registry books, one of which will be made over to the Rajah of Khoordah, on his requiring it from the Collector of Pooree.

13. And it is hereby declared that from the time of the transfer of the said lands, the Government have no further connection, direct or indirect, with the affairs of the temple of Juggernath, its management, revenues, or otherwise. And that the Rajah of Khoordah, in his capacity of superintendent, is solely responsible for the due application of its revenue, and the due administration of its affairs.

It is possible that at home this final settlement may not be considered as in all respects satisfactory. The giving over of certain lands for the use of the temple has a somewhat ugly and unpleasant look about it. And it would be really unpleasant and sinful, were it of the nature of an *original* endowment, or merely gratuitous donation. But the aspect of the case is wholly altered, when it is remembered that it is purely and simply of the nature of a *restitution*. It is no part of the duty of Christian in-

dividuals or Christian Governments to be robbers of heathen temples or of temple lands. All Governments are but the guardians of property—whether public or private—not the dictator-judges of the use to which it ought to be applied. When our Government, by right of conquest, took possession of the province of Orissa, the right and proper course would have been to have nothing whatever to do with Juggernath, its temple, or its temple lands; but to let the superintendent and the priests manage their own affairs, and deal with their endowments just as they pleased. Our Government, however, acting under a different policy, was led, in an evil hour, to assume all the obligations which had been previously discharged by the heathen rulers.

On the part of the latter it was very natural and congruous that they should confer donations, bestow lands, and, in order to increase the eclat of the temple, to undertake the management of its affairs. On the part of a Christian Government such a course was unnatural, incongruous, and altogether wrong. Yet such was the course pursued by our Government. The temple lands and other endowments were taken possession of, and better managed than they would have been by the priests themselves for the benefit of the temple; and a sum equal to their estimated value was annually paid out of the pub-

lic treasury. The great object now has been to retrace these false steps; and, where land or other endowments had been absorbed into the general revenues of the State, to *restore* these, when known, or their equivalent, when unknown, to the superintendents and priests, leaving these hereafter to do with them as they please.

The case of Juggernath is only a type of what was formerly done, on a great scale, throughout the Madras and Bombay Presidencies. There, in many instances, money payments, in lieu of absorbed endowments, continue still to be paid out of the public treasury. Let the British people insist on these being all ended; if in no other way, by an arrangement similar to what has now been consummated in the case of Juggernath—making, however, a clear distinction between *bona fide* landed and other endowments, and the voluntary donations of former heathen princes.

GENERAL NEWS.

Turning now briefly to other matters. Last week our Calcutta community was visited with two unexpected shocks. On Monday evening a telegram from Madras announced the wreck of the steamer "Ava," with the 10th February mails on board, near Trincomalee, Ceylon; the

passengers all saved; but the mails all lost! As the public journals are sure to give you all the particulars that can be known to us, I need refer no further to this sad disaster. Only this I must say, that, as many of the passengers consisted of ladies and officers belonging to the heroic garrison of Lucknow — most of them sickly, and several wounded—our very hearts are bleeding with sympathy in their behalf—exposed as they have thus been so unexpectedly to fresh sufferings. May a gracious God and Father sanctify these successive strokes of affliction for the benefit of their precious souls!

Again, on Tuesday evening, a telegram from Barrackpore announced that numbers of the disarmed sepoys were "bolting"; that their destination was supposed to be Calcutta, and that it would be well to keep a sharp look-out. Accordingly, the whole of the volunteer corps were roused—many of them out of bed—central posts were occupied, and picquets planted in different directions all night. Happily, no disturbance took place. The arrest of a Rajah, who had recently arrived here, and in whose house some five hundred muskets were found, with the imprisonment of some other natives, may be said to have been the chief issue of the alarm. The occurrence of such an alarm, however, after all the triumphs and victories already achieved, may well be regarded as a sure

indication of the sadly unsettled state of our affairs.

Since our last mail left, several actions have been fought in the North-West, and several important blows struck. On Sir James Outram's camp repeated attacks have been made, which have all been repelled with comparatively little loss to us, and very heavy loss to the enemy. On one of these occasions, it is said that "the sepoys fought as they have not fought before, throwing themselves flat on the ground, and cutting furiously at the legs of the Europeans." On another occasion, it is said that they "charged repeatedly, displaying a courage and perseverance which took the camp by surprise." Notwithstanding reported desertions, the numbers of the enemy are declared to be not perceptibly diminished. On the 25th ultimo they had to all appearance thirty thousand men actually engaged; so that "the evidence in favor of a desperate struggle for Lucknow appears to strengthen daily."

Two forts below Fyzabad, on the Gogra, about eighty miles east of Lucknow, defended by 4000 men, were recently attacked, and carried by the naval brigade under Capt. Sotheby —the garrison retreating towards Lucknow.

On the 23d ult., at Meahgunge, which lies to the south-west of the road between Cawnpore and Lucknow, General Hope Grant defeated a

body of eight thousand rebels, killing five hundred, and capturing four guns. Of this armed host, it was noted that not above a *thousand* were sepoys.

But among the most brilliant successes of the war must be noted a series of operations conducted by General Franks, between the 19th and 23d ultimo, not far from Sultanpore, on the Gumti, upwards of a hundred miles to the south of Lucknow. After various skilful manœuvres and partial actions, General Franks, with a force of only 2500 Europeans and 3000 Nepaulese, attacked and defeated an army of 25,000, with 1100 cavalry and twenty-five guns, killing 1800 men, among whom were several of the leaders, and taking twenty guns, with the whole of the camp, baggage, ammunition, and materials! Of this armed host, it was noted that only 5000 were sepoys. Surely, as a local journalist has well remarked, "it is no small proof of the magnitude of this revolt that actions like these are simply *episodes* in the great drama."

Elsewhere, too, there are sad evidences of the apparently undiminished power and resources of the rebels. About a fortnight ago, the convoy from Agra, consisting of ladies and children, with their escort, when a few miles from Cawnpore, on the way to Allahabad, were hastily ordered back to the former place. And

why? Because it was timeously discovered that Nenah Sahib, with a strong force, had closely followed and watched them; longing, doubtless, for the opportunity to gloat over another massacre of Cawnpore! It has now, however, been announced that the convoy has reached Allahabad in safety.

People have been wondering at the long delay of the Commander-in-Chief's advance from Cawnpore to Lucknow. Various plausible conjectures have been offered on the subject—most of them probably having some few grains, more or less of truth in them. But the chief reason, as currently believed in the best informed circles here, is this: At Calpee, on the Jumna, at no great distance west from Cawnpore, the Gwalior and other rebels have been re-assembling in great force. Spies have been caught with letters on their persons, asking information of certain individuals at Cawnpore of the exact state of our force at that place at present, and what it is likely to be when the great bulk of our troops are engaged at Lucknow. From all this the inference has been, that another attack on Cawnpore is seriously contemplated when our troops are before the doomed city. And as it would be a fatal mistake to expose Cawnpore to the repetition of a similar disaster to what befel it when Sir Colin was at Lucknow before, the prevailing belief is, that he has been

kept back until Cawnpore and his rear generally could be properly secured. For this purpose he has been looking to the force under Sir Hugh Rose from Central India. Were that force enabled to reach the neighborhood of Calpee on the Jumna, and deal with the rebel hosts there, Sir Colin would advance with the most perfect confidence. But Sir Hugh's force has been retarded in its progress by the double difficulty in obtaining carriage and provisions. Hence one main cause of Sir Colin's long detention at Cawnpore. Meanwhile, fresh troops have been reaching Cawnpore from the south; so that at last the Chief has ventured to leave it for Lucknow. There he arrived on the 1st instant. A letter of the 2d, just received from the camp, describes in glowing terms the imposing appearance of the British forces as they passed Sir James Outram's camp. Already, by telegraph, we have learnt that the first grand station in advance—the Dil-Kusha—has been occupied, having been taken after a sharp conflict on the 3d. You will probably have abundance of maps of Lucknow and its neighborhood. If so, by referring to one of them you will readily understand the position of the British force, when I state that heavy picquets of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, are to form a chain of posts between Dil-Kusha and Alumbagh, on the one side; that on the other side

of Dil-Kusha, and between it and the Martiniere, an entrenced camp with ditch and breast-work is to be formed, with two other lines from the Martiniere and Dil-Kusha down to the river Gumti; and that a bridge is to be constructed over the river, to enable the British to form a junction with Jung Bahadur, and make a stoop on any troops that may endeavor to leave the city to oppose his advance.

Such is the substance of the latest intelligence that has yet reached us from the great central seat of military operations. How we long for some decisive blow! We are now on the very edge of the hot season, and our officers and men will soon be exposed to a foe far more terrible than all the hosts of the rebels. May the Lord in mercy interpose, as in times past, for our deliverance!

This morning it is credibly reported that the miscreant Nena Sahib has joined the large body of Calpee rebels, and is meditating a move on the Dekhan, in the hope of rousing the Mahrattas, among whom disaffection to a very large extent is known to prevail. It is also credibly stated that Kotah, in Central India, situated on the Chumbul, about one hundred and fifty miles S.E. from the city of Ajmir, is likely soon to become the scene of deadly strife. The fort and surrounding position are very strong and difficult of approach. The city, the entrances

to which are protected by double gateways, and the walls covered by an outer ditch, cut out of the solid rock, is now garrisoned by some *seven or eight thousand* rebels, with more than a *hundred* guns! The Rajah professes fidelity to the British, but declares himself unable to expel the rebels. A strong division is now on its way against the place. What a comment does all this furnish on the London papers which ventured to declare, three or four months ago, that the great rebellion was *then* at an end!—Yours ever affectionately,

ALEXANDER DUFF.

LETTER XXIII.

CALCUTTA, 13th March, 1858.

MY DEAR DR. TWEEDIE,—To-day there is a mail *via* Bombay. By it I send a few lines to report progress.

On the 5th instant the naval brigade, which went up the river Gogra to Fyzabad on the eastern frontier of Oude, did, in conjunction with a body of Ghoorkas or Nepaulese, gain a victory over an army of rebels estimated at 20, 000, with sixteen guns, dispersing this great host, capturing eight of the guns with all their ammunition, and killing three or four hundred of the men. The rebels were headed by Mahommed Hossein, who had set himself up as king at Gooruckpore.

In Central India Sir Hugh Rose (who lately relieved Saugor on the Nerbudda), enabled at last to move, forced a pass named in the telegram "Midnapore," vigorously defended by four or five thousand rebels, of whom only six or seven hundred were sepoys. This success gives Sir Hugh command of the country to Jhansi—the scene of one of the most horrid of all our recent tragedies.

But all interest is now absorbed in Lucknow, where the Commander-in-Chief is making gradual but decided progress against the multiplied defences of the enemy. On the 6th Sir James Outram's division crossed the Gumti, and, after driving away the enemy, took up a position across the Fyzabad road. On the 7th the rebels came out in considerable force, and were repulsed. The only casualty reported on our side is that of Major Percy Smith, of the 2d Dragoon Guards, killed. Sir Hope Grant then made a wide sweep with cavalry and horse artillery to the north-east, through the old British cantonments. On the 9th Sir James Outram's attack on the Kaiserbagh, or Budshah Bagh, or King's Gardens, was perfectly successful. No casualties reported; all that the telegram says is, "Loss on our side very trifling." On the 10th Sir Colin Campbell made another move towards the devoted or doomed city, by occupying what is called "Banks-house," and taking up an intended position in its front.

By looking at a map of Lucknow, which stands on the western side of the Gumti, it will at once appear that the city, by the 10th inst., was very nearly completely surrounded by our troops. Alumbagh is on its west side, nearly opposite the centre, on the way to Cawnpore. The King's Gardens is nearly opposite its centre, across the river on the east side. And all

around, from Alumbagh to the King's Gardens, by way of Dilkusha and Martiniere, is now a living wall of British troops. By the 10th inst. it was only on the northern side that any means of escape could be found. And probably by this time that quarter also is closed in. If so, the terrible work of destruction will have commenced in earnest; and there seems no alternative between absolute extermination or unconditional surrender.

It is now that, in such a case, one begins to realize the fact that righteousness is as positive an attribute in the Godhead as mercy, and that retributive justice has its claims as surely as compassion; that the world is really under a moral government; and that, however great the clemency, and long-suffering of the Supreme Moral Governor, sooner or later the thunderbolt of His righteous vengeance will smite into the dust guilty cities and nations. More than once I have alluded to Lucknow as perhaps the wickedest city in India. Apart altogether from recent mutinies and massacres, it was, in strictest literality, a very Sodom and Gomorrah of iniquity. The hard-won earnings of ground-down and tortured ryots and villagers, the spoils of cruelly ravaged districts and provinces, were there consumed on monstrosities of wickedness and vice which might almost put Pandemonium itself to the blush. And it now looks as if the

prophetic cry once raised over guilty Babylon may soon be raised over the guilty capital of Oude, "How is *Lucknow* become a *desolation* among the nations ?"

I would not be surprised, however, if a whole host of puling, artistic sentimentalists would raise a doleful lamentation over the downfall of Lucknow. For there, as at Rome, the arts of painting, statuary, and architecture, flourished alongside of abominations worthy only of the bottomless abyss. It was a city of palaces, mosques, mausoleums, and magnificent gateways, adorned by all that could be achieved by the most consummate skill of Oriental painters, architects, and statuaries. Mohammedanism, in this respect, has done for the East what Romanism has done for the world. Both have carried the arts of regaling and luxuriating the senses to probably the highest perfection attainable on earth; while both have in equal proportion succeeded in drying up the fountains of spirituality, and in banishing the very conception of the need of it from men's minds.

The only other city in India which, for aggravated wickedness and vice, could be named along with Lucknow, is Delhi—both essentially Mohammedan, and both scourged as no other cities in India have yet been in our day. And when I think of the monstrous systems—theoretical and practical—which the public edifices

of both have symbolized and tended to perpetuate, much as I have admired their outward beauty and gorgeousness, I confess that I could gaze at the ruins of them all without one feeling of regret. It is surely high time that the moral and the spiritual should gain the ascendency in men's minds, over the sensible and the physical; and that no degree of merely sensible and physical beauty should be allowed to atone for the absence or annihilation of the moral, the spiritual, the divine.

There is another respect in which I have often been struck with the parallelism between Popery and Mohammedanism; and that is, the fascinating spell which both appear to exercise over the souls of numbers who are not the votaries of either. Each seems to carry a cup of sorceries, wherewith to entice, subdue, and intoxicate the worldlings of all creeds and nations. Our Indian rulers and their subordinates have hitherto, for the most part, acted towards Mohammedans as if under some secret bewitching influence from their system. And have not British rulers at home acted a like part towards Romanists, as if under the fascination of some spell emanating from their system? Both are virulently antichristian systems; and yet professedly Christian men have succumbed to both, as to some mysterious powers of enchantment. Repeatedly, and through various channels, I

have endeavored to draw attention to the fact, that of late years the Government patronage of Popery in India has been stealthily on the increase. Of late it has been announced here, that in certain quarters Government has assisted in building Popish chapels—that Popish chaplains have been sent out from England at salaries of Rs. 150 per month—and that, in addition to their ordinary pay, there is to be a special allowance of Rs. 5 per day, for the extra expenses of living and moving, whenever they may be serving with troops in the field.

Now, there is little consistency in raising the hue and cry in Great Britain about the truckling Indian rulers to Brahminism and Mohammedanism, if British rulers at home are to be allowed with impunity to exhibit the same truckling to Popery amongst us. Why should not Lord Shaftesbury, or Mr. Kinnaird, or some other independent Member of either House of Parliament, ask for returns on this subject, that the British public may at least know what is really doing *in their name*? Yours ever affectionately,

ALEXANDER DUFF.

LETTER XXIV.

CALCUTTA, 16th March, 1858.

MY DEAR DR. TWEEDIE,—As an *extra* steamer is to be dispatched to-day with mail and passengers, I write a few lines to note the continued progress of operations at Lucknow. I presume, that long ere now, good maps of the city and environs are rife at home. To those who possess such, all will be plain; otherwise, verbal descriptions must be more or less unintelligible.

Still, on the 11th, Sir James Outram's force, which is on the left or eastern bank of the Gumti, pushed his advance as far as the Iron Bridge, to the north of the *Residency*. There he established his batteries, so as to enfilade some of the enemy's works, and to command the Stone Bridge, which lies still farther up the river to the north. The escape of the enemy from the city by either of the bridges was thus cut off. On the western side, or right side, of the river, on which the city is situate, Sir Colin, on the afternoon of the 11th, made another advance. After a very heavy cannonade, another of the large palaces usually known by the name of "the Begum," which had been turned into a fort, was carried by storm. This achievement was effected mainly by a brigade of the 93d Highlanders.

The telegram which conveyed intelligence of these successful operations made no mention of casualties. It was only added that Jung Ba-

hadur, with his Gourkha force, was to move close to the canal on the morning of the 11th; and was expected to take an active part in the subsequent operations. The canal crosses the road from Cawnpore, a little beyond Alumbagh, and between it and the city.

At 9 A.M., on the morning of the 14th, a breach having been effected in the Imamibarrah, which adjoins the walled enclosure of the Kaiserbagh Palace, in which the king used to reside, it was carried by storm; and the troops, following close on the retiring enemy, entered and took complete possession of the Palace. Sir James Outram was then ordered to cross the Iron Bridge, which lies considerably to the north-west of the palace, beyond the British Residency, and press the enemy from that quarter. The telegram which announced these further operations made no mention of casualties. The general belief is that they have been comparatively few. One great object with the Commander-in-Chief seems to be, by giving full scope to his artillery, to save the precious lives of his men as much as possible; and, for this end, to sacrifice, if need be, the *eclat* which ever accompanies rapid movements and brilliant execution. Surely, in following a course so prudent and humane, our brave chief deserves well of his country. The *ultimate* issue will not be the less sure or the less triumphant.

17*th*.—In my last, I stated that the city was so invested on the west, south, and east, as to prevent all escape of the rebels. The only part open to them was the north or north-west, in the *direction* of *Rohilcund*. That quarter, though not invested, was watched by Brigadier Campbell. After the fall of the Kaiserbagh, on whose defence the enemy had securely calculated, as by far their strongest position, it was reported that they began to stream out of the city in vast numbers. Accordingly, at 2 A.M., on Monday morning, 15th, Brigadier Campbell started in pursuit of them; while General Hope Grant advanced towards Sitapore, in the direct road to Rohilcund, with the view of intercepting fugitives who may be turned off by Brigadier Campbell's movements. This is the telegraphic intelligence received here yesterday from head-quarters, Lucknow, of date, 15th inst.

Of casualties we have as yet received no proper account. Only Captain Macdonald, of the 93d Highlanders, two officers of the Rifles, and one of the Naval Brigade, are reported as killed; and Captain Taylor, of the Engineers, and Captain Peel, as wounded.

From the nature of Sir Colin's tactics, the general impression is, that the number of casualties will be found very small compared with the difficulties, the magnitude, and the decisiveness of his operations.—Yours affectionately,

ALEXANDER DUFF.

LETTER XXV.

CALCUTTA, 22d March, 1858.

MY DEAR DR. TWEEDIE,—Lucknow has fallen! On Friday, 19th instant, the British flag waved in triumph over the last stronghold of the rebel army there! Such, in brief, is the important intelligence which this mail will convey to the British isles.

Without a good map of Lucknow and its vicinity it will be impossible properly to understand the nature and variety of the vast and successful operations all around the doomed city.

The city itself, as must now be generally known, is situate on the western, or rather south-western side of the Gumti—since the general course of that river, one of the feeders of the Ganges, is from north-west to south-east.

Its population has been variously estimated from 300,000 up to 500,000. Like most Oriental cities, it covers a space of ground which in Europe would be regarded as disproportionally large even for such an aggregate of inhabitants.

It was one of the sacred cities of the Hindus,

until desecrated by the insolent Vandalism of the Mussulman—having been founded, as they believe, by Lackshman, brother of Ram, the hero of their great epic the Ramayan—founded, too, on the very site of the famous forest Naimishi, where in ancient times ***sixty thousand Munis*** or Hindu saints are said to have performed the most austere penances.

At present the city, like Edinburgh, in reality consists of an old and a new town.

The new town lies along the river board for four or five miles, and owes its origin to the Nawab Asoph ud Dowla, who, in 1778, removed his seat of government from Fyzabad, on the Gogra, about eighty miles to the east—that same Fyzabad occupying ground near to the old ruins of Oude or Ayadhya, the celebrated capital of Ram, already referred to.

This new town naturally divides itself into two parts, the northern and the southern ; separated from each other by the British Residency, with its extensive range of office buildings and gardens, and a native bazaar, abutting from the old town upon the river.

The northern division, which is purely Oriental in its style of architecture, consists chiefly of palaces, mosques, mausoleums, and Imambarries, erected by the founder Asoph ud Dowla. The Imambarry, with its lofty gateway, is one of the noblest piles of architecture anywhere to

be found. In it lie the remains of its royal founder, in a gorgeous hall, which is constantly illumined with a profusion of wax tapers, the tomb itself being strewed with flowers and covered with rich bread of barley from Mecca; officiating priests being in attendance day and night, chanting verses from the Koran. Of this edifice with its mosque and gateways one traveller of note remarks that, "from the brilliant white of the composition, and the minute delicacy of the workmanship, an enthusiast might suppose that genii had been the artificers."

The southern division of the new town was built chiefly by the Nawab Suadit Ali, the brother and successor of Asoph ud Dowla. Commencing near the British Residency, a broad street, terminated at both ends by a magnificent gateway, runs through its centre; a continuation of which street leads on, in the form of a broad road, through the parks of the Dilkusha, and between mosques and other palaces, to "Constantia," or the "Martiniere," as it is now called. This extraordinary edifice, which formed the great outwork of the rebels in that quarter, was built by the French adventurer, General Claude Martin, of the King of Oude's service, at a cost of £150,000, and was by him left, with a large sum of money, as an endowed educational institution. It has been truthfully described as "a strange, fantastical building, of

every species of architecture, and adorned with minute stucco fretwork, enormous lions, with lamps instead of eyes, mandarins and ladies with shaking heads, and all the gods and goddesses of heathen mythology."

On the right hand of this broad street and road leading from the British Residency lie the Begum's palace, the Dilkusha, with many mosques, mausoleums, and Imambarries, stables of the royal elephants, &c., &c. On the left hand of the street, and between it and the river, lie the late King's Palace, with its numerous open arcades, gardens, marble reservoirs, and ever-streaming fountains — so luxuriously refreshing amid the heat, and glare, and dust of a blazing atmosphere. Besides the palace, there are other notable buildings with wide spaces around, adorned with innumerable pieces of statuary—the Observatory, the King's Library, the Menagerie, the Palace for viewing the wild sports, with many others — and parks well stocked with deer, antelopes, and peacocks.

The old town lies back from the river, behind the new town, where the inhabitants are crowded in narrow streets and den-like abodes, a perfect contrast to the palaces and park-like spaces of the new town.

Altogether, taking a survey of the ancient and modern city, it is a survey of contrasts. Looking at the city as a whole, it is a strange

compound of the meanly filthy, and the gorgeously magnificent. Here, the eye is nauseated with the ragged straw or leafy roofs, and the dingy mud walls or torn-matted sides of miserable huts; there, regaled with an endless profusion of "gilded cupolas and pinnacles, turrets, minarets, and arches, so thickly interspersed with the richest tropical foliage as to realize the most fantastic visions of Oriental splendor."

On the eastern, or left bank of the river, were the king's gardens, the royal stables, and the British cantonments. Across the river, a little to the north of the British Residency, is the iron bridge; at some distance further to the north, and not far from the great Imambarry, is the stone bridge.

The great road from Cawnpore on the west entered the old town, so as to run up, nearly in a straight line through its centre, to the British Residency; along this road and street proceeded General Havelock's relieving force, the Alumbagh being on the same road, some two or three miles outside the city. And it was along the broad street and road leading from the Residency southward to "Constantia," that Sir Colin Campbell's relieving force in November last advanced towards the garrison.

In continuation of former notices, I now proceed briefly to record Sir Colin's final operations against Lucknow.

On the 16th, Sir James Outram, having secured the iron and stone bridges, re-crossed the river, advanced and occupied the *Muchi Phawan* or fort, which had been blown up and abandoned by Sir Henry Lawrence at the commencement of the siege of the Residency, as also the great Imambarry, both of which are in the *northern* division of modern Lucknow. The resistance is said to have been slight, compared with that of the previous day. On the night of the 16th a Ghoorka division seized the enemy's position in front of Alumbagh, and between it and the city. On the 17th the Commander-in-Chief reported that his advances were being gradually pushed on all sides of the line occupied by the British troops, and that "vast numbers of men, armed and unarmed, were evacuating the city by the only outlet they possessed, to the north."

As a result, probably of these operations, it was reported that the rebels had again entered the district of Futtehghur, to the North-West, and that the Nana, with the chief rebels, were at Shahjehanpore.

The rebels who had crossed the Jumna, in the neighborhood of Calpee, with the view, as was supposed, of attacking Cawnpore, are reported to have recrossed the river to the districts on its right or western bank. The successes at Lucknow had probably made them fear lest, by the time they reached Cawnpore, the conqueror

of Lucknow would once more be down upon them.

On the 18th a message from Sir Colin announced that on that day the British troops were "in possession of the greater part of the city; that "the inhabitants had fled the city, and were in the neighboring villages; that the "Musa Bagh, the last post held by the enemy, was expected to fall next day, an attack having been organized."

Intelligence from Lucknow, under date the 19th, was received here on Saturday the 20th, to the effect that "the last post held by the enemy fell on that day; that the cavalry had a most successful pursuit, capturing his remaining guns; that Mrs. Orr and Miss Jackson, who had long been missing, were saved; that the city was then *completely in possession of our troops;* that one hundred and seventeen guns had been already collected, and that the enemy was in flight towards the North-West."

A later message of the same date has reached, adding, however, nothing material to the preceding. It concludes by stating that "arrangements were being made for the withdrawal of part of the troops from the city, and the Commander-in Chief was engaged in deciding on the details of the future garrison, and in the selection of a proper military position."

Sir Colin's tactics have thus proved most

successful. People, in their ignorance and impatience, were grumbling at his apparent slowness. But the wary old chief knew well what he was about—maintained throughout a dogged reticence—and left his secret to be guessed at. Meanwhile he was making his plans and adjusting his complicated arrangements with consummate skill ; while, with untiring energy, he was concentrating his forces and munitions of war on the last *great* stronghold of the rebels. All this, too, he was adroitly accomplishing in such a way as to save, as far as possible, the country at large from the scourge of their hated presence. And thus, when at last the hour of terrible conflict arrived, the chief's object was to make his artillery play the principal part, so as to save his own men. In this he has succeeded to the admiration of all. For though, as yet, we have no full or authentic account of casualties, it is known that, on the British side, these have been astonishingly few, when we consider the extent and magnitude of the operations which have been carried on. Entrenchment after entrenchment of the most formidable description, with endless batteries, had to be assailed; every extensive edifice, whether mosque or palace, had been converted into a fort, which had to be stormed; broad deep ditches filled with water, ran round many of them, which had to be crossed. But the heavy artillery made such

havoc that, in every instance our brave soldiers succeeded in their storming assault, with comparatively little loss to themselves, while the ditches, filled to the brim with the bodies of the dead sepoys, testified to the havoc made on the ranks of the enemy.

Captain Hodson, the captor of the ex-King of Delhi, is among the killed.

Let it not be imagined, however, that with the fall of Lucknow the rebel army is totally annihilated. Straggling parties of the insurgents may, in all directions, give trouble, while the main body *may* yet make more than one determined stand before the foe is altogether stricken down to the dust. But where they may next rally, whether in the direction of Rohilcund to the north or across the Jumna in Bundelcund, to the west, is as yet uncertain. Now, however, the back-bone of the great rebellion may be considered as fairly broken.

It is also expected that the Rajah Maun Singh and other great zemindars of Oude, who became rebels as much from necessity as inclination, may now tender their submission, and that conciliatory terms will be offered to them.—Yours affectionately,

ALEXANDER DUFF.

THE END.


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